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THE NEW YORKER

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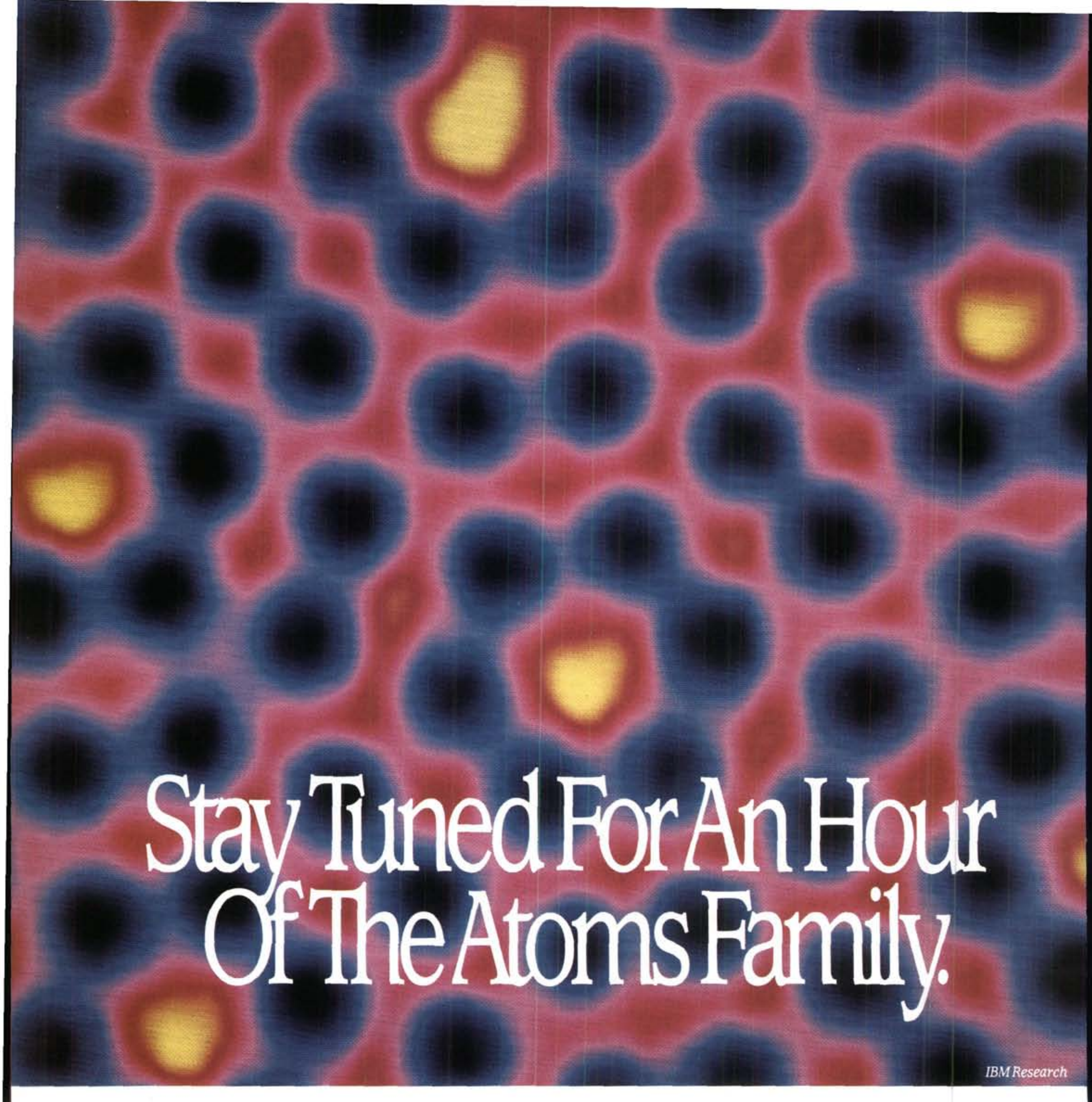

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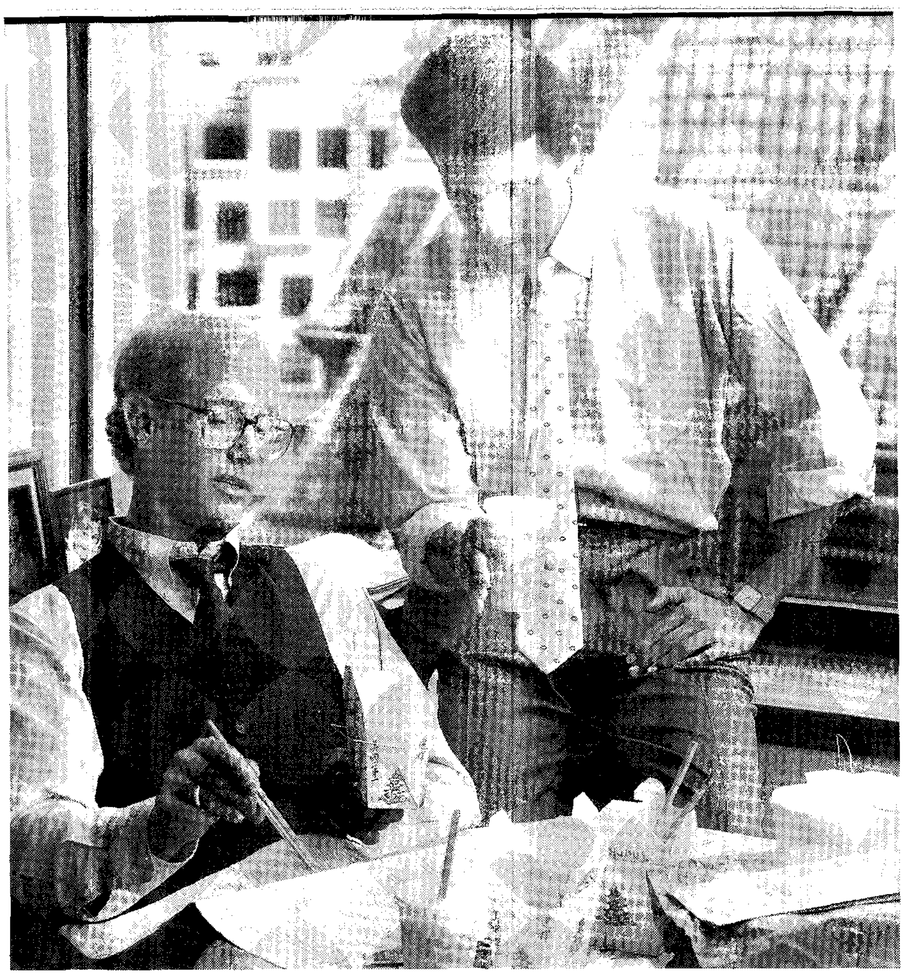

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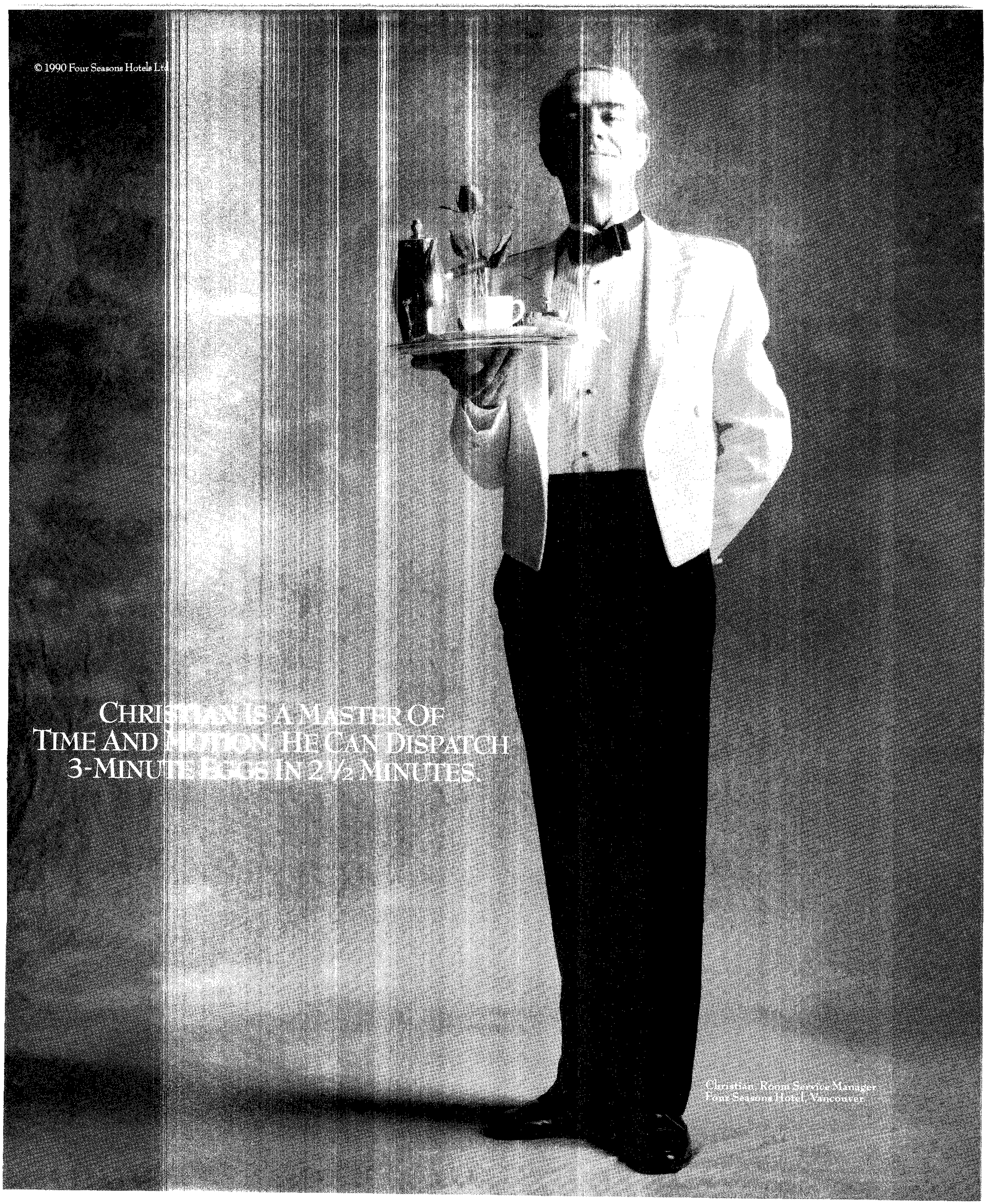
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

WHEN you play the saw—as L. J. Slavin does in the Steppenwolf Theatre Company production of "The Grapes of Wrath"—the main thing you want to watch out for is wild-swinging blades. A saw is played with the handle held between the legs, unserrated edge facing outward, toward the knees. One hand grips the blade at the tapered end, bending it into an S curve, while the other holds the bow. Sound is produced by sliding the bow along the edge of the metal. It's a high-tension situation: one false move and the blade (with the serrated edge facing in) will come flying back in your face. We recently visited with L.J., backstage at the Cort Theatre, on West 48th Street, and he showed us a scratch on his nose where the saw hit him in the face one day, not long ago, when he was showing off.

L.J., who kicks off the show at the Cort, is something of a virtuoso on the saw. The one he uses in the play is an ordinary Stanley Handyman (he calls it the Stradivarius of saws) that he bought in a hardware store in Miami about ten years ago. There are, of course, saws one can buy *not* from a hardware store—the kind that are advertised as being specially designed for musical use. But, as L.J. explained to us, basically a saw is a saw.

L.J., who isn't any more comfortable in an interview situation than we are, showed us how vibrato—which he doesn't use a lot of in "The Grapes of Wrath"—is created (by shaking the right leg up and down). He told us about the time his van got broken into and a mail-order "musical" saw in a custom-built case was the only thing stolen. (L.J. thinks this was because a saw in a custom-built musical-instrument case looks not unlike a small shotgun.) He asked us if we wanted to try playing the saw; we lied and said we didn't. Before leaving, though, we asked him to play us something not in the show. We had in mind something sweet and sentimental—something that might, perhaps, make us cry, right there in the dressing room. But the tune that L.J. began, obligingly, to pick out turned out to be "Over the Rainbow." Later, walking down 48th Street, it occurred to us that we ought to have known better.

What the music in "The Grapes of Wrath" keeps doing to you is essentially what the play itself keeps doing: reaching out, then pulling back, refusing to manipulate. It's like Tom Joad's farewell to his mother. He turns away, and behind his back, she reaches out to him. We see it, but he doesn't: when he turns around for a last look, Ma Joad is just sitting there.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Elliot Loves—Jules Feiffer's new play, directed by Mike Nichols. With Anthony Heald, Oliver Platt, and Christine Baranski. In previews. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

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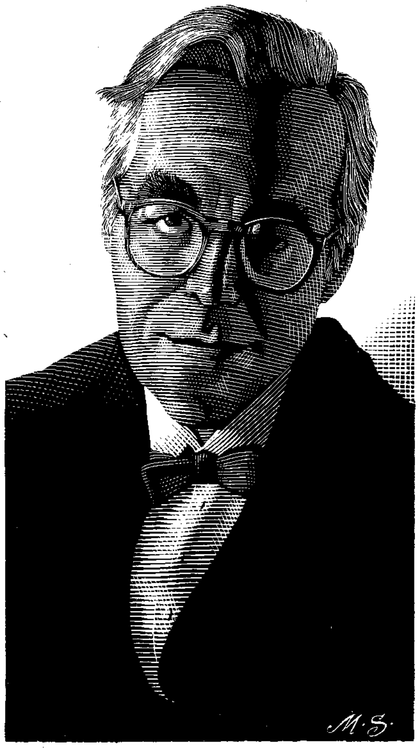


John Guare, author of "Six Degrees of Separation"

Hannah . . . 1939—Julie Wilson stars in a new musical by Bob Merrill. Directed by Douglas Aibel. Previews through May 30. Opens May 31 at 8. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

Price of Fame—A play written by and starring Charles Grodin. With Lizbeth Mackay and Jeannie Berlin; directed by Gloria Muzio. In previews. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

Prin—Eileen Atkins in the American première of a play by Andrew Davies. John Tillinger was the director. Previews through June 5. Opens June 6 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

A Quiet End—A play by Robin Swados, with Lonny Price. Preview on May 28. Opens May 29 at 8. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

Sisters—A play by Marsha A. Jackson, performed by Andrea Frye and Ms. Jackson. Previews May 30-June 3. Opens June 5 at 7. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Six Degrees of Separation—A new play by John Guare, with Stockard Channing, Kelly Bishop, Paul McCrane, James McDaniel, and John Cunningham. Jerry Zaks has directed. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Accomplice—This facetious thriller is one hundred per cent pure virgin plastic. Even the plentiful sight gags, which work well, cannot redeem the vacuity of the script. Rupert Holmes wrote the play, and Art Wolff directed it. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/14/90.) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Aspects of Love—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a sort of monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (4/23/90) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

By and for Havel—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—**audience**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—**catastrophe**—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (3/19/90) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—As Maggie the Cat, Kathleen Turner seems in desperate straits in this limp and hapless revival of Tennessee Williams' most playable family melodrama. (4/2/90) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

The Cemetery Club—Eileen Heckart, Elizabeth Franz, and Doris Belack are three Jewish widows who meet each month to visit the graves of their dear departed. Ivan Menchell's play is a situation comedy, and just a bit above run-of-the-mill. The fine actresses are anything but, and John Lee Beatty's settings give the proceedings great distinction, as do Lindsay W. Davis's costumes. (5/28/90) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting **each day dies with sleep,** a play by José Rivera. With Erica Gimpel, Alex Colón, and Randy Vásquez. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes June 10.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Closer Than Ever—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music). The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Presenting the 1990 marathon of one-act plays. Through June 3: "Hamlet," by Shel Silverstein; "The Stalwarts," by OyamO; "The Eclipse," by Joyce Carol Oates; and "Eulogy for Mister Hamm," by Michael John LaChiusa. . . . ¶ Starting June 6: "Stay Away a Little Closer," by John Ford Noonan; "Death and the Maiden," by Susan Kim; "Mere Mortals," by David Ives; and "Tonight We Love," by Romulus Linney. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes June 17.)

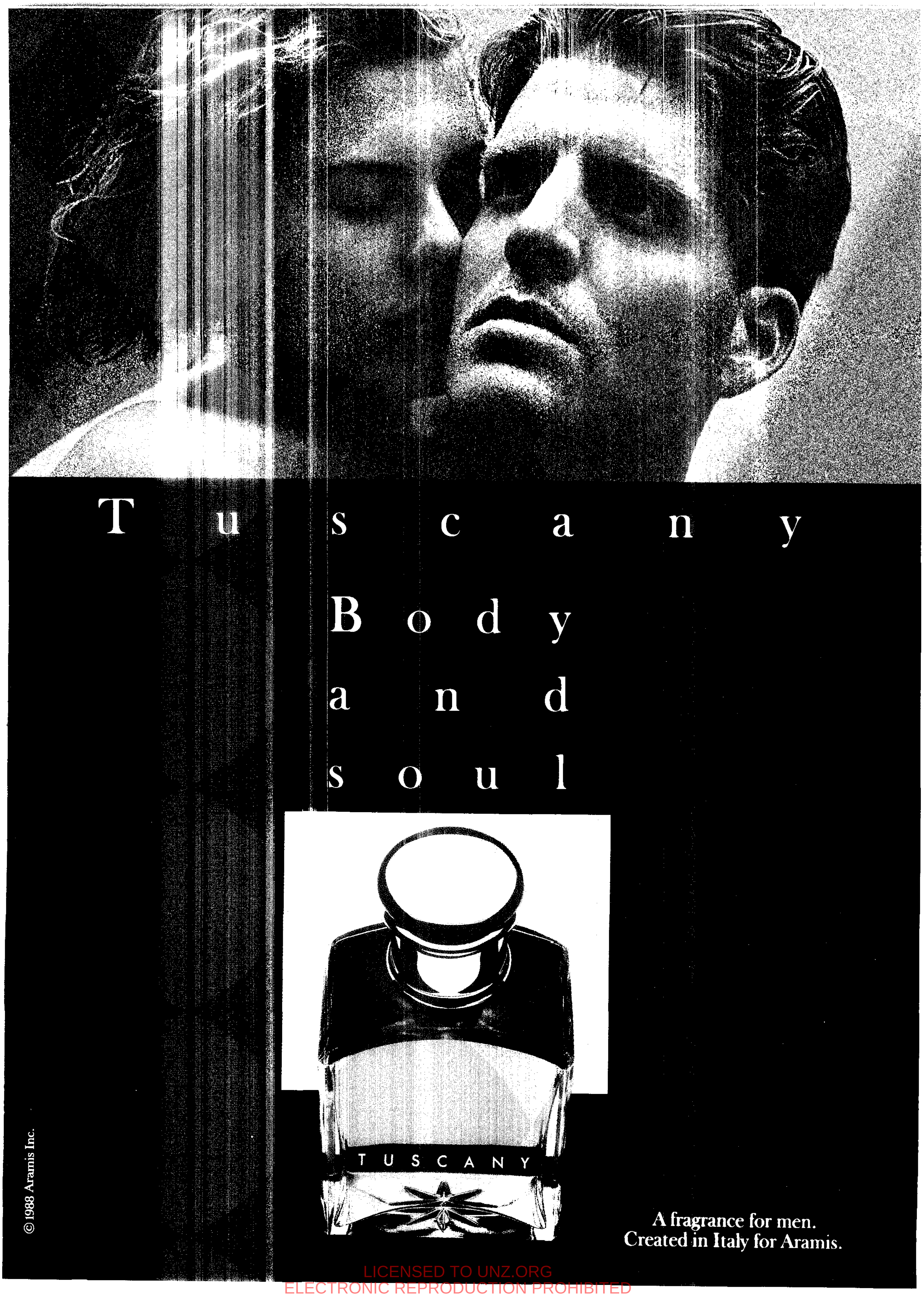
A Few Good Men—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

FOB—An excellent revival of David Henry Hwang's strong, ironic play about the encounter of two Chinese-Americans with a recent arrival. (FOB means "fresh off the boat.") A fine young actor named Dennis Dun is the newcomer, and Mr. Hwang directed. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Closes June 2.)

Forever Plaid—Jason Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Guy Stroman star in Stuart Ross's musical salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties and sixties. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

Further Mo'—A musical about the demise of black vaudeville, put together by Vernel Bagneris, the man behind 1979's "One Mo' Time." (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Grand Hotel—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious, eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

The Grapes of Wrath—This stage adaptation (by Frank Galati, who also directed) is the most truly adult version of Steinbeck's novel to date. It appeals to the mind rather than to the emotions; all the same, there's a cumulative effect. Don't go expecting to see John Ford or "Balm in Gilead," but expect to leave feeling as if you had. With Lois Smith and Gary Sinise. (4/2/90) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Gypsy—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Hamlet—Kevin Kline makes a private, passionate Hamlet, with all his wit and irony intact. He gives an eloquent performance in this clear, intelligent production, which he also directed. In support is Josef Sommer's fine Polonius. The deportment of everybody at the Royal Danish Court, however, is deplorable. The actors are unable to keep their hands off one another—so physical a production is inappropriate for this play. (5/21/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes June 3.)

Ice Cream with Hot Fudge—Two plays by Caryl Churchill. "Hot Fudge" approaches familiar territory—greed and dishonesty in Western capitalist society—as though it were uncharted. "Ice Cream"—about an oafish American couple exploring their British roots—seems half an (inept) attempt to imitate the style of Pinter and half a sophomoric exercise in Yank-bashing. (5/21/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Lettice & Lovage—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Schaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

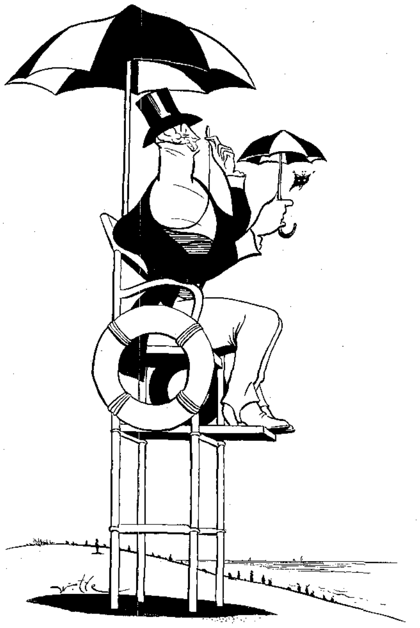
A Perfect Diamond—A comedy about baseball by Don Rifkin. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 929-3064. Closes June 17.)

The Piano Lesson—August Wilson's new drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

Prelude to a Kiss—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Mary-Louise Parker is the bride, and Timothy Hutton is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

The Rothschilds—A revival of the 1970 musical by Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Sherman Yellen (book). Lonny Price directed. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Smoke on the Mountain—A gospel musical comedy conceived and directed by Alan Bailey and written by Connie Ray. With Reathel Bean and Dan Manning. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)



Some Americans Abroad—Richard Nelson's ruthlessly well-observed satire of American academics on a whirlwind theatre tour of England seems even better—and more engrossing—on a second viewing. Nathan Lane has recently joined the cast, somewhat changing the dynamics of the play; but ace acting—from Colin Stinton, Henderson Forsythe, and Kate Burton, particularly—and ace direction (by Roger Michell) make this one a real gem. (2/26/90) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Spunk—George C. Wolfe has adapted three short stories by Zora Neale Hurston, set in Harlem and the South, to make a gorgeous jazz-and-blues entertainment, giving them a powerful injection of his own mordant humor. Chic Street Man, singer and guitarist, wrote the dynamic score. With Ann Duquesnay (singer), and K. Todd Freeman, Reggie Montgomery, Kevin Jackson, and Danitra Vance (actors). Mr. Wolfe directed. (5/7/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

STALWART

Surrounded by housing projects and empty lots, three modest clapboard dwellings on Bergen Street, in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn, are the last remnants of a village called Weeksville. The village was settled by freed slaves around 1830, and in 1863 it provided refuge when blacks had to flee Manhattan, after groups of whites, angry at being drafted to defend the cause of abolition, brutalized them. The Society for the Preservation of Weeksville and Bedford-Stuyvesant History has been restoring the buildings for ten years, and it has arranged some unusual exhibits there: a set of rusted handcuffs labelled "Genuine Slave Shackles"; photos of the houses when they were inhabited and when they were in disrepair; and dozens of portraits of past Weeksville residents, ranging from anonymous well-dressed homeowners to Dr. Susan Smith McKinney-Steward, who around 1870 became the third black female physician in America. Visitors can make appointments (1-718 756-5250) for tours given by the Society's director, Joan Maynard; she says the houses are "real survivors: as tough as the Egyptian pyramids."

The Tower of Evil—Kathleen Widdoes stars in a production of the 1832 historical drama "La Tour de Nesle," by Alexandre Dumas *père*. Translated from the French by Michael Feingold. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes June 10.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

What a Man Weighs—Carole Rothman's sitcom direction doesn't really do justice to Sherry Kramer's sexual-mores comedy, in which characters talk in an impossibly arch way that is sometimes refreshing and sometimes irritating. The play (which could have used some judicious editing and rewriting) has funny lines, a good central image, and more than a few insights about how women think and men behave. But something the playwright fails to achieve with her subject makes it seem ultimately banal. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes June 3.)

Zoya's Apartment—What do you get when you mix hopelessly bad acting, ham-fisted direction, synthetic-fibre costumes, and eerie soap-opera-synthesizer music with Soviet satire? Whatever it is, it's unspeakable. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Closes June 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirtieth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

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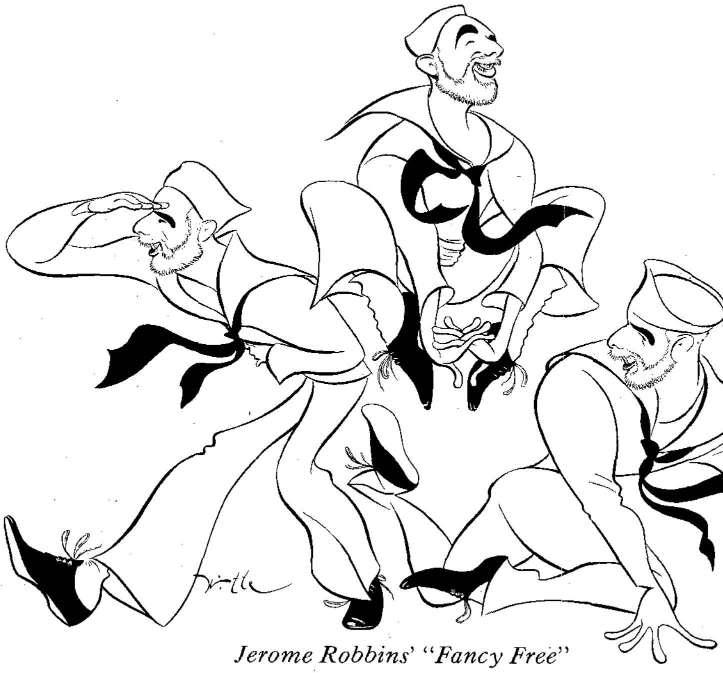

Jerome Robbins' "Fancy Free"

DANCE

FOR some years, Lincoln Kirstein—a cat fancier of long standing—has been engaged in a project for a ballet based on "Le Chat Botté," the Charles Perrault tale known in English as "Puss in Boots." On June 2 and 4, a portion of his idea will reach the stage in the form of a new work to be danced by students at the School of American Ballet during their annual workshop performances at the Juilliard Theatre. The story of this "Puss in Boots" is by the choreographer Robert La Fosse, who developed it with input from the designer Gary Lisz, using Mr. Kirstein's more complex plan as a jumping-off point. "Lincoln's libretto had many different scenes, and it was brilliant," Mr. La Fosse told us, during a post-rehearsal talk with the ballet's collaborators. "It was a real theatre piece," said Mr. Lisz, "but it had a lot of darkness, too. Teen-agers couldn't do it as it was set down."

The team's sense of collaboration has been strong. "I read the libretto and knew that everything should be in a certain period style," said Mr. Lisz. "Then I spoke with Lincoln and learned that that was exactly what he had in mind. We were all on the same wavelength." Mr. La Fosse and Mr. Lisz have worked together before, on Mr. La Fosse's "Woodland Sketches" for New York City Ballet's American Music Festival. Furthermore, when Mr. Kirstein approached Mr. La Fosse last fall about taking on "Puss in Boots," the choreographer and Mr. Lisz were already collaborating on another ballet, still in progress, on the subject of the Egyptian god Osiris. When an opening for a composer came about on the "Puss in Boots" ballet, Mr. La Fosse asked the Osiris composer, Larry Spivack, to participate. A trained percussionist with a master's degree from Juilliard, Mr. Spivack composed and performed the music for Steven Berkoff's "Coriolanus" at the Public Theatre and for his "Metamorphosis" on Broadway—works in which the staging was so intensely physical that it bordered on choreography.

The fourth collaborator on "Puss in Boots" is Bobby Miller, a designer of makeup and wigs; he, too, has been involved from early on. Mr. La Fosse reminded us that for most of the students "Puss in Boots" will be an introduction to pantomime, to the application of stage makeup, to working with props, to working under a choreographer's direction, and to watching how a new ballet gets made. He added, "All I can teach them directly is, You come to rehearsals, you learn it. If you're very attentive, you get ahead in life."

New York City Ballet—Presenting a festival of Jerome Robbins' ballets, from June 5 through June 17. June 5 at 8: "Fancy Free," "Ives, Songs," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ June 6 at 8: "Circus Polka," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Glass Pieces." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. The season continues through July 1.)

American Ballet Theatre—May 28 at 8: "Push Comes to Shove," "Nine Sinatra Songs," and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ May 29 at 8: "Gala Performance," "Airs," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ May 30 at 2: "La Bayadère (Act II)," "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ May 30 at 8: "Airs," "Grand Pas Classique," "The Informer," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ May 31 at 8: "Theme and Variations," "Brief Fling," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." June 1 and June 4-5 at 8, and June 2 and June 6 at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. The season continues through June 30.)

"Fresh Tracks"—A program of works by the choreographers Christopher Beck, Doug Cooney, Alexis Eupierre, Ruth Fuglistaller, Gonnie Heggen, and Patricia Hoffbauer. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. May 30-June 2 at 8.)

Harry Whittaker Sheppard—With the dancers Lisa Bush, Renée Lemieux, and James Nierinck in a program entitled "10,000 Steps." Dan Froot will provide musical accompaniment. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. June 2-3 at 8.)

Angela Caponigro—A solo performer in "For Mother Earth," "Ceremonial Renewal," "For My Mother Who Has Been Gone a Long Time," "Merging Winds," "Reverence," and other works. (Nikolais-Louis ChoreoSpace, 38 E. 19th St. June 1-3 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

NIGHT LIFE

7:15 P.M.: We're in a rented car in bumper-to-bumper traffic on the Northern State Parkway, on Long Island. We're going to see Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme at the Westbury Music Fair. (This was a friend's idea.)

7:45 P.M.: It's getting late. We're going to miss most of Phyllis Diller's opening act, so our friend offers this impression: "When I was born, I was so ugly the doctor slapped my mother. Ha!"

8:30 P.M.: An usher seats us inside the fair. Ms. Diller is onstage saying, "When I was born, I was so ugly the doctor slapped *everybody*. Ha!"

8:50 P.M.: Steve and Eydie hit the stage. Steve, who's quite tan, is wearing a tuxedo. Eydie's wearing a black dress with a diaphanous, fringed, snowflake-patterned cape. They dedicate the show to Sammy Davis, Jr., sing a nice Gershwin duet, and coo to each other. Steve says to Eydie, "You really are the Queen of the Bronx, baby."

9:10 P.M.: Eydie scampers offstage. Steve calls after her, "Where are you going? Fortunoff is *closed*!"

9:17 P.M.: Steve introduces his dad, the ninety-two-year-old Mr. Leibowitz, and asks him, "Why'd you change your name? Lawrence is so nice." Steve's dad sits back down. Steve sings the traditional Yiddish song "No More Wandering for Me" in a pink spotlight.

9:24 P.M.: Eydie returns wearing a white dress with a diaphanous, fringed, snowflake-patterned cape. She *still* has not sung "Blame It on the Bossa Nova."

9:40 P.M.: Steve and Eydie leave the stage, and a brief film about the big-band years is shown. When they return, they sing "Sentimental Journey" (9:54 P.M.), "Chattanooga Choo Choo" (9:55 P.M.), and "In the Mood" (9:56 P.M.). They get a great response.

9:59 P.M.: Steve asks how many people in the crowd belong to the American Association of Retired Persons. Pandemonium. Steve and Eydie lead a rousing, clap-along rendition of "Hallelujah."

10:05, 10:06, 10:15 P.M.: Toasts offered to, respectively, Dean Martin, George Burns, and Ivana Trump.

10:17 P.M.: Eydie trashes Donald Trump, then asks Steve sweetly, "If you had to do it all over again, you'd marry me, wun'cha?" Steve says he would, baby. Pandemonium.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface *type is used to pick out a few of the more* notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MARGARET WHITING,** whose father, Richard Whiting, wrote a string of fine pop numbers in the twenties, is currently in residence at the Oak Room. Ms. Whiting's biggest hit, "A Tree in a Meadow," appeared back in 1948, but her voice doesn't sound much worse for wear since the day Johnny Mercer told her, "You sing like a trumpet." Her shows continue to be funny, chatty, and uplifting. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

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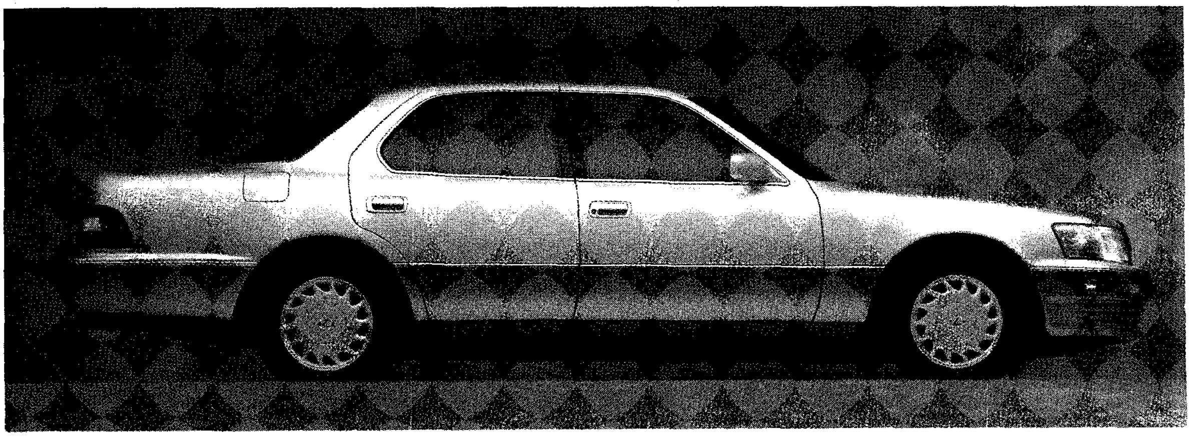

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Popular Science, December 1989

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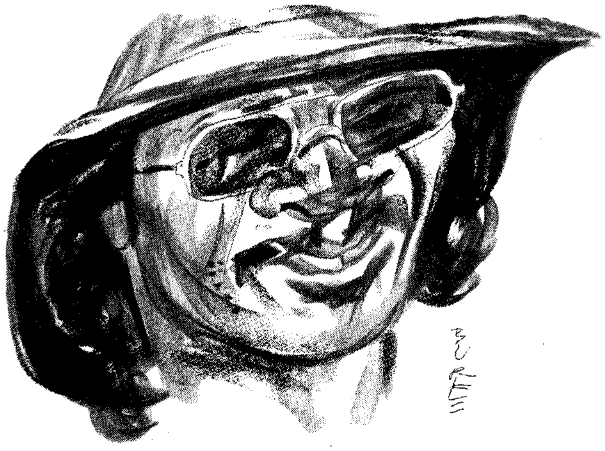
Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. Crossroads, a band that includes such notables as **WALTER BOOKER, LARRY WILLIS,** and **JIMMY COBB,** presides on May 31. June 1-2 belongs to the **RICKY FORD** quartet (**JAKI BYARD, MILT HINTON,** and **BEN RILEY**). Also, three- or foursomes led by Robert Silverman (June 3), Fred Fried (June 4), Johnny Lytle (June 5), and **JUDY NIEMACK** *(June 6). Music from nine. Dining.*

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. When **ANGELA BOFILL** was first heard from, in the late seventies, she had so much promise and such a big, brash voice that no one seemed to know whether she'd lean toward jazz-fusion or Las Vegas. Since then, the singer, who grew up in Harlem and the West Bronx and who's at work here May 29-June 3, has sung everything from Billie Holiday to Stevie Wonder. Tenor saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER** leads a quartet as of June 5. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. The **HARPER BROTHERS,** a precocious, hard-swinging outfit, most of whose members grew up in one New York borough or another, are in charge on June 1, with pianist **MARCUS ROBERTS.** On June 2, **JOHN MAYALL,** the perennial British bluesman, brings in his group, the **BLUESBREAKERS.** June 3 belongs to **LEON REDBONE.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.



Stanley (Buckwheat) Dural of Buckwheat Zydeco, at the Lone Star Roadhouse

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood piano-bass bar where, if your neighbors cooperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. **GEORGE CABLES** and **DAVID WILLIAMS** perform here May 28-June 2; a trio led by saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** starts up on June 4. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and **BOBBY SHORT.** Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by heavy-metal acts, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glide across the floor at a comfortable pace, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. **BOB JANUARY** and the World's Most Dangerous Swing Band have the honors on June 3. Music from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene. Local rock has since diminished, but young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. **DEL AMITRI,** who will be playing here June 5, is a Scottish rock band that could easily be mistaken for an American rock band. After a three-year absence, they recently released a good, solid second record, "Waking Hours," and scored something of a hit with the single "Kiss This Thing Good-bye." Music from nine-thirty on Sundays through Thursdays and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this low-ceilinged, stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. The Terrance Blanchard quintet takes the bandstand May 31-June 3; **ROY HAYNES,** a drummer who has been prominent on the jazz scene since his days accompanying such bebop greats as Charlie Parker and Red Rodney, propels a quartet beginning June 5. Music after ten.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with the performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. **MORGANA KING,** a great, romantic singer with a whisper of a voice that has been known to travel uptown of high C, will be here May 31-June 3. Pianist and Bud Powell devotee **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** leads her **JAZZ ORCHESTRA** here as of June 5. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. The pianists who pass through here are among Gotham's finest. **JOHN COLIANNI'S** trio holds sway May 29-June 3. The seven-string guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI,** who also happen to be father and son, get under way on June 5. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Kilimanjaro, 531 W. 19th St. (627-2333)—The northern branch of the popular Washington, D.C., night spot. As the name suggests, African music is the sine qua non, be it live or d.j.-spun. Calypso, reggae, and world-beat formats also turn up; in any case, the huge dance floor seldom lies fallow. Ras Michael & the Sons of Negus, a Jamaican group, perform on June 1, with the Last Poets. Nigeria's Dele Abiodun claims June 2.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. **CHUNK** is here May 31 at nine; at eleven, the **ROOTLESS COSMOPOLITANS,** led by *Über*-guitarist **MARC RIBOT,** go to work.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A Texan hangout where good old boys and Southern sorority girls mix with urban cowboys and those just looking. "Roadhouse" is an accurate description: it's a checked-tablecloth, long-necked-Bud, side-of-beef kind of place. May 31-June 1 is in the hands of **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO,** a Mamou, Louisiana, outfit led by the singer and accordionist Stanley (Buckwheat) Dural. The band, which formed in 1979, offers a rich blend of rock, soul, blues, and traditional Cajun music whose No. 1 priority is to keep your feet moving. **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** the jump-blues revival band that was formed by Duke Robillard in the late sixties (Robillard has since moved on), will perform on June 2. Another big name in zydeco, **C. J. CHENIER,** who is the son of the late Clifton Chenier, comes in on June 6, with his Red Hot Louisiana Band. Marcia Ball is also on the bill. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes, panelled ceiling—has more of a country-club feel. **SID CAESAR AND IMOGENE COCA** are currently in residence, offering routines they made famous in Caesar's hit fifties TV series "Your Show of Shows," as well as new material. The engagement, called "Together Again," marks the fortieth anniversary of the début of "Your Show of Shows," and, according to Mr. Caesar, signals the passing of "a forty-year weekend." Tuesdays through Fridays at nine-thirty; Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. When the band is swinging, and you and your dreamboat are cheek to cheek, everything can seem just swell. "Another highball?" "Thanks ever so." Mondays and Tuesdays are the property of **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** a band that looks and sounds exactly like a thirties swing outfit. Fridays belong to Rick Hardeman and the Basin Street Six, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A rock establishment where the customer is not always right. If you're willing to endure proof-of-drinking-age wristbands, primitive notions of crowd control, and a staff of "I breaka you face" security people, you'll find some of the best rock bands around. **KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS** are here on June 1, at ten. The group, led by Bronxite August Darnell, has always been a step ahead of the pop world; they were onto world beat—in their case, a high-spirited blend of Latin, reggae, rap, calypso, and rock—long before it became fashionable.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. Reggae singer **MAX ROMEO** appears on May 31, with **JAMAL RANKING.** Closed Sundays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The thundering, many-noted pianist **MC COY TYNER** brings in his group (**AVERY SHARPE** and **AARON SCOTT**) May 31-June 3; the blues-inflected saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** begins work on June 5. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—The next couple of weeks are great ones to visit Tramps. Irish-born singer-guitarist **LUKA BLOOM,** who'll perform here on May 31, has whipped up a considerable cult following in recent years by giving joyous solo shows around the city. His own songs—which can be heard on his fine major-label début, "Riverside"—are about blood being thicker than water, and love being thicker than anything. Bloom has a lovely, clear voice, and his acoustic-guitar playing is positively frenetic. During his live shows, he usually works in inspired covers of the Waterboys' "This Is the Sea" and (go figure) L.L. Cool J's "I Need Love." Opening for Bloom is an intense and very promising folk-rocker from Kansas, **FREEDY JOHNSTON.** Louisiana-born singer-accordionist **ZACHARY RICHARD,** who begins a nine-night stand here on June 1, just released his

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

own major-label début: a record, entitled "Women in the Room," that's part zydeco, part rock and roll, and part country.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. *(255-4037)*—**dorothy donegan,** who leads a trio here May 29-June 3, is renowned for her vaudevillian antics at the piano bench. At a recent performance, she rolled her head, stomped her feet, stood up, danced, sat down, and impersonated jazz divas, all the while treating the audience to a virtuoso display of Art Tatum-style piano. Saxophonist **joe henderson** brings in a trio for a week beginning June 5. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after ten.

Wonderland, 519 2nd Ave., at 29th St. (213-5098)—When you're hungry for the blues, or just plain hungry. Saxophonist **david (fathead) newman,** who joined the Ray Charles band in 1954 and stayed for a decade, will be here May 29-June 2. Shows Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. Pianist **john hicks** and bassist **mickey bass** will be here May 29-June 2. Music weeknights from eight, and Sundays from seven.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THE problem with being romantic in New York is that everyone soon knows the few places that make a heart flutter. At the Esplanade on a warm, clear evening, it's as if couples were lining up at the river's edge for the start of the five-thousand-metre lovers' relay. Hearing the Rainbow Room's maître d' chuckling at your request for a window table in an hour can strain the *toujours* out of any *l'amour.* The lake in Central Park often looks like the Hippodrome Garage after the theatre. The Children's Zoo is full of children. And anyone who thinks joining the nag caravan for a pungent carriage ride through Central Park is swoonworthy has definite sinus problems.

New Yorkers, however, don't know from Liberty State Park. They think it's what surrounds the Statue of Liberty. But it's on the other side of the lady, in New Jersey. Built in time for her centennial, it's beautiful, stays open until ten, and is as empty as the World Trade Center observation deck during heavy fog. True, you have to brave the honest-honey-I-had-to-work-late commuters slogging through the Holland Tunnel on their way back to their better-quality-of-life condos. But once you're on the turnpike and into the park it's as if Governor Florio had granted you the expanse all to yourselves. Drive straight down toward the river, park as close to the main building as possible, get out, and walk in the direction of the sound of fluttering flags. In front of you is a gracefully manicured glade, a moonlit river, a footbridge over untroubled waters, and the glorious glowing Lady herself. The patrolling park rangers won't hassle you, passing bunnies don't approach you, there are no seagulls to dump on you. Even Miss Liberty isn't a bother: she's real close, but her back is turned. It's just you and the night and the music. Provided you bring, or make, your own.

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IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Children Scream"—A performance work by the Kumiko Kimoto Company, based on Jean Cocteau's novel "L'Enfant Terrible." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. May 29-June 3 at 8.)

Leningrad State Music Hall—Presenting a Vegas-type show—with dancers, trapeze artists, and dogs who do tricks—from the Soviet Union. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Through June 3. For ticket and schedule information, call 581-7907.)

Cathy Simmons—In her new work, "Stream of Recklessness." (Franklin Furnace, the original site for this piece, has been temporarily shut down. Please call 925-4671 for the new location. June 1-2 at 8:30.)

"Half a World Away"—The composer A. Leroy and the artist Janie Geiser have created a performance work in which the audience visits a number of different rooms in no particular order. There's a little show (slides, puppets, songs) in every room. (Battery Maritime Building, South St. at Whitehall St., near the Staten Island Ferry Terminal. June 2-3 at 2 and 4. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

Peter Gordon and **Constance de Jong**—Performing "The City of the Passion: A Tone Poem" and "Vanishing Acts," respectively. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, Park Ave. at 42nd St. June 6 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

P.S. 122—May 31-June 3 at 9:30: "Modern Art," a play written and directed by Eileen Myles. Through June 10. . . . ¶ June 1-3 at 8: Jeannie Hutchins' "Roof Blown Away." (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

EUPHORIA

While many New Yorkers celebrated Earth Day recently with thoughts of the land, we spent it staring at the sky. We attended the reopening of James Turrell's "Meeting," a deceptively simple environmental art work in a room on the top floor of P.S. 1 (call 1-718 784-2084 for reservations), consisting primarily of a square opening cut crisply into the ceiling to expose the sky. We sat on benches that ring the room and looked up. At first it wasn't clear that it was the sky we were seeing. The cloudless light-blue square seemed palpable, like a volume that could be measured. As the sun set and the square's color deepened, it became clear that the artist had designed everything—from the proportions of the benches to the view of the sky itself—to inspire a sense of humility and an awareness of nature's grandeur.

A prolonged visit to "Meeting" (Turrell was raised a Quaker) offers the opportunity to experience in simple fashion what postmodernism seems to have declared irrelevant: transcendence. Sometimes this process can be too intense. The evening we went, an irreverent young writer fled before sunset, exclaiming, "It's too spiritual for me. It would be great if Robin Byrd would parachute down from the middle of it."

ART

AS a scenic designer on an operatic scale, Anselm Kiefer has few rivals. And in his ability to convey spatial illusions of breathtaking emotional sweep he may very well be unmatched. There's an inexorable logic—like the slow and steady movement of an armored tank—to the way he has advanced his epic theme over the last ten years. During the early eighties, Kiefer set about to conjure the experience of wartime destruction, along with the atavistic and more specifically Teutonic belief in creative redemption. Veils of sandy paint, for instance, would hover over what looked like low-flying reconnaissance-mission photographs of war-torn fields, and the image of winged palettes would rise, phoenixlike, from scarred, scorched surfaces of distressed pigment. Wagnerian titles would often be scrawled at the top of these paintings, and often the names Margarethe and Shulamith—the Aryan blonde and the complementary yet vanquished brunette of the Germanic ethos—lingered on the scene. In a series of memorable picture albums, Kiefer also documented Second World War naval battles reënacted with toys in dingy bathtub settings, and he evoked the demon's side of such mythic rites of passage as the solstice celebrations of Johannesnacht by transforming them into records of obliterating violence—the word "Kristallnacht" comes automatically to mind. Other books were exhibited completely burned. Kiefer's ambition and high moral seriousness, in fact, are such that he is both widely resented among younger, more iconoclastic German contemporaries and something of an artist-hero himself in (among other places) Israel.

Kiefer went on, in this magnificent and portentous way, to resurrect the heroic tradition of Romantic landscape painting, with enormous and unwieldy works that virtually groaned with the weight of caked mud and bales of straw affixed to them. Later, as he began to use metallic sculptural objects in his work, he took to ranging more freely in the historic and Biblical pasts, and the elemental climate of his works shifted to a shimmering and alchemically redolent tone. Now, in a theatrically dazzling, technically formidable exhibition at Marian Goodman (24 W. 57th Street; through June 16), we find Kiefer immersed in the mystical systems and apocryphal figures of the Cabbalah—in Lilith the original woman, for instance, who *wouldn't* be mother to us all. This is consummate and consuming Zeitgeist art. The presence, in several works, of clothing—smocks for lost souls, perhaps—ranging from adult scale to doll-size, even prompted our companion to exclaim that Kiefer had eaten Christian Boltanski, his fellow-artist and *Traverarbeiter,* for lunch.

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Francis Bacon at MOMA

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"From Poussin to Matisse." The Russians seem to have entered the Western world by consuming French culture to the point of fetishization. This show—like so many the museum has mounted recently—celebrates not the great artists whose works are on display but the great amassers of French art, from Catherine the Great, who bought up vast collections whole and founded the Hermitage, to the non-aristocratic industrialists Shchukin and Morozov, who proved to be among the world's most astute collectors of Post-Impressionist paintings. But the show does include some superb works among its fifty paintings, most notably Poussin's mesmerizing "Tancred and Ermina," Watteau's beguiling "The Savoyard," and Fragonard's "The Stolen Kiss." There are some kitschy paintings as well, like Boucher's bawdy "Hercules and Omphale" and Vernet's startlingly mysterious "The Death of Virginie." Yet, despite the over-all quality, the pick-hit format is not engaging; the show doesn't really get going until the end, where there is a room of ten glorious Matisses painted between 1908 and 1913, among his finest works. Through July 29. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective featuring fifty-nine paintings by Francis Bacon. Starts June 3. (A complementary show is at the Marlborough gallery, 40 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Throughout this century, it has seemed that every kind of abstract painting, even the most radical, has been coöpted by commercial design. What a pleasure, then, to see an inversion of this formula in a small exhibition of fabric samples by Gunta Stölzl, the Bauhaus master weaver, and her student, the perhaps better-known Anni Albers. Both designers took advantage of the period's industrial advances and applied a purist approach to the technology of weaving to create undeniable classics. Stölzl and Albers helped form the craft tradition of the Bauhaus, where the distinctions between fine and applied art were blissfully blurred. Through July 8. . . . ¶ Huge monochromatic wood engravings, mostly of a young woman named Doris with an enigmatic stare, by Franz Gertsch, a Swiss version of Chuck Close. Through June 26. . . . ¶ Barbara Steinman is showing a site-specific installation incorporating photography and video. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Maurice Prendergast" (1858-1924), a show of more than a hundred oil paintings and watercolors by the early modernist. Starts June 1. . . . ¶ "Signs of Love," a large-scale installation work by Ree Morton (1936-77) that is the magnum opus of this pivotal and shamefully overlooked artist, looks as original and unsettling as it did when it was first exhibited, in the Whitney's 1977 Biennial. With its painted and swagged ladders, frilly ribbons and flowers, and postage-stamp portraits of a fairy-tale prince and princess, it is an irreverent celebration of sentimentality. It exists in a realm somewhere between painting and sculpture, without caring about the conventions of either; it was created at a time when the austerity of minimalism still reigned. It also celebrates the brazen freedom of feminism, of an as yet unnamed postmodernist spirit, and of a community of artists whose decisions were based upon ideas and personal challenges, not on the desires of the market. Through July 22. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Intimate Interiors of Édouard Vuillard" includes more than a hundred paintings and works on paper, all completed between 1890 and 1900. Through July 30. . . . ¶ A companion exhibition of prints by the Nabis painters, including works by Vuillard, Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Félix Vallotton, and Ker-Xavier Roussel. Starts June 1. . . . ¶ The exhibition "Facing History," a pure example of art illustrating history, traces the image of blacks in American art from 1710 to 1940. More often than not, as one might suspect, the images are primarily of servitude and the method used is caricature. And even when reverence appears to be the intention, blacks are usually presented as property, of secondary importance to, say, a Thoroughbred. The clichéd observation that few of the works are great art in the traditional sense seems irrelevant, because the show is so fascinating, and the messages so distressingly familiar. The paintings, drawings, and occasional sculptures are best viewed from an iconographic point of view, and the purpose of the black man in John Singleton Copley's "Watson and the Shark," the best work on display, continues to be the source of heated disagreement. Through June 25. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"Clear as Crystal, Red as Flame" is an excellent primer on glassmaking in China from the fourteenth century through the early twentieth. Curiously, glass seems to be the only medium the Chinese used to mimic other materials. On view are vessels that look like porcelain, beads that approximate stones, and vases that ape celadon ware; the last have the lovely inner glow that can be achieved only with glass. Through June 16. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An examination of the Danish porcelain industry from 1760 to the present, including vases, figures, and original pieces from the first Flora Danica table service, on loan from the Danish Royal Family. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Writing boxes, tea caddies, and *sake* cups are among the forty pieces of Japanese lacquer ware on view. Through June 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"In the Court of the Sultan." In this comprehensive display on the life of the Sephardic Jews of the Ottoman Empire, most of the objects—even the ornate ones—are unspectacular. The period documented is from the mid-nineteenth century through the early twentieth, a time of decline for the Ottomans, of increased Western influence, and of growing intolerance toward Jews. From the velvet bedspreads that were remade into ark curtains to the ceremonial and everyday costumes (some decreed by law), the menorahs, and the furniture, a homey aesthetic dominates. But it is nonetheless a fascinating exhibition, one that effectively captures the spirit of daily life. Through June 28. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, except May 30-31, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of more than a hundred drawings, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth, on loan from the Museum Boymans-van Beuningen, in Rotterdam. Included are works by Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya, and others. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit devoted to Portugal's pioneering maritime exploration, notably of Brazil, and its impact on European culture. Maps, treaties, and navigational instruments from the mid-fifteenth century to the late sixteenth are on display, along with manuscripts, letters, and paintings. Starts June 2. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

The Decade Show—This show has a noble, anti-authoritarian ambition—the forced integration of the Eurocentric art scene through a review of the nineteen-eighties art world that embraces the "others" ignored by the mainstream. The exhibition is well intentioned, but it tries to do too many conflicting things, and it's richer for the issues it raises than for the art it contains. It is a collaborative event organized by three institutions, each of which functions as a cross between a small museum and an alternative space, and the confusion emanates from the conflicting goals of the institutions themselves: the Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art is busy servicing a community with a strong ethnic identity, while the Studio Museum in Harlem is eager to enter the mainstream and the New Museum claims to want to obliterate it. The show is divided according to themes, two per venue. By far the most cohesive installation is at the Studio Museum, where Group Material and Barbara Kruger seem to be the only ones to have addressed themselves to the complex issues of the show, and where one work after another—by whites, African-Americans (Hammons, Colescott, Edwards), and Hispanics (Azaceta)—is installed to look as good as each is. What the show calls for, ultimately, is no less than the dismantling of the entire value structure upon which judgment is currently based: no more artist geniuses, no more masterpieces, no more connoisseurship, as they are known. However ideologically up to date the viewpoint may sound, it requires a much more radical redefinition of art than any the system would willingly adopt. The exhibition runs concurrently at the **New Museum,** 583 Broadway (open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8); the **Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art,** 584 Broadway (open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 5; Thursdays and Fridays, 11 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 6); and the **Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St. (open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6). A free shuttle bus runs between SoHo and Harlem on each Saturday during the show.

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Vasily Ermilov (1894-1968)—This pioneer of Constructivist art in the Ukraine lived the latter part of his life in obscurity, producing the officially approved social-realist art by day and continuing in his modernist idiom on the sly at night. The current exhibition is extensive, including work from throughout his career, with an emphasis on small paintings on paper. There are also several refined but dull figurative studies, and a model and photodocuments of a major work, the quintessential Constructivist speaker's rostrum Ermilov designed in 1927 for the tenth anniversary of the October Revolution. Some of the most animated works are book designs from the twenties and thirties. Through June 8. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—These small drawings, from 1908 to 1912 and never before exhibited, trace Feininger's transformation from cartoonist to artist. The touch lightens, the palette softens, the figures become elongated, and—poof!—before your very eyes, a minor master is born. Through June 16. (Moeller, 52 E. 76th St.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Eight large "black enamel paintings" and a group of works on paper, including notebook draw-

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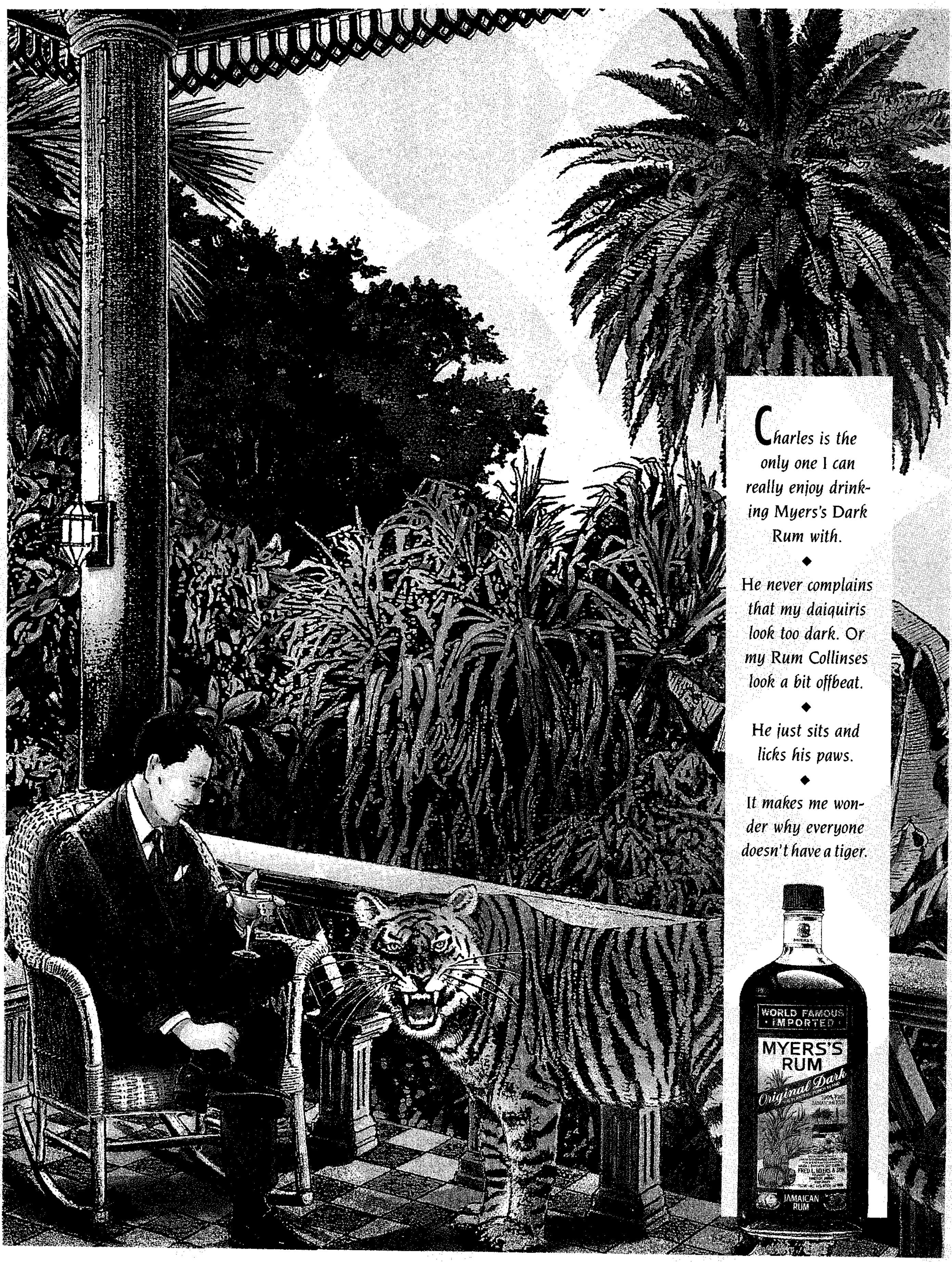
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ART—Cont'd

ings, make up an exceptionally good show. Through June 2. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Short List—susan crile, Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through June 2); **lawrence kupferman,** Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through June 29); **odd nerdrum,** Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St. (through June 15); **antonio segui,** Bernard, 33 E. 74th St. (through June 29).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

John Bellany—Recent narrative oil paintings, with surrealistic elements and carnival color, that are reminiscent of Ensor. Through June 16. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Eugène Carrière (1849-1906)—An exquisite exhibition of nineteen sepia-toned oil paintings and one pastel by this underrated French symbolist. Carrière's figures are enveloped in a rapturous haze of sorrow; the Pietà-like "Death of Gauguin" depicts one of the most tender embraces ever painted. Through June 30. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gilbert & George—In contrast with the sometimes dark, sometimes melancholy tone of the British duo's photo works, these new pieces—kaleidoscopic arrangements of picture postcards, a type of material used in some of their earliest works—are bright and hopeful. Through June 9. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway, has a complementary show of paintings.)

Ron Gorchov—Having emerged too late for Abstract Expressionism and much too early for post-minimalism, this perpetually "emerging" gestural abstractionist has been falling through the cracks since the early sixties. His newest, shield-shaped paintings, much humbler than his past works, are quite strong. The brushwork is agitated, yet fluid and watery; the forms are organic, sometimes fishlike. The strong surrealistic feeling of the paintings places them squarely in the world of the pre-Abstract Expressionist Rothko. Through June 9. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Gwathmey (1903-88)—This artist depicted a rich cross-section of American life with an emphasis on black subjects, especially in the forties and fifties—the period focussed on in this show. Gwathmey tended to employ an over-all distribution of color and form, dividing his forms into registers of different colors as if he were working in stained glass. In large overview scenes, this none too inventive abstraction often fractures and depletes the narrative. The best works are the more centralized images, such as the tender "Lullaby," in which a mother sings to the child she cradles in her arms. Through June 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

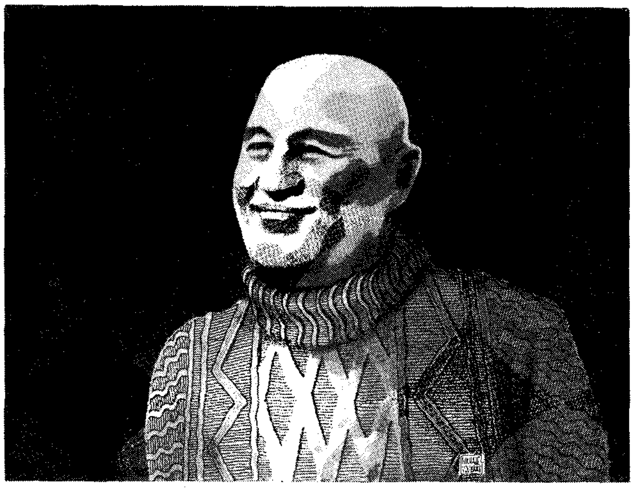
John Torreano—In his most recent large plywood "canvases," the artist has combined partially embedded colored glass or wood balls and his signature plastic jewels with a more pictorial element: painted ellipses that have been carved in shallow relief. Although Torreano's interests never really change, his level of finesse keeps getting higher. Through June 2. (Shea & Beker, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Wegman—Wegman's earlier paintings, often based on a single motif, such as the image of a boat or plane found in a children's book, were plangent and sweet, but a little anemic. His recent paintings, however, offer a view of a very personal atomic-nostalgic wasteland. As you enter the back room, though, expect to be shaken—to the bone—by a group of the last photo portraits of Wegman's immortal Man Ray. What you will see is an old weimaraner, out of costume this time and stripped of all obvious artifice, as King Lear. Through June 9. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—pierre alechinsky, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through June 1); **brooks anderson,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 16); **francis bacon,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (through June 29); **romare bearden,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 16); **rené magritte,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through June 30), and Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through June 29); **suzanne pines** and **christopher gerlach,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through June 16); **philip smith,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 2); **mark tobey,** Daverio, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 16); **tom wesselmann,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 2); **adja yunkers,** Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (through June 1).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Donald Baechler—Ten drawings of the card suits set against milky-colored collaged grounds that include an occasional printed ship, soldier, or flower. These works are quite impressive, much better than the artist's usual faux-naïf fare. Through June 16. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)



Romare Bearden

Pier Consagra—Paintings of overlapping, rapidly drawn swirls in all sorts of colors, with an emphasis on purples and greens. These energetic and competent works are the result of a very complicated process—involving sculpture, photography, and squeegee printing—that appears to have had little effect on the final product. Through June 16. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Jessica Diamond—An exhibition, mostly of wall paintings, that conjures the now defunct alternative scene. The works are uneven but spirited, the best being a painted network of dollar signs so densely packed they look like barbed wire. There are also some homespun sculptures, including a rickety metal top hat with the names of repressive world leaders pressed into it. Through June 2. (American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St.)

Julio Galan—The artist's second one-man gallery show is as affecting as his first, and *more* knowing—if such a thing is possible. Galan, something of a professional enfant terrible, has been brushing up on his Francesco Clemente, it seems. Still, this show includes a split-mirror image in which the artist makes the best, most commonsensical use of a diptych format seen in some time. And with another painting—a hilarious, hyper-Proustian, oblong portrait of the artist as a young invalid—he weighs in with an absolutely original instant classic. Through June 29. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Keith Haring (1958-90)—A selection of drawings from 1980 to 1982 that are not necessarily Haring's best, but show what he did best. The works still look as fresh as they did when they were made; their youthful candor is a bit haunting. Through June 2. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Nancy Haynes—In these new abstract paintings, the underrated Haynes picks up the minimalist strain where other artists' literalist paintings leave off, but with a post-minimalist's love of pushing paint around. Through June 2. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

Ronald Jones—Sculptures of objects combined in odd ways—a trestle with a model of the Jarvik artificial heart atop it, for example. Jones has left nothing to chance, selecting every element for its political significance, a fact one might easily miss were it not for the written material that details the iconographic purpose of each piece. While these works have a deeper political content than his earlier pieces, they are more visually remote: the use of color is more arbitrary and forced, the subject matter more rarefied and obscure. Through June 16. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Nicholas Krushenick—In case you've been wondering what ever happened to the Pop and Op artist Nicholas Krushenick: not much, according to this exhibition of paintings from 1966 to this year. These are airless, brashly colored, cartoonish Pop paintings, containing puns on art illusionism, but only of the most simplistically decorative sort. Through June 16. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

Rex Lau—Eight large paintings with stormy brushwork depicting a pair of rocks atop conical pedestals with a hovering cloud. There's some fine paint-handling in these works, which follow admirably in the tradition of Ryder, Hartley, and Dove, but it's unclear what has been gained by the repetition of image. More challenging are a new group of smaller paintings on paper with solid areas of color and an overlay of copper nails; they have an openness the earlier paintings seem to lack. Through June 2. (Walls, 137 Greene St.)

Patty Martori—There's a compelling, primal creepiness to these wall works and assembled sculptures, as if they were the recollections of an Addams-family childhood. A rectangle of smashed eggshells edged in red dye and embedded in one wall has all the otherworldly mystery of a mastaba. Adding to the mood are a strip of finely combed and crimped red hair, which runs along the top of a box cut into the wall, and small mirrors that look like they've been dipped in red lacquer. Through June 2. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Aldo Mondino—The first New York exhibition of an oddball multimedia artist who has been on the fringe of the Arte Povera movement since the sixties. His preoccupation with Middle Eastern themes merges with a sharp anti-art irreverence to produce faux-ancient mosaics, made of sugar cubes, in the shape of Jewish symbols; a carpet of coffee beans entitled "Mecca Mokka"; and several portraits in chocolate, including one of a ram's head called "Sacrificio." Through June 2. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.)

Robert Morris—A show centering on the most sensuous of the cagey artist's works. This is a fine installation, including some of the later (1978-84) felt pieces—sheets of heavy, industrial felt that have been slit, splayed open, and hung and draped from the wall with delicate folds, like kimonos. Through June 2. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

Thomas Nozkowski—Small abstract paintings of the sort that seem born of an intense communion with canvas. They are very competent, but they are also emotionally stingy and a bit boring. Through June 9. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Carl Palazzolo—This talented and very deft painter is also a relentless processor of styles. Here, in the midst of lyrical-abstract passages that may remind viewers of recent work by Ross Bleckner, Terry Winters, and Pat Steir, among others, the artist also gives vent to his obsession with a single painting by John Singer Sargent—"The Daughters of Edward D. Boit," painted in 1882. Images of these Bostonian sisters and their appurtenances crop up as fully realized copies, as fragments, as pentimenti, and, ultimately, as question marks. Palazzolo's work is visually enjoyable, as always, but also so blithely arbitrary it can set the marbles rattling in your head. Through June 23. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Charles Ray/Richard Bloes—An odd sculptural self-portrait by an unusually intriguing artist. In this work, which is far more interesting than any Photo-Realist sculpture, he appears as a mannequin, frozen in a relaxed gesture and dressed in his unself-conscious, leisurely best. / A contraption that looks a bit like a mega-loom: lots of cranks and pulleys, a tray of water and a fan, and other gizmos, surrounded by ticking clocks and video images of the whole thing in motion. The piece is bereft of both wonder and wit. Through June 9. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

Julian Schnabel—The Pace gallery opens its new downtown outlet, in what had been Leo Castelli's Greene Street space, with the season's most ambitious exhibition, a Julian Schnabel Production of massive-scale sculptures, all in bronze. The walls are lined with nonfigurative "Tomb Panels," which are so

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resonant with emotion that they could be a postmodern version of the Medicis' final resting place. Schnabel takes on all sorts of big-league sculpture, most notably that of the Church and the classical world, which he enriches with touches of Mad Max's Thunderdome. There's a funny piece called "Barbara Bush Skipping Down the Champs Élysées," and a history-of-art sculpture consisting of a Beuysian table with Indian dolls, a primitive sculpture of the sort favored by the early modernists, and a hinge, all supported by inverted amphorae. Through June 29. (142 Greene St.)

Kiki Smith—Some of the most interesting traditionally figurative sculptures around—stuffed dresses on a proper red velvet bench, plasters of pregnant bellies, and a suspended shaped dress with glass feet—which center on themes of loss, procreation, and absence. The pieces have a healthy dose of autobiography without ever slipping into self-indulgence, and are emotionally both restrained and intense. Through June 14. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

"American Masters of the 60s"—A power show in a new power space, similar in size and scale to a floor at the Whitney. Among the most resonant of these superb art works from the sixties, by all the expected blue-chip names, are those by Lichtenstein, Smith, Martin, Judd, Serra, Nauman, and Smithson. In most instances, older pieces are juxtaposed with more recent works by the same artists. A silver "Liz" by Andy Warhol, for example, hangs opposite one of his "Last Supper" paintings. Both are superior works, and the dialogue between them succinctly tells part of Warhol's complex story. But many of the juxtapositions simply serve to remind us that these artists continue to produce good work. Through June 23. (Shafrazi, 130 Prince St.)

"The Work of Art in the Age of Perestroika"—This display of recent works from the Soviet Union has the kind of vibrant energy New York has not witnessed since the Mickey-and-Judy shows of Colab and the early East Village scene. The emphasis is on the younger generation, and while the over-all quality of the work is high there is something unsettling about the circumstances: it is an art that has literally risen through the cracks as a form of creative resistance, but it has now been seized by an alien marketplace that consumes first and thinks later. There are works that are reminiscent of what has been produced here over the past fifteen years, but to read too much into those connections would be to entirely miss the vitality of this new crop of artists. Through June 30. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

"The Power of Childhood"—The juxtaposition of children's art with grownups' effectively demonstrates the primal impulses behind a variety of work by contemporary artists, ranging from the rantings of Jenny Holzer's texts, to the scratchy marks in Louisa Chase's paintings, to the simple figuration of Alex Katz's portraits. Despite its valiant attempt to add a new chapter to the now outdated my-child-could-have-done-that vein of art criticism, this show could have accomplished more with the title alone; all that has been gained by including the work of children is to identify which artists are working in childlike ways and which are simply childish. Through June 9. (Wessel O'Connor, 580 Broadway.)

Group Show—One wonders why there is nothing in the entire main space of the Rosen gallery except, in one corner, the handsome, compelling, but hardly space-invading photographs of rows of animal trophies and hides by Zoe Leonard. It may be to encourage you to look around for the remainder of the show. As we walked from the main to the back gallery, which holds photographic collaborations between artists like Robert Gober and Christopher Wool and Alan McCollum and Laurie Simmons, we didn't notice at first the low-level bellowing sound, like that of an iron lung, which comes from the pulsing wall between the two spaces. But that's the rest of the show. Wendy Jacob has reconstructed the short wall so that it actually breathes, expanding and contracting—an aesthetic version of a "Candid Camera" skit. Through June 23. (130 Prince St.)

Short List—**Jeff Adams,** Facchetti, 476 Broadway (through June 2); **Betsy Berne,** Esman, 70 Greene St. (through June 2); **Mathew Brittan** and **Michael Schackwitz,** Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St. (through June 10); **Francesco Clemente** and **Ouattara,** Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through June 23); **Meg Cranston,** Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway (through June 2); **Christopher Hewat,** Munroe, 130 Prince St. (through June 9); **Ellsworth Kelly,** 65 Thompson Street Gallery (through June 30); **Susan Laufer,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through June 2); **Al Loving,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through June 9); **Winifred Lutz,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through June 30); **David Nash,** Louver, 130 Prince St. (through June 23); **Dona Nelson,** Hanson, 415 West Broadway (through June 9); **Gerardo Pita,** Staempfli, 415 West Broadway (through June 8); **Edwin Schlossberg,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through June 9); **Theodoros Stamos,** Dorsky, 578 Broadway (through June 9).

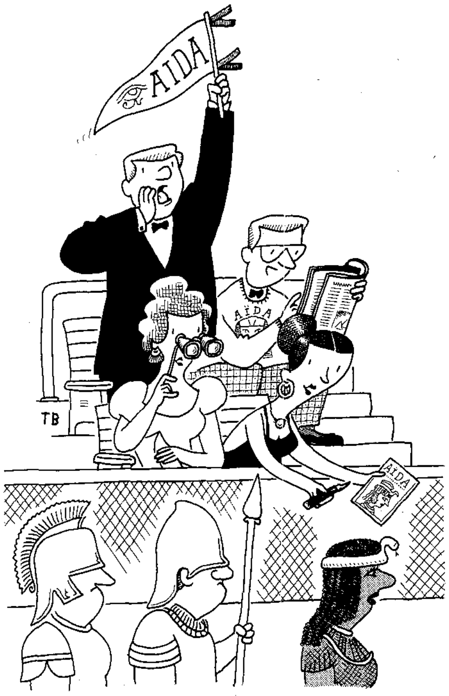
PHOTOGRAPHY

A SOFTNESS connects the two shows at the Simon Lowinsky gallery (584 Broadway; through June 16). They are very different exhibitions, but their subtle mutedness creates the sensation that the pictures are floating just a tiny bit away from the wall. This is especially true of the show in the back room—a concentrated group of pictures, all of them nudes, by Bill Brandt (1904-83). Brandt was a photographer who revelled in the graphic power of black tones, in the warmth of grays, and in the burst of light that whites can bring. Here we also get to see his seamless integration of abstraction and realism. Most of the photographs strike a perfect balance between a hard-to-decipher image and one that is so familiar that it is already inside one's mind. Brandt achieved this effect through his use of closeup and tight cropping. These nudes are so intimate that the models don't seem like strangers or like objects—and that purity is what makes the work trustworthy.

Graham Nash made the photographs in the first gallery. Although Nash is known as a rock musician, he has been taking pictures since he was ten years old, and this exhibition proves his seriousness, and his visual talent. The photographer has documented those close to him, and his least fussed-with portraits are strong and honest. There's a picture of his son peering into an aquarium—his eyes huge, his mouth open in wonder—that's a striking portrait of amazement. And the printing process that Nash has used throughout the exhibition—a combination of computer imaging and vegetable dyes—achieves a tactile quality. The technique, rather than coming off as some New Age gimmick, makes Nash's pictures look feathery.

Lee Miller (1907-77) / **Marion Post Wolcott**—Miller's pictures of artists are warm and knowing, but her concentration-camp photographs bear witness to human evil and superhuman courage. Through June 10. / The photographs Wolcott took during the Depression add significantly to our vision of rural America of that time, but her best shots are those of her family: they are casual and full of warmth and feeling. Through June 24. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**Eric Fischl,** Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway (starts June 1); **Barbara Kasten,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through June 16); **Wowe,** Engelhorn, 591 Broadway (through July 14).



MUSIC

WHEN the ads came out for "Aida" at Giants Stadium—big ads, full-pagers—someone at the Juilliard Opera Center put one on a bulletin board and, underneath the long list of promised participants, scrawled an addendum: "Perhaps a few singers, too." The ad promised elephants, a life-size sphinx, three pyramids, a thirteen-foot python, tigers, and a prodigious number of people and additional animals on the stage (or whatever) for the Triumphal Scene, but one was left in some doubt as to whether vocalists would be involved. Might the presenters play a soundtrack instead?

We have it on good authority that there *will* be singers at the Meadowlands, but we cannot escape a sneaking feeling that the other plan might have been more suitable. But, then, we have little appetite for these opera spectaculars—"Aida" among the real pyramids, "Carmen" in an arena, and so forth—and little patience with the view that it's all in the spirit of good fun. There are musicians whose opinion of "Aida" is not inconsistent with the idea that its manifest destiny is to be played in a sports arena, and we don't like to see such error encouraged. For humorous value, the promotion probably serves better than the event itself, and knowing how hard it is to bring out the full musical possibilities of "Aida," even in places where those are the object of attention, we are not optimistic about that side of the current enterprise, even if the few singers are pretty good. But—it must be confessed—we grumble about these extravaganzas without ever having personally sampled one. We are not likely to sample this one, either, but there it is, on June 1 and 2 at 8 P.M., for those who would like to have better grounds than ours for judgment.

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final concerts of the season. May 29 at 8: Works by Richard Strauss, Schumann, and Bizet-Shchedrin. . . . ¶ May 31-June 2 at 8: Mahler's Seventh Symphony.

Iso Orchestra—Jonathan Strasser conducts works by Paul Tortelier and other French composers. With Mr. Tortelier, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. May 31 at 8.)

"Aida"—Presented by the International Opera Festival. Giuseppe Raffa leads a hundred-piece orchestra and a cast of more than twelve hundred. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. June 1-2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 255-3509.)

Manhattan Philharmonic—Will Kesling and John Keenan conduct music by Menotti and Verdi. (Carnegie Hall. June 4 at 8.)

I Cantori—Bart Folse directs a program of love songs and laments spanning four centuries. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 31 at 8:30.)

Canticum Novum Singers—In a program of works by English composers. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. June 2 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chanticleer—Performing the première of Christopher Fulkerson's "Celestial Sixties I" and other American songs. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. June 2 at 8.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth directs a program of folk-music-inspired works by Bartók, Shostakovich, and other composers. (Merkin Concert Hall. June 5 at 8.)

RECITALS

New York Chamber Ensemble—Performing concert versions of four chamber operas composed in 1927. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. June 1 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chinese Music Ensemble—Playing classical and modern Chinese music on traditional instruments. (Merkin Concert Hall. June 3 at 3.)

Harold Stover—Organ. Performing works by Mozart, Franck, and other composers. (Temple Emanu-El, Fifth Ave. at 65th St. June 3 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

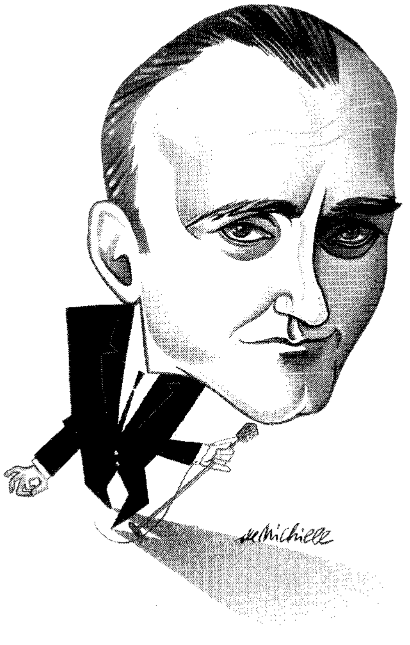
New York Symphonic Arts Ensemble—Alejandro Guzman leads a program of works by Beethoven, Richard Strauss, and Martinů. With guest artists. (Julia Richman High School, 317 E. 67th St. June 3 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Elizabeth Rich—Piano, in a program of music by Bach, Schubert, and Chopin. (Alice Tully Hall. June 4 at 8.)

North/South Consonance—Performing works by contemporary American and Latin-American composers. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 5 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Aurora—A chamber group, with Sandra Miller, flute, in a program of baroque music. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. June 6 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

All-Beethoven Concert—Itzhak Perlman, violin; Pinchas Zuckerman, viola; and Lynn Harrell, cello, performing three string trios. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. June 6-7 at 8.)



Phil Collins

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Phil Collins—Over the last decade, Phil Collins has sold millions of records, both with the group Genesis and on his own. He's played to large, sellout crowds and has taken part in a great many benefits. (At Live Aid, he took a jet across the Atlantic so he could play a morning set in England and an evening set in America.) He's had round-the-clock MTV exposure, scored eleven top-ten singles, and appeared in movies ("Buster") and on television ("Miami Vice"). Enough already. It's obvious that he can write a big, squishy, brokenhearted ballad in his sleep, and his drum sound is pretty awesome, but he's not very exciting to watch. He's just a hardworking performer whose every song sounds like a greatest hit. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. May 31-June 2 at 8. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. June 3-4 at 8.)

Julio Iglesias—Bing Crosby and Elvis are the only solo performers who have sold more records than Julio José Iglesias de la Cueva, the son of a prominent Madrid gynecologist and the most universally recognized personification of the Latin lover since Valentino. In concert his modesty and slightly self-mocking patter is a nice counterpoint to his music's grandiose and echoing simulacrum of passion. The most remarkable sound one might hear is the communal female lament that arises when Julio announces, as he sometimes does, that he enjoys singing more than lovemaking. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 2 at 8.)

Midnight Oil—With Hunters & Collectors. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. May 29-30 at 8. . . . ¶ Jones Beach Theatre. June 1 at 8.)

Jazz Festival—Opening performances of a series that will run through June 17. June 1: The Ron Carter nonet. . . . ¶ June 2: The Sonny Fortune quartet. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Evenings at 7.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Vs. the Montreal Expos, June 4-6 at 7:35.

Yankees—Vs. the Baltimore Orioles, June 1-2 at 7:30, and June 3 at 1:30.

(The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

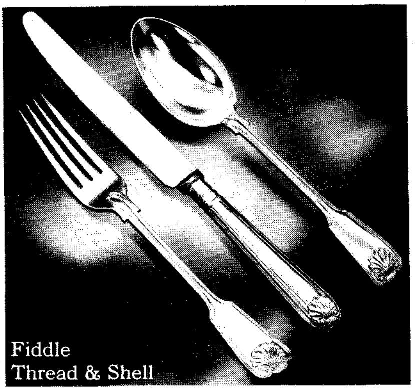
Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers: Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Tribeca Art Walk—Eight downtown galleries—the Alternative Museum, Art in General, Artists Space, the Clocktower, Franklin Furnance, SoHo Photo, Ceres, and the Home for Contemporary Theatre and Arts—encourage peregrination on the evening of May 31. For more information, call 219-0473.

Ballroom Blitz—A week for all you living-room box-steppers to step out. June 1 from 5:45 to 7:45, and June 3 from 3 to 5: Dance on the deck of the Staten Island Ferry, with coaching from ballroom pros. . . . ¶ June 2 from 3 to 5: Lambada by the Bethesda Fountain in Central Park, with the Alex Donner orchestra. . . . ¶ June 3 from 7 to midnight: A foxtrot contest at the Marc Ballroom, 27 Union Square West (867-3789). For a complete schedule of events, call the Ballroom Hotline: 489-8335.

Giverny-esque—The people at the New York Botanical Garden present a garden similar to Monet's "studio." Through June 3. 220-8777.



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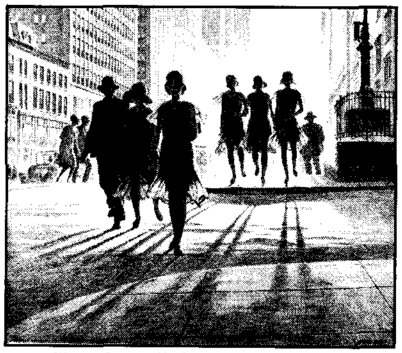

Martin Lewis, *Shadow Dance*, etching, 1930.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Bail Jumper" (directed by Christian Faber).

Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Theatre 3: "Longtime Companion" (†).

Theatre 4: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

Theatre 5: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

Theatre 6: The 22nd International Tournée of Animation.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

(Separate admissions) Five short films by Peter Greenaway; "A Zed and Two Noughts" (1986, Greenaway); and two or three films about Malcolm X.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.

Theatre 2: "Fire Birds" (David Green), with Nicolas Cage, Tommy Lee Jones, and Sean Young.

Theatre 3: Through May 31: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis. From June 1: "Total Recall" (Paul Verhoeven), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)

"I Love You to Death" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: Through May 31: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison). From June 1: "Total Recall" (Paul Verhoeven), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Theatre 2: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.

Theatre 3: "Fire Birds" (David Green), with Nicolas Cage, Tommy Lee Jones, and Sean Young.

Theatre 4: "Miami Blues" (†).

Theatre 5: Through May 31: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan. From June 1: "RoboCop" (1987, Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller, Nancy Allen, and Kurtwood Smith.

Theatre 6: "Cadillac Man" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Pretty Woman" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, and Richard Jordan.

Theatre 2: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).

Theatre 3: "Cadillac Man" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Back to the Future Part III" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, and Mary Steenburgen.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"My Left Foot" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda.

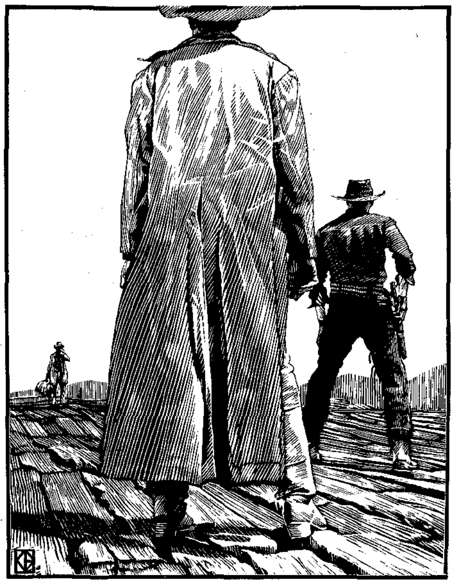
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

Theatre 2: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).



At MOMA, "Once Upon a Time in the West"

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, and Mary Steenburgen.

Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part III."

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Pretty Woman" (†).

Theatre 2: "Fire Birds" (David Green), with Nicolas Cage, Tommy Lee Jones, and Sean Young.

Theatre 3: "Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed" (Coline Serreau; in French), with Daniel Auteuil and Firmine Richard.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through May 31: "I Love You to Death" (†). From June 1: "Total Recall" (Paul Verhoeven), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Theatre 2: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

Theatre 2: "A Show of Force" (Bruno Barreto), with Amy Irving, Andy Garcia, Lou Diamond Phillips, and Robert Duvall.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Monsieur Hire" (Patrice Leconte; in French), with Michel Blanc and Sandrine Bonnaire.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Cadillac Man" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Back to the Future Part III" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, and Mary Steenburgen.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†); and (evenings only) "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Fire Birds" (David Green), with Nicolas Cage, Tommy Lee Jones, and Sean Young.

Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Too Beautiful for You" (directed by Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.

Theatre 2: "The Belly of an Architect" (1987, Peter Greenaway).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn.

Theatre 2: "Bird on a Wire."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, and Mary Steenburgen.

Theatre 2: "Cadillac Man" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).

Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).

Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Theatre 4: "Without You I'm Nothing" (John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, and Mary Steenburgen.

Theatre 2: "Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda.

Theatre 3: "Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn.

Theatre 4: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

Theatre 5: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Theatre 6: "Longtime Companion" (†).

Theatre 7: "Bird on a Wire."

Theatre 8: "Back to the Future Part III."

Theatre 9: "Back to the Future Part III."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†); and (evenings only) "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

Theatre 2: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

Theatre 3: "Class of 1999" (Mark L. Lester), with Bradley Gregg.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Pretty Woman" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).

Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part III" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Mary Steenburgen, and Thomas F. Wilson.

Theatre 3: "Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda.

Theatre 4: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

Theatre 5: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Theatre 6: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St. (765-7600)

"Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"My Left Foot" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"The Mahabharata" (Peter Brook).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Longtime Companion" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in

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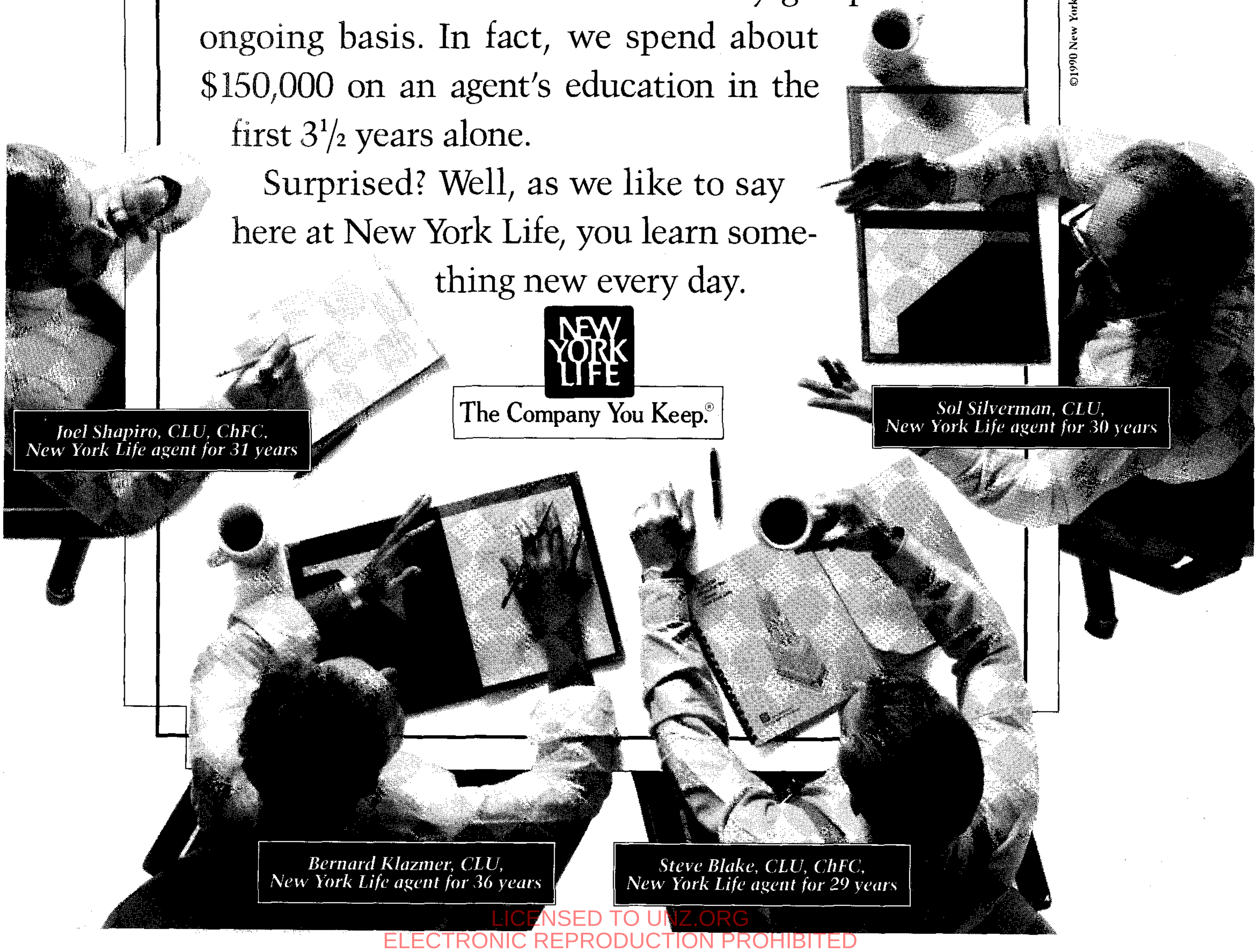
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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Jesus of Montreal" (Denys Arcand; in French), with Lothaire Bluteau.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Henry V" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Cadillac Man" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 3: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: "Without You I'm Nothing" (John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard. From June 1: "RoboCop" (1987, Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller, Nancy Allen, and Kurtwood Smith.
Theatre 2: "Fire Birds" (David Green), with Nicolas Cage, Tommy Lee Jones, and Sean Young.
Theatre 3: "Pretty Woman" (†).
Theatre 4: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.
Theatre 5: Through May 31: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison). From June 1: "Total Recall" (Paul Verhoeven), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 6: "Miami Blues" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, and Mary Steenburgen.
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part III."

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: (*Matinées only*) "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†); and (evenings only) "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.
Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: "House Party" (directed by Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin. From June 1: "Total Recall" (Paul Verhoeven), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "Class of 1999" (Mark L. Lester), with Bradley Gregg.
Theatre 3: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.
Theatre 4: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.
Theatre 5: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†).
Theatre 6: Through May 31: "Haunting of Morella." From June 1: "Total Recall."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Fire Birds" (David Green), with Nicolas Cage, Tommy Lee Jones, and Sean Young.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 3: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith.
Theatre 4: Through May 31: "Miami Blues" (†). From June 1: "RoboCop" (1987, Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller, Nancy Allen, and Kurtwood Smith.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, and Mary Steenburgen.
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part III."

John Ford was the director who launched John Wayne into stardom, but it was Howard Hawks who turned him into a leathery sagebrush sage—the man who could handle any job without raising a sweat, and who could make taciturnity seem challenging. Their collaboration is at its zenith in the tense and chipper 1959 movie "Rio Bravo" (playing June 4-5 at the Cinema Village). As Texas sheriff John T. Chance, Wayne can trip over a rope at the bottom of a staircase and let himself be seduced by a gambling woman without losing his air of command. It's a trademark sleight of mind—nothing can unhinge the Duke. Wayne is so confident, so self-sufficient without being self-satisfied, that Hawks has the rest of the cast (Dean Martin, Ricky Nelson, Walter Brennan, and Angie Dickinson) use him as a straight man. Wayne is especially droll with the curvy Dickinson, who plays a shady lady called Feathers. He ambles on in his dry voice and even delivery until she says something direct and sexual; then he draws himself up short like a driver hauling in his reins.

Few Westerns have ever topped "Rio Bravo" for unalloyed enjoyability. The plot couldn't be more straightforward. Chance arrests a well-connected killer and struggles to hold him in jail until the marshal comes, helped mostly by an alcoholic, Dude (Martin), a creaky old man, Stumpy (Brennan), and a teen-age hot shot, Colorado (Nelson). Hawks and his screenwriters, Jules Furthman and Leigh Brackett, fill in this spare outline with warm, humorous byplay as well as staccato violence. And all five leads are a hoot. Martin—with beaded brow and shaking hands—shows how affecting he could be for the right director; Brennan is loquaciously uproarious. Hawks hated the Gary Cooper-is-an-island theme of "High Noon." He came up with the best possible reproach in "Rio Bravo"—an ensemble Western in which not even the Duke stands alone.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal; and "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 2: "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through May 30: "Going Places" (1974, directed by Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere.
From May 31: The 1990 New York International Festival of Lesbian and Gay Film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 29: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "The Conformist" (1970, Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
May 30-31: "Brazil" (1985, Terry Gilliam), with Jonathan Pryce; and "The Gang's All Here" (1943, Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, James Ellison, Charlotte Greenwood, and Carmen Miranda.
June 1-2: "Blade Runner" (†) and "Die Hard" (†).
June 3: "Two Women" (1961, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, Raf Vallone, and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (1964, De Sica; in Italian), with Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.
June 4-5: "Rio Bravo" (1959, Howard Hawks), with John Wayne, Dean Martin, Ricky Nelson, Walter Brennan, and Angie Dickinson; and "The Searchers" (†).
From June 6: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (†); and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966, Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through May 29: "Dark Journey" (1937, Victor Saville), with Conrad Veidt, Vivien Leigh, Robert Newton, and Joan Gardner; and "The Spy in Black" (1939, Michael Powell), with Veidt and Valerie Hobson.
May 30-31: "Blue Velvet" (1986, David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern; and "Colors" (1988, Hopper), with Sean Penn and Robert Duvall.
June 1-2: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†) and "Shirley Valentine" (†).
June 3: "Breathless" (1959, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Alphaville" (†).
June 4-5: "Breathless"; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Charles Brasseur.
From June 6: "Breathless"; and "Pierrot le Fou" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
May 28: "Masculine Feminine" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "A Married Woman" (1965, Godard; in French).
May 29: "Libeled Lady" (1936, Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy; and "Love Crazy" (1941, Conway), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
May 30: "My Favorite Wife" (1940, Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott; and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948, Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, and Lionel Stander.
May 31: "Harry & Tonto" (1974, Paul Mazursky), with Art Carney, Larry Hagman, Ellen Burstyn, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "An Unmarried Woman" (†).
June 1-2: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962, Tony Richardson), with Michael Redgrave and Tom Courtenay; and "The Loved One" (†).
June 3: "Diamonds Are Forever" (†); and "You Only Live Twice" (1967, Lewis Gilbert), with Sean Connery as James Bond.
June 4: "Love Is a Funny Thing" (1970, Claude Lelouch; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Annie Girardot; and "Live for Life" (1967, Lelouch; in French), with Yves Montand and Candice Bergen.
June 5: "Take the Money and Run" (1969, Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin; and "Bananas" (1971, Allen), with Allen.
June 6: "Dragonwyck" (1946, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Huston, and Glenn Langan; and "My Cousin Rachel" (1952, Henry Koster), with Olivia de Havilland and Richard Burton.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
Theatre 1: May 28 at 2: "Accattone!" (1961, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Adriana Asti. . . . ¶ May 28 at 5: "Medea" (1970, Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas, Laurent Terzieff, and Massimo Girotti. . . . ¶ May 29 at 2:30: "Oedipus Rex" (1967, Pasolini; in Italian), with Citti, Silvana Mangano, and Alida Valli. . . . ¶ May 29 at 6: "Love Meetings" (1964, Pasolini; in Italian), with Pasolini, Alberto Moravia, and Cesare Musati. . . . ¶ May 31 at 2:30 and 6: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969, Sergio Leone), with Henry

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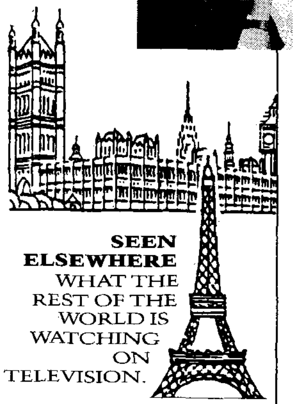

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WORK
THE WAY
ITS
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FROM
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RAGMAN'S
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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards. . . . ¶ June 1 at 2:30: "The Wild Bunch" (1969, Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ June 1 at 6: "Faces" (1968, John Cassavetes), with John Marley, Gena Rowlands, and Lynn Carlin. . . . ¶ June 2 at 2: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese), with Harvey Keitel and Robert De Niro. . . . ¶ June 2 at 5: "The Wild Bunch." . . . ¶ June 3 at 2: "Faces." . . . ¶ June 3 at 5 and June 4 at 2:30: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971, Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, René Auberjonois, Keith Carradine, and Shelley Duvall. . . . ¶ June 4 at 6: "Red Psalm" (1972, Miklos Jancso). . . . ¶ June 5 at 2:30: "The Conversation" (1974, Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman, John Cazale, and Allen Garfield. . . . ¶ June 5 at 6: "Mean Streets."

THEATRE 2: May 28 at 2:30: "Man of Gold" (1919, Sándor Korda; with German intertitles). . . . ¶ May 28 at 5: "The Rite of Spring" (1962, Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese). . . . ¶ May 29 at 3: "Erotikon" (1917, Mauritz Stiller; with Swedish intertitles). . . . ¶ May 29 at 6: "Back to God's Country" (1919, David M. Hartford; silent). . . . ¶ May 31 at 3 and 6: "Soldier's Heart" (1988, Robert Seligman), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 1 at 3: "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ June 1 at 6: "The Old Law" (1923, A. E. Dupont; with German intertitles). . . . ¶ June 2 at 3: "The Death of the Duke de Guise" (1908, André Calmettes; with French intertitles) and "The Village Shoemaker" (1923, Erkki Karu; with Finnish intertitles). . . . ¶ June 2 at 5: "Scenes of Maori Life on the East Coast" (1923, James McDonald; silent) and "The Last Indian Attack" (1917, Alcides Greca; with Spanish intertitles). . . . ¶ June 3 at 2: "Man of Gold." . . . ¶ June 3 at 5: "Back to God's Country." . . . ¶ June 4 at 6:30: "The Dead Man" (1989) and "Martina's Playhouse" (1989), both by Peggy Ahwesh, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 5 at 3 and 6: "Victoria the Great" (1937, Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook, and H. B. Warner.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"Laurence Olivier: The Television Legacy." May 29-30: "The Ebony Tower" (1984, Robert Knights), with Olivier, Roger Rees, and Greta Scacchi. Showings Tuesday at 3 and 6, Wednesday through Friday at 3, and Saturday at 1. . . . May 31-June 2: "Lost Empires, Episode 1" (1986, Alan Grint), with Olivier, Colin Firth, Carmen Du Sautoy, and Beatie Edney. Showings Tuesday at 3 and 6, Wednesday through Friday at 3, and Saturday at 1. . . . From June 5: "Laurence Olivier—A Life" (1982, Bob Bee), a two-and-a-half-hour documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2:30 and 5:30, Wednesday through Friday at 2:30, and Saturday at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." May 29-June 2: "Ballerina: The Great Roles" (1986, Derek Bailey), about Natalia Makarova. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . May 29-June 2: "Sylvie Guillem at Work" (1988, Andre S. Labarthe and Alain Plagne), a documentary. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15. . . . From June 5: "Mats Ek's Giselle" (1987, Maans Reuterswaard), a documentary. Showings Tuesdays at 2 and 6:30, and Wednesday through Saturday at 2.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Films showing in either the Riklis Theatre or the Warner Communications Screening Room. A selection of programs shown on Indian television, most in Hindi. May 30 at 2:30: "Masquerade" (1989, Aravindan). . . . May 31 at 2:30: "Malgudi Days" (1986, Shankar Nag). . . . June 1 at 2:30: "Rajani" (1985, Basu Chatterjee). . . . ¶ Films directed by William Desmond Taylor. June 2 at 2: "Tom Sawyer" (1917, silent), with Jack Pickford and Robert Gordon. . . . June 2 at 4: "Huckleberry Finn" (1920, with Danish intertitles), with Lewis Sargent and Gordon Griffith. . . . June 3 at 2: "The Soul of Youth" (1920, silent). . . . June 3 at 5: "Morals" (1921, silent), with May McAvoy.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. May 30 at 9: "Rapt" (1934, Dimitri Kirsanoff). . . . ¶ May 31-June 1 at 7: "Minnie and Moskowitz" (1971, John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel. . . . ¶ May 31-June 2 at 7 and June 3 at 3: "Longshot" (1989, Lynn Hershman) and "Duplicating the Copy from Memory" (1988, Michael Gitlin). . . . ¶ May 31-June 1 at 9: "Husbands" (1970, Cassavetes), with Cassavetes, Ben Gazzara, and Peter Falk. . . . ¶ May 31-June 1 at 9: "Letter to the Next Generation" (1990, James Klein). . . . ¶ June 2 at 7 and June 3 at 5: "Mikey and Nicky" (1976, Elaine May), with Cassavetes and Falk. . . . ¶ June 2 at 9 and June 3 at 7: "Opening Night" (1978, Cassavetes), with Rowlands. . . . ¶ June 2 at 9 and June 3 at 7: Six films by Lawrence Brose, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 3 at 5: Four films by Brose. . . . ¶ June 4 at 7: "A City of Sadness" (1989, Huo Hsiao-hsien). . . . ¶ June 6 at 7: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (1969, Ken Jacobs).

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—May 29 at 1:30 and May 30 at noon: "Rameau's Nephew by Diderot (Thanx to Dennis Young) by Wilma Schoen" (1974, Michael Snow). . . . ¶ May 31-June 1 at noon: "My Word" (1974, Vito Acconci). . . . ¶ June 2 at noon and June 3 at 1: "Cue Rolls" (1974, Morgan Fisher) and "Film About a Woman Who . . ." (1974, Yvonne Rainer). . . . ¶ June 2 at 3 and June 3 at 4: "Animation II" (1974, Keith Sonnier), "The Matter" (1974, Woody Vasulka), and "Set of Co-incidence" (1974, Peter Campus).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—May 30 at 12:30 and 6: "Orpheus" (1950, Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais. François Périer, Maria Casarès, and Édouard Dermit. . . . ¶ May 30 at 3:15 and 8:45: "The Testament of Orpheus" (1959, Cocteau; in French), with Cocteau, Dermit, Périer, and Casarès.

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL, JR., STATE OFFICE BUILDING, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—May 30 at 6: "The Education of Sonny Carson" (1974, Michael Campus), with Rony Clanton, Don Gordon, and Paul Benjamin; and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cooke, Paula Kelly, and Janet League. . . . ¶ May 31 at 6: "Do the Right Thing" (1989, Spike Lee), with Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Danny Aiello, Lee, Giancarlo Esposito, Bill Nunn, and Joie Lee; and "Making 'Do the Right Thing'" (1989, St. Clair Bourne), a documentary.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A program of films on which Takeo Kimura worked as art director. June 1 and June 4 at 6:30: "The Death of a Tea Master" (1989, Kei Kumai; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada and Toshiro Mifune. . . . ¶ June 2 at 2: "Zipang" (1990, Kaizo Hayashi; in Japanese), with Masahiro Takashima.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

ALPHAVILLE (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. The picture is brilliant, yet it's no good. Godard found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets; it's a sleek, dark, glittering society—at first, the dehumanization is funny and alluring and a little eerie. The modern corridors and ramps and the flickering lights suggest something almost supernaturally impersonal. But the people of Alphaville are ruled by a giant computer, and soullessness can be very monotonous. The movie was shot at night, and it seems to give off powerfully soporific vapors, especially since the comic-strip story is an uninspired mixture of sci-fi and private eye that never takes hold. With Eddie Constantine as cool, tough Lemmy Caution (his face is so tired and leathery he's like an old shoe); Anna Karina—she's the most radiant of robots; and Akim Tamiroff. Written and directed by Godard. In French.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; June 3.)

BLADE RUNNER (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—it's Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the present. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored: it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets—it's 2019 back lot. And the movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner—a police officer who kills "replicants," the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers, if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four of these replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffman"; and the blue-eyed scenery chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick; adapted by Hampton Fancher and David Peoples.—P.K. (Cinema Village; June 1-2.)

Nicolas Cage and Sean Young in "Fire Birds"

CADILLAC MAN—With Robin Williams and Tim Robbins, directed by Roger Donaldson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Art Greenwich Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

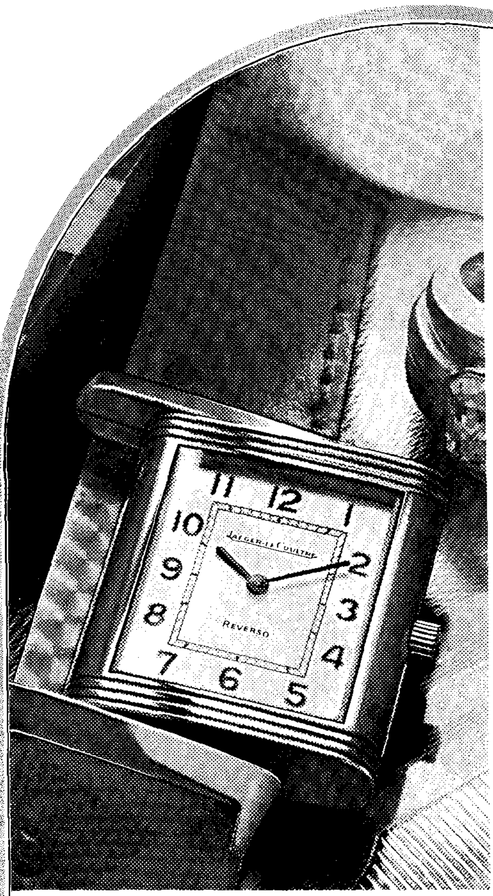
CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed, it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks.—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting June 6.)

THE COOK, THE THIEF, HIS WIFE & HER LOVER—A movie about a crude British thug, Albert Spica (Michael Gambon), whose favorite method of terrorizing people is ramming things down their throats. Albert himself eats only haute cuisine; he and his wife (Helen Mirren) dine every night at a posh restaurant called Le Hollandais. This is an Art Movie, refined and terribly formal; the director, Peter Greenaway (who also wrote the script), places this barbarian smack in the middle of "painterly" compositions and encourages us to see him as a steaming hunk of offal desecrating the beauty of an artist's creation. He looks at Albert with the disdainful stare that the pukka sahib directs at a servant who has inconvenienced him. Greenaway, however, has a lot more in common with his loutish protagonist than he thinks. He obviously regards himself as an aesthetic virtuoso, but he's just a cultural omnivore. (He chews with his mouth open—we can identify almost every piece of art that has fed his imagination.) The only thing in this movie's tidy, hermetic universe that Greenaway is unable to control, or disguise with fancy brushwork, is his loathing of the body. The movie features several gross-out scenes, including a climactic act of cannibalism; the Motion Picture Association of America gave it an X rating. (The distributors released it unrated.) What's offensive about the picture, though, isn't its violence or its visceral shocks but the patrician arrogance, the smug aestheticism, the snobbishness that suffuse every frame. Greenaway is an intellectual bully: he pushes us to the ground and kicks art in our faces. Also with Alan Howard (the Lover) and Richard Bohringer (the Cook). Cinematography by Sacha Vierny.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/7/90.) (Angelika Film Center, 59th Street East Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Diamonds Are Forever (1971)—An unimaginative Bond picture (it was the seventh) that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it has got Sean Connery. (He didn't appear in the otherwise topnotch sixth, "On Her Majesty's Secret Service.") Connery's Bond is less lecherous than before and less foppish—and he's better this way. In this one, Bond is attacked by two Amazons named Bambi and Thumper. With Charles Gray as Blofeld, Jill St. John as Tiffany Case, Jimmy Dean as a Howard Hughes-like character, and Bruce Cabot as Saxby. Directed by Guy Hamilton.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 3.)

Die Hard (1988)—A formula action picture, but with the extra-potency formula. It has the sweatiest hero, the most sinister bad guys (with the thickest foreign accents), the silliest plot twists, the loudest explosions, the most gratuitous bursts of machine-gun fire—all in 70-mm. and bowel-rumbling Dolby sound. Bruce Willis plays John McClane, a New York cop battling a group of European terrorists who are holding his wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and her co-workers hostage on the thirtieth floor of a gleaming L.A. skyscraper (actually the Fox Plaza in Century City). As McClane roams through the office tower, lurking and darting, a portable C.B. unit allows him to keep up a steady stream of patter: tough-guy wisecracks when he's talking to the head terrorist (Alan Rickman, who gives the character wonderful slimy elegance); manly sincerity and soul-searching when he's speaking with a fat, Teddy-bearish black cop (Reginald Veljohnson), who's the only person on the outside who seems to appreciate him. The action is so grandiose and relentless that it's funny. The director, John McTiernan, has the right style for this sort of cheerfully stupid, super-kinetic comic-book violence: there's real relish in the way he and his team go about riddling corporate offices with gunfire, blowing slick terrorists out of their European shoes, and turning large sections of the Fox Plaza into billowing fireballs. The problem with "Die Hard" isn't so much the physical overkill of the production as the emotional overkill of the script (by Jeb Stuart and Steven E. de Souza, from a novel by Roderick Thorp). The movie keeps nagging us to love its hero. Also with Alexander Godunov and Paul Gleason.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Cinema Village; June 1-2.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and



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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

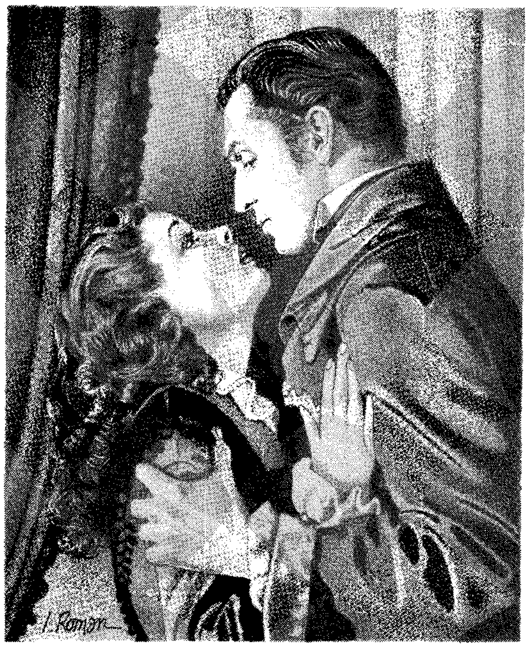
her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

Enemies, A Love Story—Emotionally overwhelming. Adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's New York City novel, set in 1949—a post-Holocaust sex farce in which three passionately jealous women are in love with a guilt-ridden, self-effacing man. The director, Paul Mazursky, has gathered a superbly balanced cast and kept the action so smooth that the viewer is carried along on a tide of mystical slyness. Ron Silver is the Polish-Jewish intellectual who survived the Final Solution by hiding in a hayloft. Margaret Sophie Stein is the Gentile peasant (now his wife) who risked her life to take care of him. Lena Olin is his diabolically willful mistress, a survivor of the camps. Anjelica Huston is the wife (with an erotic aura) he thought was killed by the Nazis. This richly satisfying movie is restrained, yet it has its own deeply crazy turmoil. Mazursky pulls the rug out from under us, and we drop through the farce. With Alan King, Judith Malina, Phil Leeds, and Mazursky. The script is by Roger L. Simon and the director.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Thalia SoHo; June 1-2.)

Henry V—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Cinema 3.)

Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer—This low-budget independent feature, originally made for the home-video market, has a stark, relentless quality that is sometimes mistaken for art. Like Leonard Kastle's "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970), it's a deliberately flat, affectless treatment of gruesome true-crime material. (It's loosely based on the criminal career of a mass murderer named Henry Lee Lucas.) The movie's Henry (Michael Rooker) is a beefy, moronic-looking lug who lives in a miserable apartment with a creep named Otis (played, by Tom Towles, in a style that suggests a syphilitic Warren Oates) and Otis's sister, Becky (Tracy Arnold). Every now and then, Henry gets a sort of funny look in his eyes and goes out to kill somebody. Eventually, he starts taking Otis along, and Otis has a whale of a time; for a while, they videotape their exploits and watch them at home afterward. "Henry" plays like a hybrid of "Blood Feast" and "Stranger Than Paradise"; it mixes gore-movie carnage with Jarmusch-style aimless minimalism. Sure it's compelling; the nature of the material guarantees that. But it doesn't seem to be telling us much more than that the world is a scary place and murder is ugly. We knew those things. This is tabloid chic. The screenplay is by John McNaughton and Richard Fire; McNaughton directed.—T.R. (4/23/90) (West Side Cinema.)

I Love You to Death—When Joey (Kevin Kline), the self-admiring pizzeria owner, walks down the street, his little rump is alert to everything. That's what gets him into trouble: he's surrounded by opportunities for seduction, and he's a practiced master of the art. Easing into conversation with a young beauty (Phoebe Cates) at a bar, he skillfully convinces her that the man she's with isn't worthy of her, and she apologizes for being with such a second-rate guy. You can't dislike the narcissistic Italian-American Joey; he's essentially innocent. That's why it takes so long for his loving wife (Tracey Ullman) to see what's going on. When her eyes are opened, she gives in to her hardbitten Yugoslavian mother (Joan Plowright), who arranges to have Joey killed. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, from John Kostmayer's script, this amiably slack screwball farce is based on an actual case in which five botched attempts were made on an errant husband's life. The picture is often on the verge of being really funny, but it doesn't have much energy, and it lacks comic precision until (near the end) the wildly gifted Miriam Margolyes, who plays Joey's mother, whacks him on his bandaged head; her explosive timing lifts the scene sky-high. Kevin Kline is a little too conscious of his deadpan style, but Keanu Reeves and William Hurt are a fine pair of dopeheads who hire on as hit men. (Reeves shows a flair for spaced-out clowning.) Plowright has a few near-inspired routines, and River Phoenix, playing a busboy, comes through as a giddy comedian. Watching the cast, you may feel tolerant, the way you do watching a bunch of boisterous pros enjoying themselves in a sloppy summer-stock production. Set in Tacoma, Washington.—P.K. (Bijou Cinema. . . . ¶ Gemini; through May 31.)



At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Gene Tierney and Vincent Price in "Dragonwyck"

Longtime Companion—The screenwriter, Craig Lucas, and the director, Norman René, track the effects of AIDS on the lives of eight people: seven gay men and a straight woman who is a lifelong friend of one of the men. The filmmakers focus on one day in each year of the epidemic, from 1981 through 1989, and the mournful progress of the decade is expressed by the gaps between the annual episodes: the cast of characters keeps getting smaller, and at the end only the woman and three of the men are left. The movie is sometimes very effective, but it's often blander and more simplistic than it should be. It seems determined to convey a wholesome, "normal" image of gay life to straight America—so all its characters are pleasant and good-looking, and they're all white, too. The only really interesting characters are a middle-aged couple, David (Bruce Davison) and Sean (Mark Lamos). The natural protagonist of the drama is David, who, when Sean gets sick, cares for him with extraordinary patience and tenderness. Davison's performance (in probably the best role he has ever had) is wonderfully dry and precise. There's a strange reserve in his demeanor even when he's being goofy, so the strength he shows at the bedside of his dying lover is both heartbreaking and absolutely convincing. It's a well-written role, and Davison does a beautiful piece of acting. After he, too, disappears—between episodes—the movie seems to have lost the best part of itself. Also with Campbell Scott, Stephen Caffrey, Patrick Cassidy, Mary-Louise Parker, Brian Cousins, John Dossett, and Dermot Mulroney.—T.R. (5/21/90) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Loved One (1965)—In 1947, Evelyn Waugh went to Hollywood to clear up censorial objections to the script for his "Brideshead Revisited"; after seven weeks he simply withdrew the book and went back to England. Out of his experiences he wrote the essay "Death in Hollywood," on Forest Lawn Memorial Park, and, in 1948, "The Loved One," a short, satirical novel about one of the last outposts of empire—the British colony in the movie business and its renegade poet who goes to work in a cemetery for pets. Bought for the movies, the novel became a Hollywood legend through the efforts of various writers (including Luis Buñuel and Elaine May) to get an acceptable film script out of material that was considered too naughty and macabre for the screen. By the time Tony Richardson was signed to direct the film, from Christopher Isherwood's script, movies had changed so much that Terry Southern was brought in to juice the material up. (Waugh tried, but was unable, to withdraw "The Loved One.") From the look of the film, Richardson shot every plausible idea that came to him, and then, as the footage had no flow, no development, he chopped it up and slapped it together hard, trying to use overlapping sound to plug up the holes. But it's funny anyway. Although the picture has lost its center (the poet—played by Robert Morse—has become as quirky and crazy as everybody else), some of the fragments are good and jagged. This botched picture is a triumphant disaster—a sinking ship that makes it to port because everybody on board is too giddy to panic. Milton Berle and Margaret Leighton—who might seem the world's most unlikely married couple—are quite amazing together; Rod Steiger is an embalmer; Ayllene Gibbons is his bedridden fat mother (who has orgasms from looking at the food in TV commercials); Jonathan Winters is a charlatan; and Liberace is a casket salesman. Also with James Coburn, John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Roddy McDowall, Anjanette Comer, Tab Hunter, Lionel Stander, and Paul Williams, as a child scientist. Cinematography by Haskell Wexler.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 1-2.)

Miami Blues—This is a pungent, blithely violent thriller—a B movie that doesn't aspire, or pretend, to be anything else. The director, George Armitage, works in a style so laconic and offhand that it could almost pass for nihilistic. It's just low-key professionalism, really, but that's a refreshing quality these days. Armitage knows how to keep the story moving and the action clear, how to find odd, amusing things in crummy locations, and how to stay out of the actors' way. And the actors shine. Alec Baldwin, playing a chipper young psychopath called Junior Frenger, gives a witty, volatile performance. Fred Ward—who is one of the film's producers—plays an amiable, denture-wearing police detective, Hoke Moseley; using an assortment of grins (some, alarmingly, chopperless) and dirty growls, he gives the character an admirable vitality. In the difficult role of Susie—a sweet-natured hooker who becomes Junior's girlfriend—Jennifer Jason Leigh is a delight; she has the intelligence and the originality to play the dumb, childish character with absolute gravity. The movie is nothing to get terribly excited about; in classic B-movie style, it's designed to go nowhere, fast. But it wears its craftiness and its essential no-goodness proudly, like a wiry ex-con with a "Born to Lose" tattoo. Also with Charles Napier.

The screenplay, by Armitage, is adapted from a novel by Charles Willeford.—T.R. (4/23/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Loews 34th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy; through May 31.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, Worldwide Cinemas, and Festival.)

Pretty Woman—The lovers in this romantic comedy, directed by Garry Marshall, are a long-legged, golden-hearted Hollywood Boulevard hooker (Julia Roberts) and a cold, suave corporate raider (Richard Gere). He buys her tasteful (expensive) clothes and shows her how to act "classy"; she opens—in order—his wallet, his fly, and his heart. The only real distinction of this long and rather uneventful diversion is the radical contrast between the stars' performing styles. Roberts is all ebullience and scattershot charm. The kind word for Gere's style is minimal. He's opaque, stubbornly remote; he seems to have faxed his performance in. At its worst, the movie is just unimaginative; at its best, it's pleasant and competent. It's business-as-usual entertainment. Also with Jason Alexander, Laura San Giacomo, Ralph Bellamy, and Hector Elizondo. The screenplay is by J. F. Lawton.—T.R. (Gramercy, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Quad Cinema, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Searchers (1956)—John Wayne is the taciturn loner Ethan Edwards, a Confederate veteran who arrives at his married brother's ranch in Texas in 1868. Learning that there are Comanches in the area, Ethan and Martin (Jeffrey Hunter), a part-Cherokee young man who lives with the brother's family, go off to look for them. While they're away the Comanches attack the ranch; they return to a scene of horror—the house has been burned down and the family slaughtered, all except Ethan's two nieces, who have been abducted. The ravaged body of the older girl is found and buried; the search for the little one (played by Lana Wood) goes on. It's a peculiarly formal and stilted movie, with Ethan framed in a doorway at the opening and the close. You can read a lot into it, but it isn't very enjoyable. The lines are often awkward and the line readings worse, and the film is often static, despite economic, quick editing. What made this John Ford Western fascinating to the young directors who hailed it in the seventies as a great work and as a key influence on them is the compulsiveness of Ethan's search for his niece (whose mother he loved) and his bitter, vengeful racism. He's surly and foul-tempered toward Martin, who accompanies him during the five years of looking for the girl (who by then has turned into Natalie Wood, in glossy makeup), and he hates Indians so much that he intends to kill her when he finds her, because she will have become the "squaw" to what he calls a "buck." The film doesn't develop Ethan's macho savagery; it's just there—he kills buffalo, so the Comanches won't have meat, and he shoots out the eyes of a dead Comanche. The sexual undertones of Ethan's character almost seem to belong to a different movie; they don't go with the many crude and corny touches in this one. Throughout, the performances are highly variable. With Vera Miles, Dorothy Jordan, Ward Bond (who wears a fine top hat), Henry Brandon as Chief Scar, and, in a small part, Mae Marsh. Ken Curtis as Charlie the singing guitarist, Peter Mamakos as Futterman, Olive Carey, John Qualen.—P.K. (Cinema Village; June 4-5.)

Shirley Valentine—Willy Russell, who wrote the play (and the movie) "Educating Rita," gives us another Englishwoman learning a thing or two about life. This time, it's a housewife in her forties whose kids are grown and gone and whose husband is so unresponsive that she spends a lot of time talking to the kitchen wall. A friend persuades her to come along on a two-week holiday in Greece, and Shirley, away from her dull husband and her constricted life, starts to enjoy herself for the first time since her adolescence. But she's not just having a fling or reliving her giddy youth—the writer wants us to understand that she's experiencing deeper, maturer pleasures. Russell's script is an adaptation of his play, which was a monologue. Though this isn't a one-woman show anymore, it's still a showcase for perky, round-faced Pauline Collins. She's very likable, and her performance is mercifully restrained. Lewis Gilbert's direction is long on maturity and short on pleasure: the picture moves at a careful, measured, guided-tour pace. By the end, poor Shirley seems more than ever like a lost soul: an Edna O'Brien character who woke up and found herself on "The Love Boat." Also with Tom Conti.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Thalia SoHo; June 1-2.)

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles—A tacky, lighthearted parody of crime-wave movies—camp for kiddies. As babies, the four turtles were let loose in radioactive muck; they mutated into hip, English-speaking people-size turtles who live in the dark sewers of New York City and send out for pizza. Their mentor, the wise old rat Splinter, has trained them in the martial arts, and they fight the criminal legions led by the Japanese, Darth Vader-like Shredder. Their human friends are the TV newswoman April O'Neil (Judith Hoag) and the daredevil Casey Jones (Elias Koteas). Everything in the movie has a playful, pop familiarity, and the jokey allusions to other movies are easy for young kids to grasp. The four turtles (stuntmen in getups devised by Jim Henson's Creature Shop) are not as individualized as one might hope, but Splinter has an Alice-in-Wonderland creepiness. The director, Steve Barron, is casual with Hoag and Koteas, who blend in gracefully; he can't do much for the preachy subplot involving a father and son who misunderstand each other. (The flashbacks are the most fun.) The story is based on the comic-book characters devised in 1983 by Peter Laird and Kevin Eastman.—P.K. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Olympia. Matinées only.)

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie gets off to a fast start, like a windup toy, but it runs out of momentum early, and Almodóvar can't figure out how to start it up again. The story, about a released mental patient (Antonio Banderas) who follows a sexy actress (Victoria Abril) and then takes her prisoner, seems to tie the director's wild imagination down, and his efforts to keep his (and the audience's) blood circulating betray some desperation. Neither the kidnapper's romantic obsession nor his captive's eventual love for him is especially convincing. And we don't fully enjoy the perverse humor of the situation, either: we've seen the victim subdued by a hard slap, and that image is too strong to forget. The limpness of "Tie Me Up!" suggests that Almodóvar is either a confused director or a tired one—probably a bit of both. It's as if he had made the movie solely to satisfy the public's demand for a new Almodóvar film. Also with Francisco Rabal, Loles Leon, and Lola Cardona. Screenplay by Almodóvar. In Spanish.—T.R. (5/7/90) (8th St. Playhouse and Lincoln Plaza.)

An Unmarried Woman (1978)—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. What may be disappointing to those who love Mazursky's earlier work is that in trying to identify with Erica and tell the story from a woman's point of view, he shies away from having her look foolish; in crucial parts, he suppresses his sense of satire, and the picture becomes virtuous. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. Saul is such a rich, loamy Father Earth figure that when Erica resists him in order to satisfy her yearnings for independence she seems puny and a bit of an idiot.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 31.)

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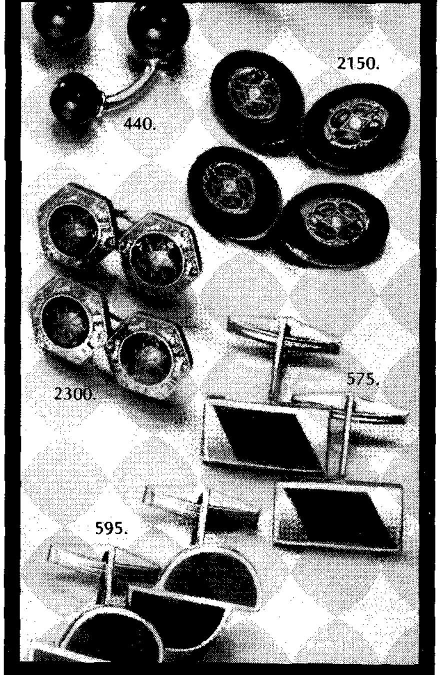

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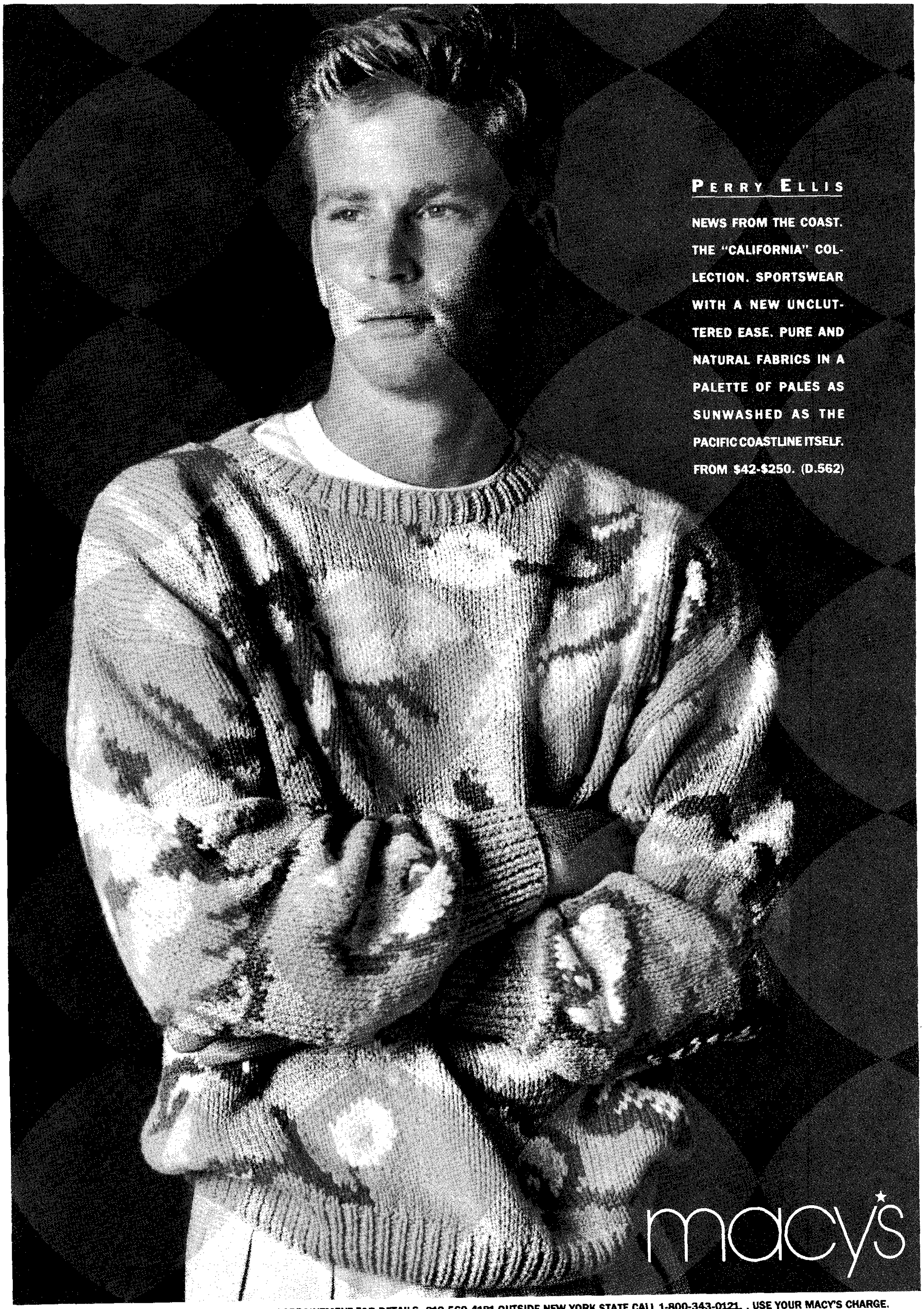

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

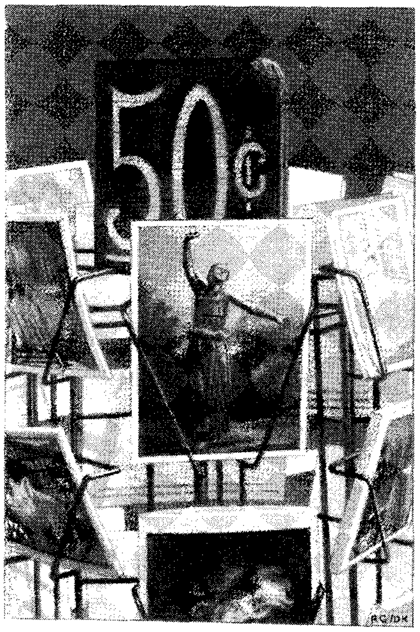
A FRIEND who recently returned from Moscow writes:

May 9, 1990, marked the forty-fifth anniversary of the Red Army's triumph over Nazi Germany. A year ago, the Communist Party and the Army made plans to turn this day into one of those overblown Soviet megaholidays, replete with billboards and posters and with thousands of bemedalled veterans strutting proudly before their compatriots. But a lot has happened since then to make such pomposity inappropriate, even intolerable. The Communist Party of the Soviet Union, which has claimed much of the credit for defeating the Nazis, is in utter disarray. The socialist economic system, also previously touted as largely responsible for the victory, has collapsed in a heap. People who not so long ago genuinely believed the official hype about how well they were all living—or, at any rate, how well they would be living soon—now see themselves as pitifully poor. "We live like beggars," an old veteran said to me not long ago. "There is nothing in our stores, nothing. And our former enemies are living like kings. So for what kind of victory did we sacrifice tens of millions of Soviet lives?"

In recent months, the legendary figure of twenty million wartime losses has been reassessed. Mikhail Gorbachev, in his Victory Day speech this year, spoke of twenty-seven million casualties. Others have offered estimates as high as fifty million. And many—indeed, most—of the war dead are now seen as the victims not of Hitler but of Stalin's criminal policies, which left his country tragically unprepared for a war that he himself helped to provoke.

So what is there to celebrate? I arrived in Moscow a few days before the holiday and saw no signs of a propaganda extravaganza such as I had witnessed five years earlier, at the fortieth anniversary. There was only a smattering of gargantuan billboards emblazoned with victory symbols, and there were far fewer veterans ostentatiously sporting their medals. Younger people, I discovered, now increasingly display irritation with veterans, who are entitled to privileges, such as going to the head of food lines. Nowadays, everyone in Moscow seems angry, worried, fearful of the future.

This year's May Day demonstration had been accompanied by a counter-demonstration, with fist shaking and catcalls and angry slogans. Since Victory Day came only a little over a week later, some of my Muscovite friends anticipated ugly scenes—perhaps confrontations between veterans and their challengers. But May 9, 1990, turned out to be a wonderful holiday—a day of rest and reconciliation that everyone obviously needed. The morning was crisp and sunny. Veterans marching in Red Square were followed by military units parading in synchronized blocks to the sound of sprightly band music interspersed with haunting wartime marches. Then out came the antique tanks, roaring, and spewing foul-smelling smoke. The parade's highlight was a magnificent float—a tableau of a famed monument to Soviet soldiers that stands in East Berlin's Treptower Park. A mighty soldier clasps a little German girl he has rescued from the flames of Berlin; his other hand drives a sword into a swastika. On the float was a real soldier holding a real little girl dressed in white.



After the parade, I walked to the park in front of the Bolshoi Theatre, where thousands of veterans and well-wishers always gather. As usual, there was a group singing war songs on the theatre steps, and, according to an old tradition, young (and not so young) people presented flowers to the veterans. Later, I moved on to Gorky Park, where veterans also gather to sing and stroll, drink and reminisce. Everywhere, the mood was friendly and peaceful, modestly festive but subdued.

That night, I dined at the home of the writer Elena Rzhevskaia, who was an interpreter during the war and helped locate Hitler's bunker. "Victory Day is the only holiday we have left. No one is going to take it away from us," she said, referring to the May Day debacle. Before dinner, we watched the television service that every year mourns the war dead and celebrates the Party. This year, we heard a new text, one that focussed on the horrors of war and on the millions of ordinary people who had given their lives in the struggle. "Let us free our hearts of anger and spite," we heard. "Before their common grave, let us forgive one another." The voluptuous sounds of choral singing filled the cozy kitchen. "Everyone is equal in war, in death—man and woman, general and soldier, Communist and non-Communist, Russian, Lithuanian, Uzbek, Jew." We looked at each other, astonished. What a dramatic end to the pervasive Soviet silence about the Jewish contribution to the war effort, and about the Holocaust!

At ten o'clock, I was back in Red Square to watch the fireworks. "*Oora!*" the crowd shouted with each explosion. "Hooray!" There were forty-five salvos, one for each year of peace. Everyone I spoke to agreed that Victory Day had been a day of healing and of genuine commemoration. For the first time in months, there had been street crowds in Moscow that weren't shouting and scuffling in anger. They had been revelling in the beautiful spring weather, in a day off from work, and, perhaps, in the memory of a time, decades ago, when their country was united, striving toward a common goal.

"I just shopped around in my neighborhood stores today," Rzhevskaia's son-in-law had said at dinner. "But I could sense the magnitude of the holiday. It was bigger than Victory Day. It was for all of us a respite from our daily struggles and gloom. It was a day of grace."

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Horowitz

LAST May, the board of trustees of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences voted to honor Vladimir Horowitz with its Grammy Lifetime Achievement Award. Naturally, the trustees hoped that Horowitz would be able to accept his prize in person this February, at the Academy's annual awards ceremony, which would be telecast all over the world from the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. After Horowitz died, in November, the Academy immediately invited his wife, Wanda Toscanini Horowitz, to come to California and accept the award on her husband's behalf. In February, however, Mrs. Horowitz did not feel up to a trip to California, and so a few weeks ago the Grammy came to Mrs. Horowitz. It was a bright-cool, sunny day, reminding us of the sort of day when we used to see Mr. and Mrs. Horowitz and their poodles, Milca and Pippo, taking their afternoon stroll along the upper reaches of Madison and Fifth Avenues; and at four o'clock in the afternoon—the Maestro's preferred hour to play in public—we were outside the Horowitz town house, on East Ninety-fourth Street. We rang the bell and looked up at the second-story windows, recalling that in 1985 a crane from Steinway & Sons lowered Horowitz's concert-grand piano, CD-503, to the street, and that it was later packed in a canvas-lined crate and travelled with him on his first (and only) visit to Russia since he had left his home there, in 1925. "Yes, that's the window," a voice right behind us said. The voice belonged to Thomas Frost, who had been for many years Horowitz's record producer at CBS Records (now Sony Classical) and Deutsche Grammophon and had been a member of his Russian entourage. Frost had also produced Horowitz's final recording, completed just four days before his death. Now he guided us upstairs to the front parlor—Horowitz's music room—and there Mrs. Horowitz greeted us.

"I'm afraid the kitties have taken over," she said, waving toward Steinway CD-443, Horowitz's favorite instrument of his last two years, on which stood several dozen porcelain, crystal, and faience cats. On the wall opposite the piano were photographs of Toscanini, Rachmaninoff, Paderewski, and Josef Hofmann—Horowitz's mentors and heroes. The room was furnished with a sofa and a flotilla of perhaps half a dozen easy chairs; the chairs did not face the piano exactly, but every seat in the room was angled in its direction.

Mrs. Horowitz introduced us to Michael Greene, the president of the Academy, who had flown here from his office in Burbank to make the presentation. After everyone was seated, Mrs. Horowitz said, "We were just talking about this Robert Mapplethorpe business. Taste has changed so much in my lifetime. Nowadays, people discuss openly—even on television—things I would never have dreamed anyone would discuss even behind locked doors. Of course, things change. When my father conducted the première of 'La Bohème,' in 1896, it was thought indecent, if not obscene—all those people living together and none of them married to each other. That kind of thing is nothing today! And that opera has validated itself as a work of art. You don't want to stifle creativity out of narrow-mindedness. And no one wants taxpayers' money spent on trash. So who will decide?"

Here Peter Gelb, Horowitz's former manager, arrived, and made his apologies to Mrs. Horowitz. "I couldn't get here a minute sooner," he explained. "We're working on the telecast of 'Die Götterdämmerung' at the Met."

"Ah, 'Götterdämmerung,' " Mrs. Horowitz said. She eyed a tiny gilt clock on the table next to her chair, and added, "In that case, it's a miracle you got here at all. I'm surprised you're only seven minutes late."

When Mr. Greene began the ceremony, he wanted to be certain that Mrs. Horowitz understood the significance of this particular Grammy. "All thirty-four of our trustees have to vote," he told her. "The candidate must receive a two-thirds majority of the votes to win. The trustees represent every section of the country and every type of music. Horowitz was in the business a long time—sixty-one years, to be exact—and he registered on the pop charts with the very first recording he made, in 1928. His contribution to the art of recording and to the recording industry is unparalleled. Your husband's standards of excellence drove engineers and producers crazy. They also inspired more people in the business than you might guess. Horowitz was one of the first artists to reserve in his contracts the right to approve even the test pressings of his recordings. He actually had the power to call the plant and stop production. And did, more than once. Now rock-and-roll stars are demanding this option, and somehow or other they all know that it was Horowitz who first did it. We want you to know, Mrs. Horowitz, that we're grateful to your husband for being so difficult to please, because we all learned from his incredibly high—"

"Difficult!" Mrs. Horowitz said. A

dark cloud seemed to be hovering about her face, and her eyebrows shot up. "Surely my husband was not the most difficult artist you ever worked with! He knew what was right and took the trouble to achieve it. You call that difficult? My husband never took three years to record the Liszt Sonata, like someone I could name."

By now, it was clear that her outrage was feigned, and everybody laughed. Mr. Frost and Mr. Gelb exchanged knowing glances and mopped their brows in a show of relief.

" 'Difficult' isn't really the right word," Mr. Frost said. "The Maestro was not difficult in the sense of being whimsical or arbitrary. He was demanding, of himself and everyone around him. He had an extraordinary ear and extraordinary patience. No detail, however small, got past him."

Mr. Greene said, "Horowitz's final public appearance was last year at a Sam Goody record store here in New York. He could be very generous that way. And we at the Academy were so grateful to him when he actually came to the Grammys two years ago to accept the President's Merit Award."

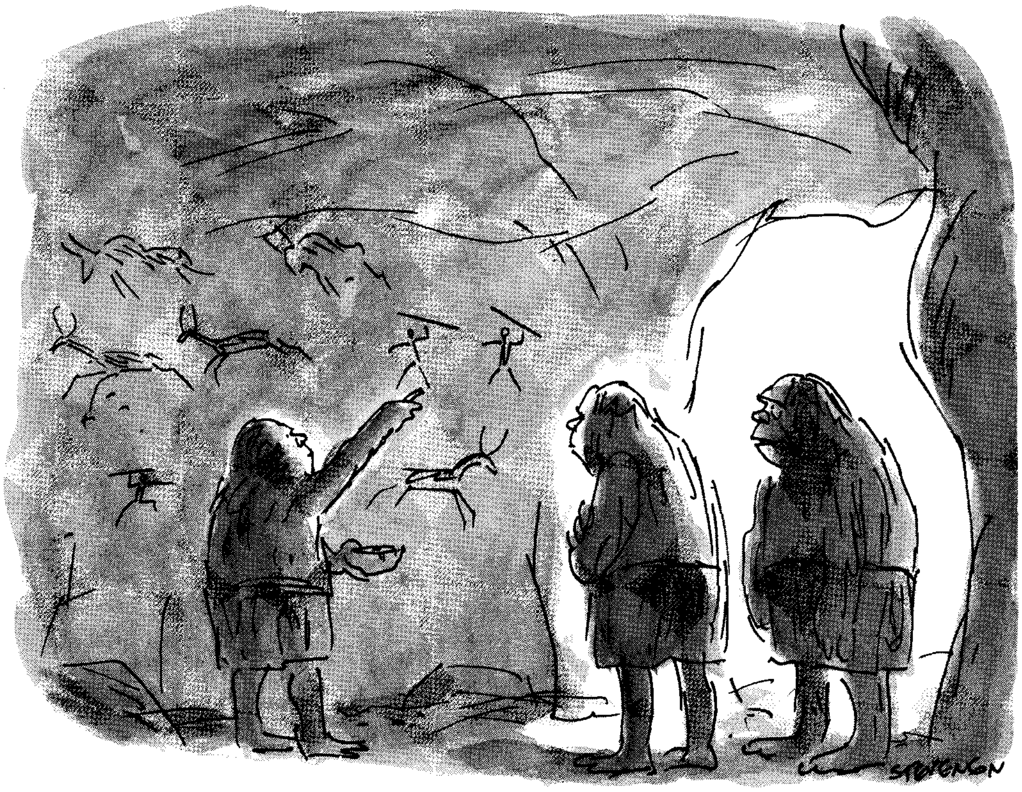
"I remember that evening," Mrs. Horowitz said. "Volodya was hesitant about going there. After all, he said, it was mainly a popular-music audience. And rock-and-roll. He didn't think anyone there would even know who he was. But everybody in the house stood up when he walked out on the stage. That made him very happy. And surprised. You know, Volodya used to say to me, 'I'm celebrated but not popular.' He wanted to be popular. Not because he wanted to be a star but because he wanted to know that he had really communicated with people."

Mrs. Horowitz stood, and Mr. Greene took an ebony-and-brass plaque from a red cloth envelope and gave it to her. She said that she was grateful and happy to accept the award for her husband, and that she knew that the award had made him happy, too. A photographer snapped a couple of pictures.

Mr. Gelb asked how many Grammys this made for Horowitz.

"Twenty-three regular ones," Mr. Greene said. "Plus the Merit Award and now this Lifetime Achievement Grammy." He added that only Sir Georg Solti had won more Grammys than Horowitz. (He had won twenty-seven.)

Mrs. Horowitz said, "And my husband won more than Henry Mancini. He was proud of that."



"Someday this cave could be worth plenty."

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Miss Connecticut

Karen Strickland, the publicity director of the Y.M.C.A. in Wilton, Connecticut, was astonished two weeks ago when she got a phone call from Marlena Marshall, Miss Connecticut, wondering if the Y would like her to attend the antique show it was planning to put on in its parking lot. Miss Strickland thought that Miss Connecticut might help attract customers, so after brief negotiations (Miss Connecticut asked for fifty dollars; the Y offered thirty, to which Miss Connecticut agreed) a deal was struck: between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M., Miss Connecticut would sit in a molded-plastic chair at the entrance to the lot, on Route 7, where passersby could see her.

Miss Connecticut, who is twenty-five and has blue eyes and long brown hair, arrived in a bright-red Mazda MX-6, escorted by her boyfriend. Before she got out of the car, she reached into a velvet-lined wooden box between the bucket seats and drew forth a silver-colored crown studded with big imitation diamonds and began attaching it to her hair with bobby pins. The crown, she said, was manufactured in Atlantic City and was regulation headgear, worn by all state-title holders. Once the crown was secured, Miss Connecticut put on her sash. The sash said "Miss Connecticut 1989," but as she draped it across her left shoulder she told an onlooker, "It really ought to say 'Miss Connecticut 1989-90'—more like a fiscal year, June to June." She also said that it was her second sash—the first one had to be retired, because it wore out from the stress of all the buttons, corsages, and rosettes that got pinned to it. Before installing herself in her chair, Miss Connecticut emblazoned each of the Mazda's doors with a large stick-on seal that proclaimed the vehicle to be hers, courtesy of Town & Country Auto Sales. "I never get towed," she said brightly.

Someone from the Y found a red tablecloth to cover a wooden table for

Miss Connecticut, and she sat behind it with a stack of notepads on which her photograph had been printed, ready for autographing. She estimates that she has signed more than three thousand autographs—nearly four hundred of them the day before the antique show, when she attended a Boy Scouts jamboree. She has three scrapbooks filled with clippings. There are some places, however, where Miss Connecticut will not appear. No Jell-O wrestling. And she doesn't like car-related events with rowdy men. "Too much catcalling."

Miss Connecticut feels that one of her talents is choosing the right clothes for each occasion. For the antique show she had selected what she called an "outdoor-afternoon-beautiful-appearance dress"—full-length and billowy, with a big floral print. For a meeting with a potential sponsor she might choose a linen business suit and pumps. For evening it might be "a sequinned gown with slits and my hair in a French twist."

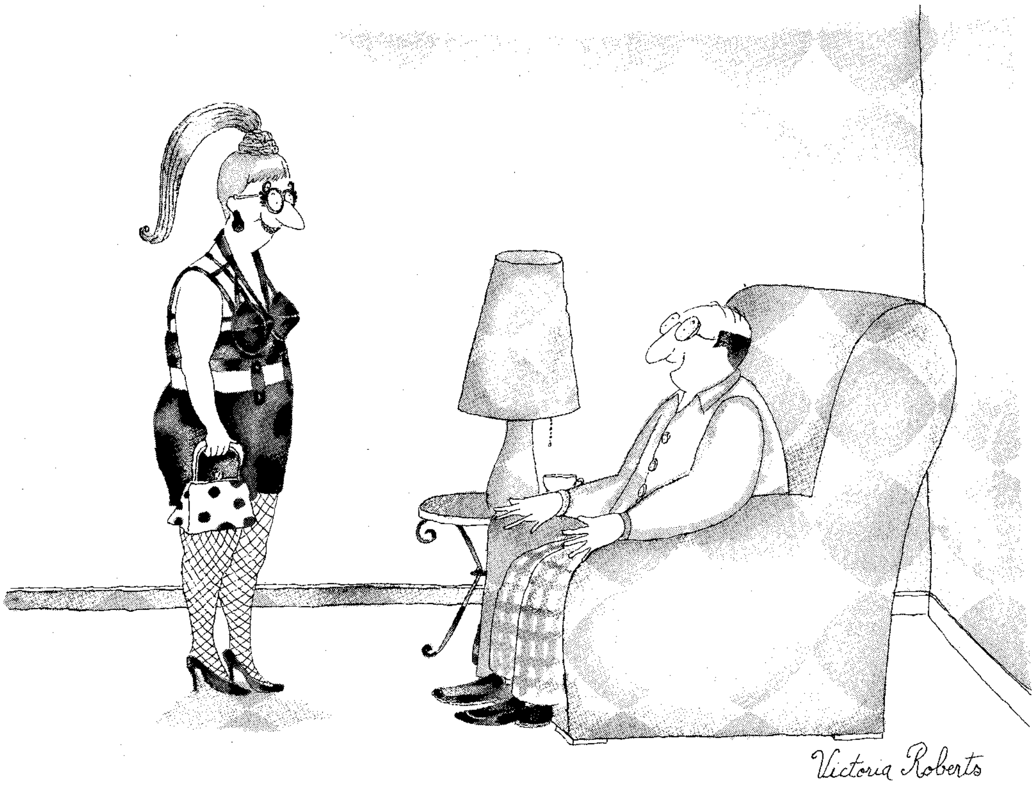
Being a beauty queen is a lot of work. Miss Connecticut often stays up late to clean her sash with rubbing alcohol; she is now in her seventeenth year of dance lessons; and she reads newspapers and magazines to keep up with current events. Her goals are to improve the environment and to encourage people to read more. She loves reading. "Who else but me would read 'Wuthering Heights' just for the heck of it?" she said. Last year, as Connecticut's delegate to the Miss America Pageant, she did an on-point solo to a medley of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "In the Good Old Summertime," and "You're a Grand Old Flag." She was sorry not to be among the finalists, but wasn't really surprised. Only one Miss Connecticut had ever become Miss America, and that was back in 1933.

In the afternoon, the sky got cloudy, and a chill wind began to blow. Miss Connecticut removed her sash, put on a silky purple raincoat, and rearranged the sash on top of it. Many antique shoppers didn't notice her; others did but seemed nervous about approaching her and unsure of what to say or do in her presence. "Hi, do you want my autograph?" she asked a three-year-old girl who had toddled up with ketchup smears on her cheeks and part of a hot dog in her hand. "I'm Miss Connecticut. What's your name?" The child looked startled and hid behind her mother's legs. A teen-age girl accepted the offer of an autograph and smiled, trying not to reveal her braces. When a bashful photographer asked to snap Miss Connecticut's picture, she eagerly unfurled herself to her full height and flashed a full-voltage smile. She offered the photographer a business card, extracted from a gold cardcase with the Miss America Pageant seal on it. Encouraged by the look on the photographer's face, she showed him her watch, the face of which is the seal of the Miss Connecticut Pageant. "Gee, I wish I had worn my crown earrings, too," she said. The cardcase and the watch are hers, and she also gets to keep her crown and sash, but her reign, which she inaugurated last June by going out for a big celebratory plate of French toast, is nearly over. "One year to a customer," she said philosophically as she returned to her chair and offered an autographed picture to an approaching shopper.

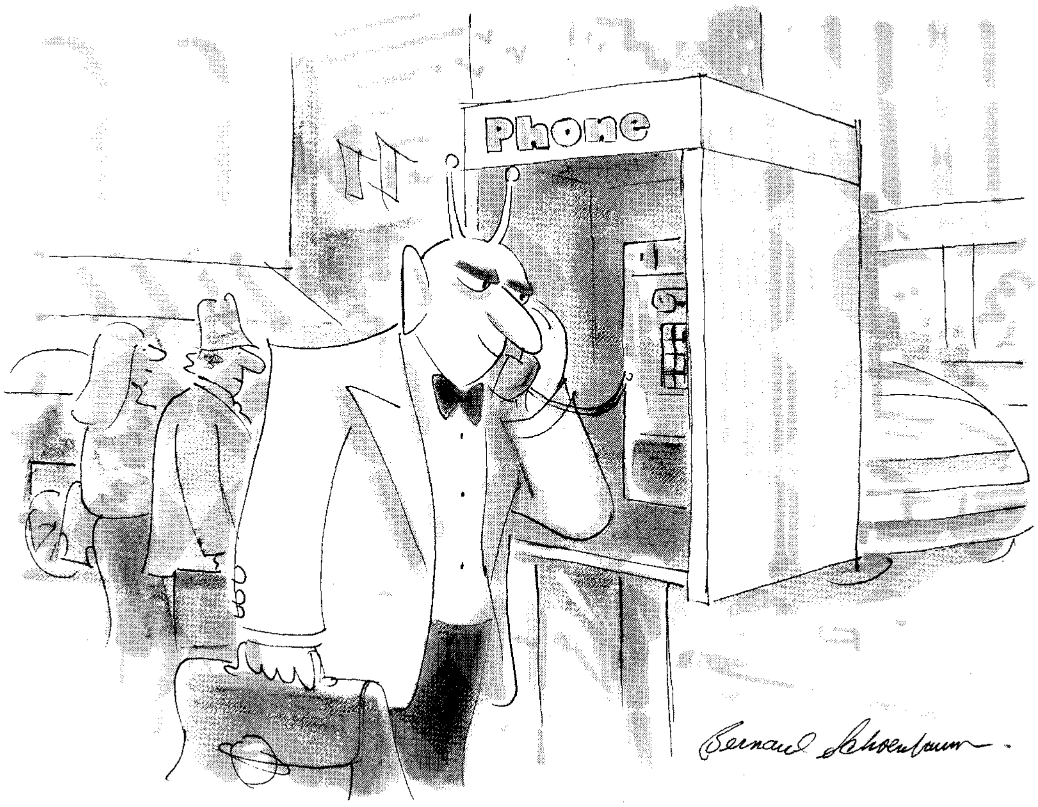
One-Wall

TUCKED behind the New York Aquarium and between Surf Avenue and the Coney Island beach and boardwalk are the handball courts where, on a breezy and cloudy Saturday morning in mid-May, the national one-wall championships are getting under way. "This here is the Mecca of handball," a man says, inclining his head toward three concrete courts with yellow boundary lines running right up to the top of the wall, beyond which the old parachute jump is visible in the distance. He means the Mecca of one-wall, of course. Four-wall handball is played everywhere; for one-wall, it's Brooklyn or the Bronx.

On the courts, men wearing kneepads and leather gloves leap and duck, swatting at the small blue ball as if at gnats: wall (*pop!*), bounce, hit. Watching from folding chairs on the sidelines are a couple of dozen older men. Gil Hendler, who has been the tournament organizer for twenty years, walks around in a blue satin jacket with "HANDBALL" across the back, and clutching scorecards. His office today is a car parked on Surf Avenue, his phone a public one at the bottom of the ramp leading to the boardwalk. Hendler is a warm, round, smiling man who works for the United States Customs Service. He seems calm.



"Jeepers creepers! It's Madonna, but it's you, too, Margaret."



"The temperature on Jupiter today is minus two hundred degrees, with the atmosphere unusually heavy in ammonia and methane."

But then he seemed calm two days earlier when he said on the telephone, "I'm going crazy." He was then facing the problem of fitting the schedules of a hundred and twenty-odd players into twelve events spanning five weekends. And the problem of the official shirts, which had arrived with the sponsor's business address and telephone number missing from the back. Now Saturday is here, and the corrected shirts are not.

Hanging from a high fence is a red-and-white banner. "WELCOME PLAYERS & HANDBALL FRIENDS TO OUR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS," it says, and under the message is the United States Handball Association logo. It does not depict a leathery middle-aged man in black high-top sneakers, rolled socks, a tight bathing suit, and gloves, in a serving crouch; instead, it shows a stylized hand extended stiffly across a large ball with wings attached. On the front court, an older man wearing a banana-yellow fishing hat is sweeping sand off the concrete. (Add a broom to that logo. Earlier, when someone arrived carrying a gym bag and a broom, one of the spectators observed, "Now, there's a real handball player.") Doubles are about to start, and the team of Al Torres and Artie Reyer, who have won close to eighty national championships between them, is up next.

Torres is forty-five, wiry, and tall. Reyer is ten years older and has a brace on his right knee. Like all participants in events sanctioned by the United States Handball Association, they wear protective goggles on the court. One of their opponents is wearing navy-blue shorts, and that is against regulations.

"No dark colors," Hendler says. He's adamant. Why is this man wearing navy shorts? Didn't he read the entry form? Doesn't he know dark colors make it hard to see the ball? The player protests. Hendler gently but firmly stands his ground. "It's *not* ridiculous," he insists. Someone lends the man light-gray sweatpants, and the match begins.

Torres is graceful, unspectacular, deadly. He keeps the ball low, hooks it, hits the corners, angles it right off the court so it's unplayable. Torres and Reyer win the first game easily. (Games are twenty-one points, matches are best of three.) During the break between games, a thin old man in red high-tops and maroon trousers steps onto the court with a ball and slowly warms up, playing close against the wall. After a minute, he returns to the sidelines. "They wouldn't let me play in this category," he explains to the spectators. "They said I was too good-looking."

The sun is coming out. Game Two begins, and with a run of points Torres and Reyer put it out of reach. Watching motionless from a chaise, a very tan man says of Torres, "Greatest player in the country here, can't make two cents. Walks around like a regular person. Tennis, anything else . . . " He shrugs. "But there's no public interest. Only people who played it or who know something about the game. And it is one of the *nicest* games. In my opinion."

Torres and Reyer shake hands with the losers. "Different game if I'd had my shorts on," the man with the wrong-colored shorts says, grinning. Reyer, whose car is parked up the street, goes to feed the meter, and then joins Torres, who is watching a singles match near the boardwalk. They agree that the whole key to one-wall is "the wrist,"and that the wrist gives Torres, a player Reyer describes as "literally ambidextrous," a considerable advantage. Torres is a reserved man, an elevator electrician by trade, who lives in Brooklyn. Reyer works for an electronics firm, and now lives and plays—twice a week—in Merrick, Long Island. "It's not like you go to a park, you play, hello and goodbye," he says. "Sometimes we say, 'Let's get these games over with and go eat already.' "

By midafternoon, the sun is out full force, and the spectators have responded by gradually disrobing. A man who has been listening quietly to earphones while watching the handball suddenly turns to his neighbor and bellows, "I got Mel Tormé here!"

Gil Hendler is out at his car, shuffling his papers, getting organized. Then he glances over at the courts, twenty yards away, where the next match is about to begin, and looks alarmed. "I just realized, I'm so busy with other stuff I forgot to make sure they're wearing light colors," he says, and moves away at a trot.

PHILOSTORGY, NOW OBSCURE

"DON'T go home yet," Roxy said. "The stress will blow out whatever's left of your immune system."

"I'll have to tell my mother sometime," Preston said. "It would be cruel not to."

They were both thinking of the reception he got twelve years before, when he had told his foster parents that he was gay. Proof that homosexuality is genetic, his foster mother had said in the chilled, bland tones of her Chicago accent, since there were no homosexuals in her natural family. But Preston's foster father had been warmer. Privately, face to face, he told Preston, "We don't always have choices where affections are concerned," and then he touched Preston's cheek with an open palm, as if to show that he concealed no weapon.

Roxy remembered that night because she had come home from her waitressing job still in her canary-yellow uniform and found Preston sitting in the dark, smoking cigarettes, finishing a bottle of the jug red wine that he called Cheap Lucy. "Are you all right?" she had asked, and he replied, "I'm all lit up with no place to shine."

Tonight, back in the apartment on Edgewater Avenue that they had shared as undergraduates at Gonzaga University, a small Jesuit school in the middle of a Chicago working-class neighborhood, Preston Wallace was drinking sour mash, Roxy Atherton beer, Lorna Fairweather herbal tea. It was their first reunion, the three of them together, since Preston had moved to New York, eleven years ago. Preston thought, despite his recent diagnosis, that they were all taking their age wonderfully well.

Lorna said, "You don't have to tell your mother anything. You'll be the one they'll find a cure for."

"As if science were so personal," he said. If he hadn't told his mother yet, it was because he expected her to greet the news in the same manner. Or she would say, "Oh, didn't I read that they found a cure for that?" His father had died several years before, so Preston did not anticipate the support that families are supposed to give at moments like these.

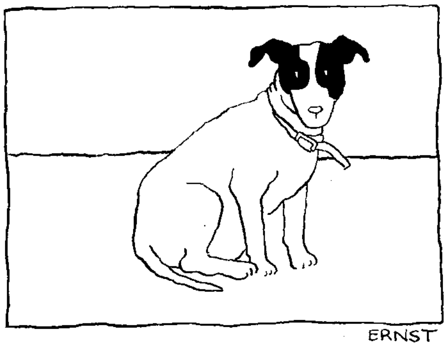
Roxy asked, "Are you going on DHPG?" Preston had told them that he had cytomegalovirus.

"I'm surprised you even know what it is," he said. He was even more surprised when she burst into tears.

"I've worried about you," Roxy cried, for she also knew that his medication would require a catheter inserted into a vein that fed directly into an atrium of his heart. From there the drug would be diffused into his blood and would speed through his body in a matter of seconds. She knew that the drug had yet to be approved by the F.D.A. and that it was given on a compassionate-use basis. She knew, too, that nurses would teach him how to administer it to himself, so that he could do it alone, sitting at home beneath his own I.V. pole for an hour, five times a week. He would have sacks of saline solution, and a big red plastic container for medical waste. She knew as much about this disease as she could know.

Lorna began to cry as well, moved by Roxy's outburst more than Preston's illness, for he had announced his diagnosis as coolly as an evening-news correspondent. Lorna had been taking her cue from him. He had been sitting with his arms across his chest, his hands under his arms, his legs stretched out. His hair was cut in the style of someone going off to war. What had become of the vulnerable and tender man she had known? This was someone who bought whiskey in airport liquor stores, and dressed—tie, shirt, slacks—all in gray. Not even the silver hoop in his ear softened his Marine-like, masculine reserve.

Preston said nothing, allowing them their moment of grief, as if it were his to give—a possession he could pass on, like a keepsake. His doctor had wept giving him the diagnosis, while Preston looked in the mirror behind the doctor's desk. The reflection seemed to tell him, "This is you now. You are a sick person. What will you think about? What will hold your interest?" He knew in the way one knew these things that his death would be a fast one. There was a pain under his arm that had been growing for weeks. "All I can feel is muscle," his doctor had said, patting him on the back. "I should wait for more evidence before digging in. Maybe you should lay off the chest exercises awhile." The doctor's good humor was a kind of denial. They both feared lymphoma.



Preston looked around the dining room as the women wept. This had been their favorite room when the three of them lived together. It had a south window, and the sun came in all day long. There was still nothing in it but a small redwood picnic table, two benches and a plant—a philodendron that was in the same place he had put it twelve years ago. It had grown as high as the ceiling. Philo, loving; dendron, tree—love of trees. Philharmonic, he thought, was love of music; philosophy, love of wisdom; philopolemic (rare), love of war or disputes. A philtre was a love potion, philander actually meant fond of men. Preston looked at Lorna. Philostorgy, meaning natural affection, was obsolete. Their affection wasn't exactly obsolete, but it had become obscure.

"Remember the night I had food poisoning?" he asked suddenly. Lorna and Roxy looked up at him at the same time.

Lorna smiled. "We found you lying in the foyer. You were white as a ghost."

"I had to drag myself along the floor until you two could hear me call for help."

Roxy wiped her nose with a crumpled paper towel. "I'll never forget driving you to the hospital. You started hyperventilating in the car and slid under the dashboard. Then Lorna fainted in the emergency room when they put the intravenous needle in the back of your hand."

"I was never so sick in my life," he said. He hesitated. "Until now."

Lorna said, "I remember how you wouldn't let your mother visit you in the hospital because she never visited when you were well."

Preston said, "I'd better change my standards or she'll never see me

DARLING, MOTHER FAXED HER TUNA-CASSEROLE RECIPE ALL THE WAY FROM OHIO.
THANK GOD, JUST IN TIME FOR THE AMBASSADOR'S VISIT.
CBarsotti

alive again.” And then he laughed.

Roxy got up to tear a dead leaf from the philodendron. She dropped her head to her chest and moaned the way nails do being wrenched from wood. Lorna held her teacup against her mouth. Preston saw that it was chipped along the rim, and he had an impulse to tell her that bacteria lived in cracked ceramic and could withstand even the heat of a dishwasher, that we are most vulnerable to things we cannot see, and that the baby she was pregnant with would not have a fully developed immune system till it was nearly two years old, and that *her* immune system was probably depressed by virtue of her pregnancy.

He said instead, “Remember when I had hepatitis?”

Though Lorna said only, “Oh, Preston,” Roxy was more willing to play the straight man for this old joke of theirs. “Your hospital room was yellow,” she said. “You had a yellow bathrobe, a yellow bedspread, and you were eating a banana when I came to visit. Then your doctor showed up.”

Preston said, “Dr. Lo.”

“Dr. Lo said that you were all yellow and you said, ‘So are you.’ ”

Lorna laughed. “Oh, Preston, you didn't!”

“I did, didn't I, Roxy? Tell her I did.”

“It was a nice color for you,” Roxy said. She looked at his chest and neck. One would not guess that he was ill. His shirt stretched tightly across broad shoulders. He had joined a gym after moving to New York. The man she used to live with was smothered under muscle.

Preston went to the kitchen for ice. “Can I get you a beer while I'm up, Roxy?”

“Are you sure you should be drinking?” she asked.

“No—thanks for asking, though,” he said with his head in the refrigerator. “You've done a great job with this place. I'd like to fix up my apartment, too, but I'm only renting.”

Roxy said, “I'm going to tear out your old bedroom and expand the kitchen. Which reminds me, dinner won't be ready for another half hour. Can you wait or are you dying?” She dropped her head into her hand. “I don't believe I said that.”

Seeing how upset she was, he touched her face as she went by him on her way into the kitchen. “It's all right, my friend,” he said. “It really is.”

In the kitchen, Roxy opened and closed the doors of the oven, the refrigerator, the cabinets. She ran hot water to feel something on her skin, and lifted the lid of the Dutch oven to have the steam from the pot-au-feu rise in her face. She toasted bread and rubbed it with garlic. She grated horseradish and blended it with crème fraîche. If anything symbolized what was different in her now from when they had lived together, it was the cooking—the need to make their old apartment into her home. Roxy assumed that for Lorna, the differences were her children; for Preston, his muscular body, and now the illness. The cytomegalovirus, which most people have been exposed to by the time they reach kindergarten, could make him go blind; it could become systemic. But there was something Roxy was more afraid of and was afraid to bring up: it was unlikely that a person with AIDS would have CMV alone, without another opportunistic infection. Did Preston know that? she wondered. Should she ask if that was true?

“I THOUGHT she was living with someone,” Lorna whispered.

“They broke up,” Preston said. “He wouldn't marry her. She wanted babies.” Then they were silent again. Finally he asked, “Are you going to have amniocentesis?”

Lorna said it wasn't necessary this time, but he wasn't listening. In his head, he was breaking the word down: amnio, which came from *amnion*, the membrane around the fetus, was Greek for lamb; centesis meant puncturing or perforation. When he attempted to look the word up the first time she was pregnant, he pulled down a Bible instead of the etymological dictionary that it resembled. The passage he opened to read: “You shall be like a watered garden, like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.” That was three years earlier. They hadn't talked since the baby was born.

“They did a sound scan,” she said to him. “It's another boy.”

“How could they tell?”

“They saw something down there.”

He smiled at her choice of words. *Down there* was where she told the police a man had touched her—a man who had attacked her one bright morning of their senior year as she was getting out of her car.

“I worry about you,” he said.

“Why?” she asked. “I love being pregnant.” Actually, she had everything she had ever wanted.

“It distracts me from myself,” he said.

“What about you?” she asked. “What happens next?”

“I have to wait for a room to become

available at the hospital," he said. "I don't know how much time I have, though. I mean, I don't know how long it takes this thing to progress."

"How long will you have to have the catheter?"

"As long as I want to live," he said.

Lorna inhaled deeply through her mouth. It was as if Preston did something to the air. She had been afraid this would happen to him—and for that reason did not return his phone calls, did not write him.

"What are the symptoms of cytomegalovirus?" she asked now. "How does it manifest itself?"

"Bright flashes of light, a floater in my eye. It's like a hair in a camera lens."

Roxy called from the kitchen, "I had one of those once. The ophthalmologist blamed it on age."

Preston said, "You must have been relieved."

Lorna felt the baby begin to stir. She rose and stood next to Preston, then placed his hands on the globe of her stomach. "Feel this," she said. He knelt, like Atlas holding the world, then looked up at her and smiled, saying, "He's beautiful. Name him—"

She ran her hand across his hair, which was cut so short it felt like an animal's pelt, or upholstery on a couch. Then she backed away.

"Excuse me," she said. His old bedroom, between the dining room and the kitchen, had its own bath, and she slipped into it before he could rise from the floor. The tap water was instantly cold, but not cold enough to numb the sensation behind her eyes. She opened the window and scooped up a handful of snow from the sill and buried her face in it. In the mirror above the sink, she saw clots of ice melting in her hairline. Gray was growing into her red hair—an effect she had always admired on other women. She was thankful for the coming baby, because people made excuses for pregnant women. Even if there were anything she could do for him, she in Chicago and he in New York, her babies would have to take precedence.

Preston had told her about this then unnamed disease maybe seven years before in a Chinese restaurant in New York. She had come to the city with her husband, Sean—who had been a teacher of theirs the year they spent abroad when they were sophomores. "How do you know all this?" she had asked, about his fluency in a Greek-like and Latinate language of cancers, viruses, fungi, and rare pneumonias.

"The gay press," he answered.

"Well," she said doubtfully.

"What do you mean, 'Well'?" he'd demanded. "Are you dismissing this?"

Judith Shahn

"Well, what do you expect me to do about it?" Her voice had tightened to match his. "There are other concerns, you know. Look at what Reagan's doing in Central America."

"I expect you to take me seriously," he had replied. "This isn't a novelty act."

"Not you. It won't happen to you," she remembered saying.

There were no towels in the unused bathroom, so she dried her face on the hem of her maternity dress and stepped into his old bedroom. Preston was standing there waiting for her. In his hand was a pale blue envelope which caught her eye instantly, for it was the kind that airmail letters are sent in. She

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CATERPILLARS

They are there the whole time.

I go to the garden for basil,
sink my knees into the soil,
bend, breathe the horsy scent.
The basil is tender as earlobes and smells like marigolds.
I spot a tiny slug on one leaf,
scratch it off like a wet scab without flinching.

Later my mother shouts from the garden,
"Come out! Quick!"
My father drops his book; we all run out in our socks.
Ten caterpillars lounge on the parsley—
sultans in green silk pajamas—
plush as lips, the same apple green
as the leaves, but ringed with cat-black stripes.
Their velvet bodies are sinisterly still.
My mother grazes one with a twig: it curls up an end.
I see its puckered underside,
feet like the nibs of rose thorns.
It sticks out a feeler scarlet as salmon roe:
a lime-oil smell with a tang of rot fills the flower bed.
We stare, caught.
When the air clears, the spell breaks—
my father's eyes are watering.

Inside, I rinse lettuce, peel cucumber.
I think of eyestalks on crabs,
how lobsters are spiders,
the daddy longlegs on my head at the picnic,
the cicada stuck to my foot like a Band-Aid,
water bugs big as dates
that scrambled under the toilets at college,
the grasshopper in my father's salad.
I thumb off the garlic's snakeskin,
hold it to the window:
pearly paper veined like eyelids.
I run the tooth-smooth clove across my lip,
put it in the press and squeeze.

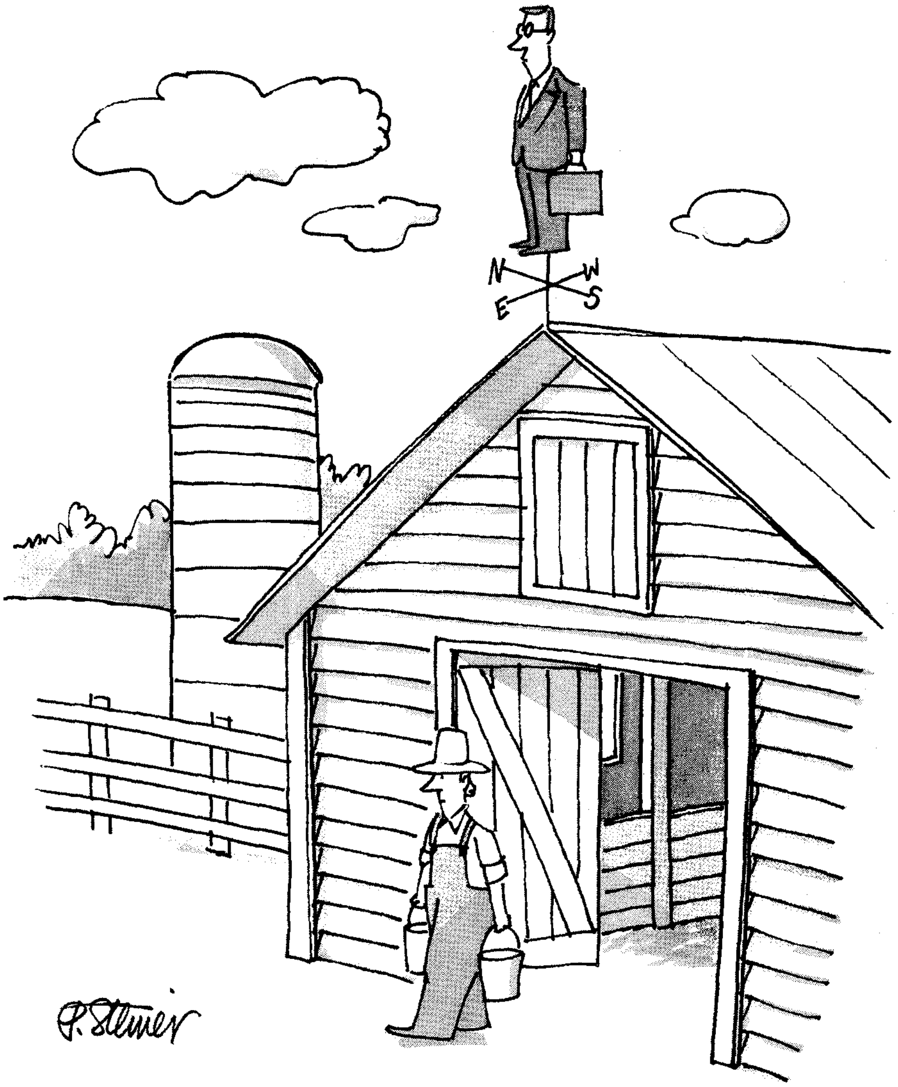
—Emily Rechnitz

• •

even recognized the Italian stamps, and, of course, the handwriting was her own. Blueprints for Roxy's new kitchen and breakfast nook were tacked to the wall, but till the renovation was complete she was using the room for storage. Roxy had thrown away nothing that the three of them had shared as roommates. There was the trunk they had used as a coffee table, an end table found in the alley, a pole lamp. There was the Raggedy Ann doll the three of them had witnessed flying out of a car window and getting run over by a bus. Its face still bore the tire marks. On the wall were portraits Lorna had taken of Preston for her photography class. "Do they make you nostalgic?" she asked.

" 'Nostalgic'? I can't even remember where I left my keys," he said. "I wish she would burn all these. I don't want to be remembered like that."

He turned around and headed for the sun porch at the front of the apartment. There he pulled the letter from the envelope and read it again. As close as they had been, it was the only letter she had ever written him. She had sent it from Rome a year after the two of them had graduated. She had been travelling with Sean. Sean had become a successful political essayist, and Lorna had jokingly taken some credit for it.



> Shall I remind you that behind every man is a woman (or another man, whatever, you're all alike)? Yes, it was my constant reassurance, loving reassurance, that saw him through. Kidding aside, it is exciting, isn't it, to see him move down from the esoteric, where no one else lives, and to the daily world of action. He seems to thrive, as if he has forgiven himself something, as if the intellectual indulgence of the meaning of meaning is a luxury most people don't enjoy (or endure), especially people who suffer not at their own hands and minds but at the hands of an oppressive government.

At the end, she had written,

> I sometimes take the motorbike out onto the Via Appia and buy a sandwich from one of the farm stands like we used to in Bologna. Remember the roasted pig, the rosemary and garlic inside it? I miss you, but I know we will be together again. For the rest of our lives we will be close, it must be that way, it can be no different.

"Maybe it's time to have more pictures taken," Lorna said to his back.

She saw him put the letter in his pocket. "I've gained forty pounds of muscle weight since those pictures were taken," he said. "Building a better body is worth five years of therapy."

"Are you seeing anyone now?"

"A man?"

"No, a therapist."

"Talking about this won't make it go away," he said.

He could sense her trying to think of something to say. Her discomfort was comforting. It was proof to him that she recognized the end of the friendship as described in her letter, and that she was responsible for it. He had intended to give her the letter as a souvenir of their affection, and now he realized that doing so would be like an indictment.

"An article I submitted about grief in the gay community was rejected by *Sociology Quarterly*," he said. "The peer-review panel didn't believe that gay men could suffer bereavement. They said our relationships were too shallow."

"Was that the only reason they gave?" She saw him stiffen at that, and amended it to, "Surely that's not the reason they gave for rejecting you."

"I got a phone call last week from a woman who asked me if I was a friend of her brother, Fred Pais," he said. "I said yes, and she said, 'I'm sorry to tell you this, but he's passed away.' She was calling everybody in his address book, which is what I always imagined you doing for me. Since my address book was filled with names of the dead because I couldn't bring myself to let go of them—one for practically every letter of the alphabet—I thought I should start a new one, for your sake. It's tighter than the old book but lacks the emotional resonance, if you know what I mean."

Lorna said, "It hasn't touched our lives the way it has yours."

"You have an inquisitive mind," he said.

"The baby takes up so much time."

"You don't even return my phone calls," he said. "I talk to Sean every time I call. I didn't even know you were pregnant again until you walked through the door; you didn't call me when the last one was born. You knew I was seropositive. How much time did you think I had?”

“We never thought it would go this far.”

“But it's always been there, Lorna,” he said. “You knew people were dying. Didn't you ever even think that I might know some of them?”

“You're right, Preston,” she said. “I'm sorry.”

“I always thought that I could count on you.”

“You can now.”

“You're going to have another baby in three months. By the time you've weaned it, I could be dead.”

She started sobbing at that. “Tell me what I can do for you.”

“I could send you a pamphlet called ‘When Someone You Know Has AIDS.’ It's filled with helpful hints for friends of the afflicted,” he said. “Or better yet, why don't you continue on as if I never existed?”

That gave her an exit. She pushed her arms into the sleeves of her coat as if it were a life jacket, and was out the door. That was what she must have wanted, he thought—an annulment. When Lorna had entered the apartment that night, she immediately said that she could not stay. “Take your coat off,” he had told her. “This will take more than fifteen minutes.” That's when he had seen that she was pregnant again. He listened to her running down the steps, and from the sun porch he could see her walking briskly up Edgewater Avenue. It was below freezing, but he suspected that the cold night air felt good against her face.

After the doctor had given him his diagnosis, Preston had gone home and begun to clean his apartment. He took blinds from the windows and soaked them in the tub. He took books from their shelves and wiped them with a damp rag. He polished brass and waxed wood and lined shelves with new paper till the air in the apartment was astringent with the smell of powder cleanser and bleach.

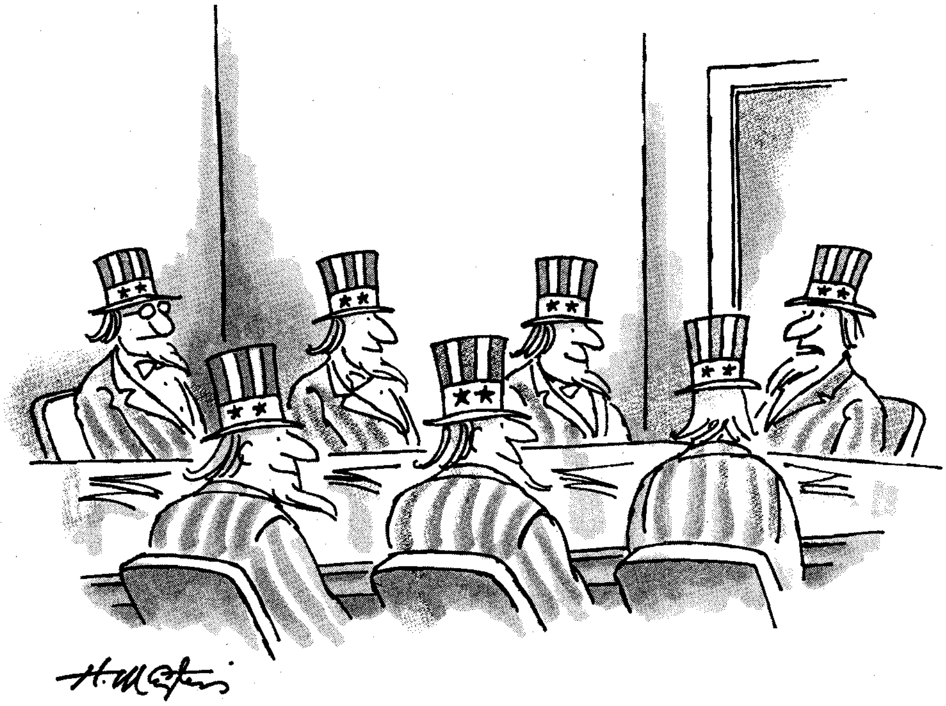
Not satisfied with surfaces, he emptied the closets of clothes that didn't fit anymore or had gone out of style. He threw out gifts he never wore and impulse purchases that proved his taste was not impeccable. Bureau drawers gave up a T-shirt proclaiming “So Many Men, So Little Time,” old jockstraps, unmatched socks, silk shirts, and silk underwear he wouldn't be caught dead in. He had once read an article by a journalist whose neighbor had died of AIDS. The writer had described the contents of the dead man's garbage, reducing an entire life to a leather vest, chaps, and sex toys.

Into the night, Preston threw out record albums and photograph albums, school diplomas, high-school literary magazines and ribbons won at speech tournaments, his draft card. Some worried neighbors called the police, and when they showed up Preston asked them how many years you had to hold on to old tax returns. Then he threw out the recent ones as well as the old ones.

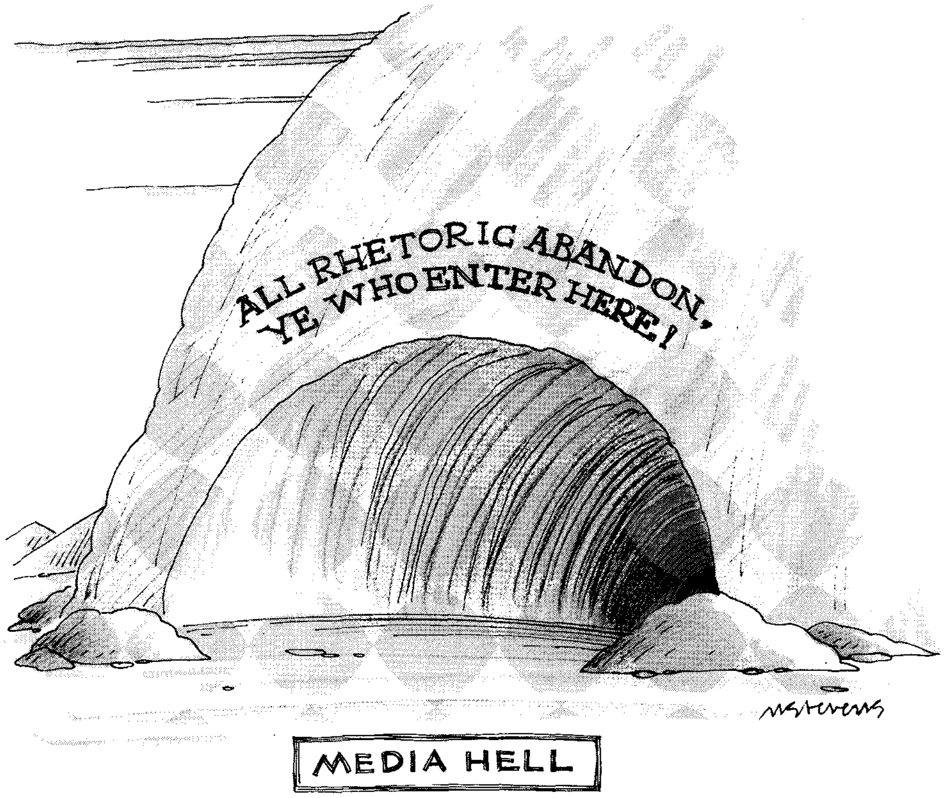
Only his college notebooks slowed the process down. He found notebooks for classes he couldn't remember having taken, he read half sentences followed by exclamation points, dates that were starred and circled. He had to wonder what in him had responded to the teachers' lectures with such useless scribbles. Better to throw all this away, too, than to have someone reduce his life to it.

Even worse were the journals. Inside these were drafts of poems he had tried to write when he was still in college: “The Moth and the Flame” (“This is the darkness, this is the light/I cannot make it more simple than that”); “The Gas Chamber” (“Its lips are as tight as a bronze virgin”); “The Dark Horse” (“The dark horse died today. It should have been expected”); “Stillborn,” “Allergy,” and “Freesia.” Preston ripped the pages from their black bindings, then burned them in the sink till there was nothing left but ash and smoke that hovered near the ceiling and made the smoke detector scream like a banshee.

Some things he saved: letters from friends, like the one from Lorna, and two papers he had written in college—one on the Pardoner from “The Canterbury Tales,” and one on Walt Whitman. “The first angry homosexual,” he had written about the Pardoner, “the first camp sensibility in English literature.” And then there was Whitman's vision of love between two men, almost a civic duty, and one that had flourished for a while. That paper he had turned in late with a note to the teacher: “I have gotten a disease in a Whitmanesque fashion, perhaps a hazard of the kind of research I have been doing lately.” Something had made the glands in his legs swell up till it was impossible to walk. “Are you homosexual?” the school doctor asked, having seen the same infection in the gay neighborhood where his practice was. “Well, now that you mention it,” Preston replied.



“In view of our equal-opportunity stance, all those in favor of adding an Aunt Sam to the board say ‘Aye.’ ”


ALL RHETORIC ABANDON, YE WHO ENTER HERE!
MEDIA HELL
mstevens

"Dinner will be ready soon. I need your help in the kitchen," Roxy said to his back. "What were you thinking about just now?"

"Sexually transmitted diseases."

"Well, be sure to wash your hands," she said.

"I had so many of them back then, I should have gotten an honorary degree in public health," he said. "You connect that with this, don't you?"

"It's hard not to," she said.

"I used to pray that you would be asleep when I brought men home," he said. "Otherwise, you would turn the charm on and I would never get them to bed."

"I suspect that's what I had in mind as well," she said, although she did not tell him that it had seemed as if she stopped existing when he brought strangers back from the bar where he used to work. "I'm Roxy," she would tell them, "I was named after the movie theatre in which I was conceived. Someone had turned on the cloud machine, and there were stars in the ceiling. My mother was only worried about how she would preserve her wrist corsage."

She looked around the room. "Where's Lorna?"

"She left rather suddenly. Something I said."

"Oh, Preston. I hardly ever get to see her anymore. You know how married people are," she said.

PRESTON loved the illicit smell of steam rooms the way he loved the smell of cigars or the whiskey-soaked wood of old bars. Sean wore a towel around his waist, though the steam enveloped him like a screen; Preston did not wear one, though he knew he should be concerned about the fungi and herpes that thrived in the heat, the dark, the puddles of sweat on the ceramic. Sean, Preston suspected, had brought him into the faculty steam room either to drive the despicable Jesuits out of it or because of the way Preston had been looking at the students on the gym floor.

Preston was saying, "The pilot forgot to turn off the P.A. system after he told us that we had reached cruising altitude, so the whole plane heard him when he told the copilot, 'I could sure go for a cup of coffee and a blow job right now.' The stewardess started running up the aisle, and the man sitting next to me shouted, 'Don't forget the cup of coffee!' "

Preston could smell Sean—a rich, bitter, earthy smell, like sculptors' clay. He was a stocky man whose muscles were just beginning to turn to fat. Preston ran his hand across his own chest and under his arm. There was a swollen gland there the size of a golf ball.

"You look really good," Sean said.

"I doubt I'll be able to keep this up once they put the catheter in," Preston said.

"Where will it go?"

"Right here," Preston said, and pushed his finger against his chest. "I was cleaning out closets the other day, and found the notebooks from the classes you taught in Bologna."

Sean said, "I have a nightmare that everything I have ever tried to communicate will be remembered only through my students' notebooks."

"Don't worry, I threw all mine away," Preston said. "I suspect you were educating me beyond my intelligence."

"You were one of my most sensitive students."

"You mean, I saw things feelingly."

"You can't discount what you learned," Sean said, although he could not argue Preston's assessment of himself as a student. It was for students like him that Sean had inverted Socrates' "The unexamined life is not worth living" into "The unlived life is not worth examining."

Sean had been one of those students himself. Eighteen years old, he had bawled like a baby while reading St. Augustine's "Confessions" in the bathtub. The book wet in his hand, tears streaming down his face, he had taken Augustine's prayer as his own: "Whisper in my heart, I am here to save you." There was nothing wrong with learning like that, he thought; it had a tendency to stick.

Preston said, "Do you remember, you called your intro class 'The Crisis of Meaning.' There was the Religious Crisis, the Psychoanalytic Crisis, and the Existential Crisis."

"And I probably dragged you through all three," Sean said.

"I sometimes wondered if you knew what you were doing."

"I probably didn't."

Preston leaned forward into the steam to see Sean's expression. He doubted that his sexuality made Sean nervous, but he wasn't sure. "You used to move about the classroom like a half-feral priest," he said. "I'll never forget when you opened your copy of the 'Confessions.' The binding was broken at 'We had forgotten what we had left behind and were intent on what lay before us.’ ”

“You see? Something remains,” Sean said. “Augustine and his mother at Ostia. You have a good memory.”

“I’ve been refreshing it.” Preston said: “ ‘The flame of love burned stronger in us and raised us higher towards the eternal. At length we came to our own souls and passed beyond them. Then with a sigh, we returned to the sound of our own speech, in which each word has a beginning and an ending.’ And you stood there in your dirty bluejeans with tears in your eyes, and you sighed into the book as if love had been the lesson for the day. No wonder Lorna and I had such a crush on you.”

“Blame it on my youth.” Sean smiled with what Preston called “that bandaged look” straight men get in the presence of a homosexual. But Sean was thinking of another passage from Augustine: “Tears alone were sweet to me for in my heart’s desire they had taken the place of my friend.”

“I wish I could take your class again. I think I would find it more entertaining.”

“It’s not the mannered soap opera you seem to remember. The course is more political now. I’ve even taken students to Cambodia.”

“I’m surprised you have to go so far from home,” Preston said.

Sean paused for a moment. He said, “Lorna came home very upset last night.”

“You think I’m at fault?”

“I imagined it might have to do with your illness.”

“ ‘Tears alone were sweet to me,’ ” Preston said. “Do you know she once accused me of being jealous of her for getting you?”

“I thought you were jealous of me,” Sean said. “Do you remember that night in Bologna when we first went out to dinner? We ate in a beer hall.”

Preston said, “Walking through the Piazza Nettuno, you sang ‘Questa o quella.’ A policeman asked you to be quiet and praised your voice at the same time.”

“And you kept walking between me and Lorna,” Sean said. “I thought you were trying to keep us apart.”

“Isn’t this fun?”

“I just didn’t want to be excluded,” Preston said.

THEY used to keep their shared typewriter here on the sun porch, Preston remembered as he stood in the corner where it used to sit. This was where they typed their papers, long into the night. He recalled that there had been an elm tree outside the window, which helped to keep the sun porch cool in the summertime. A cold, wet wind had plastered a single leaf, probably from a tree across the street, against the glass. The windows were now double-paned and aluminum-framed, and no longer rattled in the winds off the lake.

He had also stood here more than a decade ago to watch the men he brought home leave him after sex. It was only reasonable to assume that some of them had died since then. He could almost sense their presence now, shadowing the walls, lined up on the floor that Roxy had had stained and varnished the yellow color of a basketball court. If he turned around quickly, they would all look up at him at once, like patients in a waiting room, and he’d have to apologize for not remembering any of their names. He heard the floorboards creak with cold and knew that the foundation you build your human life upon can open beneath your feet and send you tumbling, weeping and terrified at the depth of your own feeling.

Memory, Preston had always thought, was like an old bomb shelter, holding cans of Del Monte cling peaches, boxes of Bisquick, forgotten gifts of expensive wine. He had begun to learn, however, that the body has a recall all its own. Lately, there were nights in New York when he felt the recent dead getting into bed, climbing over him as if they had just come from the shower. He felt a body against or beneath him, a sack of balls loose between legs, wet hair on the nape of the neck. He could feel the way each of them used to push into the mattress on his way to sleep. It was even comforting to have them there, to be remembered by them before they got up to lie briefly, like that, in someone else’s bed.

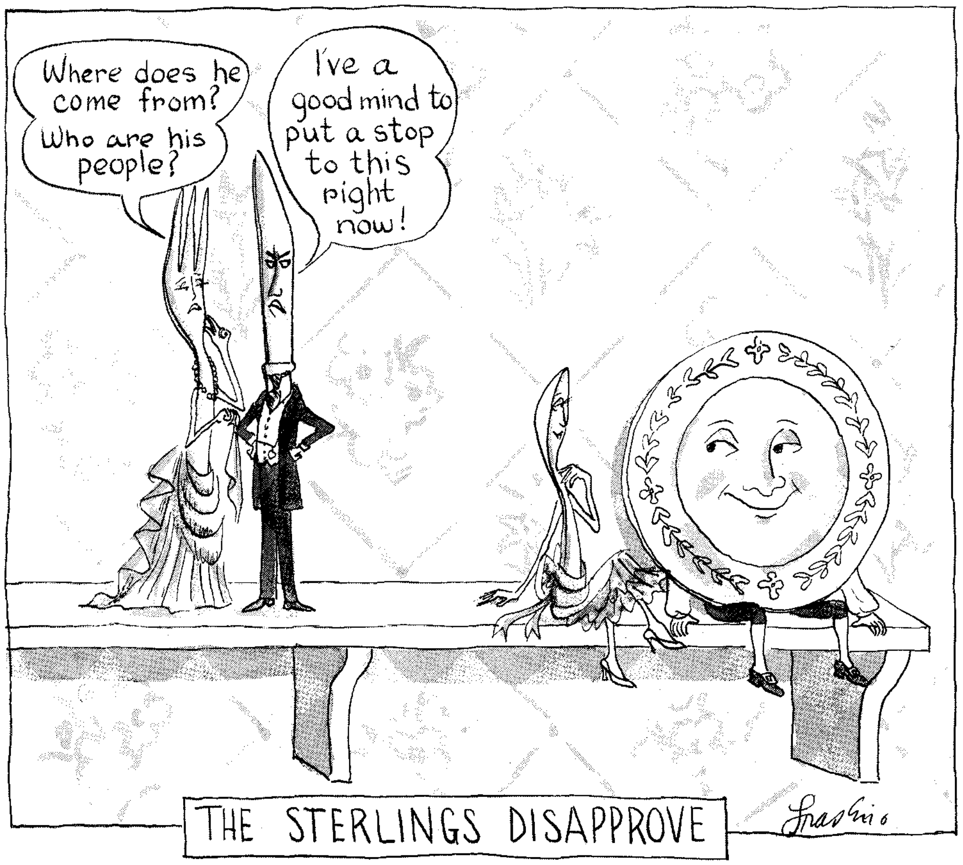
From his pocket he pulled another of the letters he had saved. “Dear Preston,” he read:

> Just got your letter, and am glad that you’re O.K. I don’t understand the depths your depressions reach at these times, and

wonder if they aren't somehow preventable. It sounds as if that is the effort you are now trying to make. I am glad you joined a gym. I find it helps me a lot.

A couple of things I have figured out: I don't want to get married or have kids, live in the suburbs, or duplicate my parents' lives, although they are happy. You were and are the closest thing, person, that is, to the dream I had of what I want, and so I was scared of you. I didn't expect you quite so soon. Being with you, seeing you, acknowledging that you actually existed, confronted me with someone that I didn't want to know could really exist. When I am able to deal with my homosexuality—and despite what we've done together in bed and the bars we've been to together, this is the first time I have used that word to describe myself—I will be better able to be with you. Up to you, and now, I had not met anyone that I was attracted to who had a mind I could deal with. You still scare me a bit.

Write, love, Jim.


Where does he come from? Who are his people?
I've a good mind to put a stop to this right now!
Frascino

THE STERLINGS DISAPPROVE

Finding Jim's letter had made Preston realize what Eliot had meant by mixing memory and desire—a combination so intoxicating that Preston feared the room would begin to spin, that he might need help getting out of his clothes and into bed, and his hand held if he was to sleep. Instead, he packed a bag and called the airport to reserve a seat on the next available flight to Chicago. With suitcase in hand, he called Roxy's office and told her his arrival time, that he would be staying with her, and that he needed to see Lorna as well. He had to get back to them all, introduce himself anew, say, "This is me now." It was as if the letter had gone right to his head and set off a chain of events that had never even happened. In his mind, in the past, love had proved itself on a daily basis, and he feared that that would never be possible in real time again.

That was his one regret—not that many options were closing off to him but just that one. It wasn't reasonable to hope that he could arouse old feelings in Jim Christon, but he also believed that one has to ration reason. Also unreasonably, Preston believed that he would survive not the illness but death itself. He believed in his consciousness—that it would do more than last, that it would have impact and consequence, that wherever it went, there would be discourse and agitation; decisions would be made and adhered to.

Preston tried Jim's old home number, but it was no longer in service. For a second he panicked at the thought that Jim might be one of the ghosts in the hallway, at the front of the line. He dialled the number on the business card Jim had sent ten years before with the letter, but the receptionist at the architectural firm had never heard of him.

Preston said, "I'm the executor of the estate of a friend of Mr. Christon's. I have something to give him that his friend wanted him to have. You really must help me. I don't know how else to reach Mr. Christon." He was counting on the lie and on the assumption that the community of gay architects in Chicago would be so small that someone in that office would know Jim's whereabouts. Of course, he didn't even know for certain that Jim was still alive. The receptionist said she would ask around and call him back in half an hour.

He wandered into Roxy's bedroom. Beneath the phone on her nightstand he saw a photocopy of an article from the *New England Journal of Medicine*. It was about an experimental drug for which protocols were just being established in Manhattan. His first thought was that even if the drug was proved effective, it would be too late for him. Beneath that article he found treatment updates out of San Francisco, which Roxy would have had to subscribe to in order to get. As he looked through the papers on her desk, he found descriptions of other drug protocols at Chicago-area hospitals, pamphlets about herbs and the miracles expected from them, a book on the immune system and one on the crisis published by the National Academy of Sciences, and a list of gay doctors.

Once, her mother, before she knew he was gay, said to Roxy, "You know what Preston needs? He needs a girlfriend. Oh, not for sex, but just someone he can sit and talk and have a beer with." And Roxy had cried out, "What do you think I'm here for?" And more recently, a joke he had made about how easy it would be to find a woman to marry was met with a long silence on her end of the line. Finally, she said, "I'd kill you."

When the phone rang, he realized that he had not breathed deeply in several minutes. He had a habit of holding his breath; he held it when he combed his hair. At the gym his trainer admonished him, "Breathe, Preston." At night, he woke himself out of a deep sleep gasping for air, once three times within an hour.

The receptionist was calling him back with the firm where Christon was working. Now he breathed with relief, as if coming out of a bad dream. Preston called the new number, but Christon was in a conference and wouldn't be out for forty minutes. Instead of leaving a message, Preston began to dress for their meeting. He put on a deep-green shirt and a plum-colored tie, which brought out the flecks of color in his tweed jacket. His trousers were rust, his cowboy boots added an inch of height. He caught a taxicab, and was sitting in the reception area of Christon's office as the architect was walking his clients to the door.

"Jim," Preston whispered when the elevator door closed on the clients.

Christon stared through an overlay of memory. "My God," he said when he recognized Preston, "I thought you were dead."

"Well, I suppose we'll all be someday," Preston said. Christon reached down and lifted him from the deep seat of the Corbusier chair. They embraced like jocks, like athletes after a winning game.

"You look terrific. If you'd looked this good ten years ago, I wouldn't have let you move to New York," Jim said. "What are you doing here? Tell me you just bought a brownstone and need an architect."

"I just wanted to see you," Preston said.

"What are you doing now?"

"I work in the Department of Thanatology at Columbia. I'm doing a study there on bereavement in the gay community."

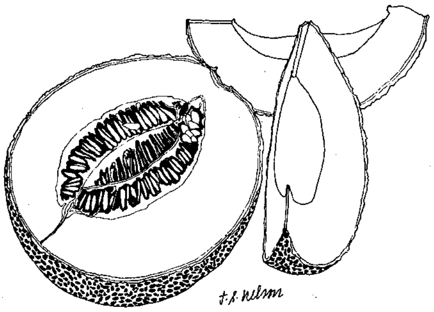
Christon paused. "No, I mean *now*. We can have lunch. There's a restaurant up the street that this firm restored. I live upstairs from it. You can come up and see my place."

In the restaurant, their drink orders taken, Jim pointed out the details of the room. He had headed the research team that recovered the light fixtures from the archives of a famous Chicago architect, the patterns for the upholstery and wallpaper from New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Tracking down the table sconces, the salt and pepper shakers, and the flatware had taken weeks of detective work. Jim said that he wasn't a historical chauvinist, but tracing the lost designs was like finding the original meaning of a word in a dictionary. "Do you still look up words like that?" Jim asked.

"Sometimes, despite myself," Preston said. "You used to say that when you grew up you wanted to be a visionary."

"Well, I'm heavily into restoration now." Jim smiled.

Preston asked about Jim's lover. "I can't remember his name. . . . Was it Seth?"



"Enoch."

"Right. Who ascended straight to heaven."

"We're still together."

"You make that sound tentative," Preston said.

"We're having trouble, but we're afraid of splitting up. So we bought this apartment, and spend money on it as if there were no tomorrow."

"I know the feeling."

"We're each afraid of trying to start all over with someone new. There's so much you have to know about someone nowadays before you start a relationship, isn't there? Sometimes I'm glad you didn't persuade me to move to New York."

"What do you mean?" To hide the trembling of his hands, Preston buttered a bread stick and rolled it in the architecturally significant cheese bowl.

Jim said, "There's more of it there."

• •

CRYSTAL ICE COMPANY

These grow beneath rusty plates, with brine
circulating and ammonia saturnine
in the nostrils. Slowly the brooding poisons calve
into substantial clarities. He moves
among submerged lights, which are weak,
as a low smoke or planetary cowlick
might fume across a lost explorer's lenses;
then in the acrid damp he stops, remembers

Port Washington, a winter dawn, 1928:
as he climbs Beacon Hill in the milkman's cart,
a plug of cream sucked from the broken foil top
of a bottle lights his face like a buttercup.

In the end, no airy pinions may remain,
no galactic rose at the center to lessen
the density with imperfections of surface,
no stalled titanium plume; and a steady pulse
of bubbles will insure this, ticking through.

The last summer before the divorce, sixty years ago.
They are loading rock salt into the outer sleeve.
The crank turns, an unhurried passage of
Sunday evening into confections of cream and fruit.

It is time to vacuum the last impurities out
of the closing heart. Soon rusty chains will raise
three hundred pounds of perfectly gestated ice
in a shrieking transit, a crystal martyrdom
to the cutting floor, and ice will precede him
to the loading dock, bearded with excelsior,
to diminishment by the hand of summer air.

—KARL KIRCHWEY

“*We’re out of bran and out of oats. How about some hay?*”

“It’s here, too, as I recall.”

“Not in the magnitude.”

Preston asked, “Have you both been tested?”

“No, neither of us think we could manage knowing that we were seropositive,” Jim said.

“I’ve heard that one before. People are capable of living with more knowledge than they allow themselves, I think,” Preston said. “Of course, there are all kinds of denial.”

“What about you?”

“I have it.”

“You’ve tested positive?”

Preston said, “More than positive. I was just diagnosed.”

Jim’s lips parted slightly. He stared for a moment, made a tent of his hands, and hid his face under it. “I can’t believe how stupid I just was.”

Preston said, “I should have told you we’d be playing hardball.”

“I’m sorry, Preston. I guess I’ve been one of the lucky ones. I haven’t lost anyone who was close. You used to say that architects were all whores, but it’s not true.”

“You must really be glad you didn’t move to New York now,” Preston said. He opened his leather portfolio and pulled out Jim’s letter. “Do you remember this? It’s ten years old.”

Jim smiled uncertainly at the self-conscious, architectural handwriting of his youth. As he read the letter, Preston said, “You know, I still remember the night we met. You were wearing a tan corduroy jacket with patches on the elbows, a blue shirt, and a repp tie loosened at the collar. You ordered a Heineken. I remember your face in the light of the pinball machine, the fact that your hair was thinner than mine, and the way you smiled when I asked if I could join you.” Jim smiled again, despite the sudden, knotted sadness in his throat. Preston said, “I may live to regret saying this, but then again I might not: There is no one, no one anywhere in the world—and I’ve been around—whom I remember as I remember you. You still have the same shit-eating grin, and you still use it to great effect.”

“I know that.”

“You weren’t the first, and by God I could probably figure that there were hundreds after you, but when I think of them all—and I’ve had to for studies, because they all want to know how many men you’ve been with—I always think of you. I don’t have any regrets, but sometimes I wonder if things would be different now if you had come to New York when I asked you to. You could call that examining the unlived life, but the imagination knows what it will know. I can recall you coming home from work at night with irises. You’d had a bad day. I got you drunk on cognac so you would be more pliable in bed. I can recall holding you when you were grumpy and stale and loose-limbed with a fever, and even how happy you were when your bowling team won. The last ten years would have been nice with you, I think. That is not to say that I blame you for anything. In any case, I brought you something.”

Preston handed a square box over to Jim, who opened it as if there were risk involved. Inside was a bowl of hand-blown, sandblasted glass, just larger than a softball. In its surface were philodendron leaves, carved against deep green glass. The bowl’s mouth was scalloped by the pattern of the leaves.

“I don’t know what to say,” Jim said. “It’s the most beautiful thing anyone has ever given me.”

“It’s signed on the bottom. It was incredibly expensive,” Preston said. “I wanted to make sure you got it. You were the only person I knew who would appreciate it. I’ve been giving lots of things away: vases, polished shells, etchings. I hope it goes with your décor—I hope Enoch likes it.”

“You talk—I mean, you’re acting as if you’re giving in to this thing,” Jim said. “They might find a cure; you could live for years.” He began to cry. A waiter came to the table and walked discreetly away.

“I thought of it as clearing space,” Preston said. “My own form of denial.”

“I’m overwhelmed,” Jim said.

“I am not without my own designs.”

Jim excused himself. Preston was pleased with the effect that he had had on Jim. His pleasure sharpened the blurred edges the drink had given him. Perhaps everybody everywhere came to this moment—he wasn’t sure. Some came to it sooner rather than later, when they realized that things like love or a pact with life or a pact with immunity are possible only in the past. If the corridors of memory are increasingly wide, they are also increasingly cluttered with old objects of affection. The present seems unobstructed by comparison, like his own apartment back in New York when he had cleaned it after his diagnosis. One way or another, they were all becoming ghosts, some sooner than later. The concerto playing in the background, the poignant melody and unresolved yearning of the violin, was good exit music, he thought, I should leave on the slow movement. He even called the waiter back to ask for the check, but was told that it had already been paid. For a moment Preston was relieved at the thought that Jim had indeed left him, making their goodbye painless, at least for one of them. But then he saw Jim coming out of the telephone booth.

Jim said, "I had to call Enoch about tonight. We're meeting at Orchestra Hall. You and I used to get student passes, remember? Enoch and I've had a subscription for years but I always think of you when we get there—something about the slope of the aisle. He's always been jealous of you for being my first."

"I never knew I was."

Jim said, "We live in this building," as if it were a fact that might be disputed. "Would you like to come up?"

"Don't you have to be back at your office?" Preston asked.

"I also called them to say I wasn't coming back today."

"What was your excuse?"

"That I was spending the afternoon with a friend who just found out he has AIDS," Jim said. "Come on, we don't have much time." He reached across the table and gently tugged on the sleeve of Preston's shirt, pulling a quarter inch of cuff beyond the sleeve of his jacket. "I want some say in how you remember me."

Preston opened his palm and laid it on Jim's cheek. "You've got that already. You should go back to work."

THE cold evening air felt like cocaine in his nostrils. Preston had spent the rest of the afternoon at the Art Institute of Chicago, and most of it in front of a painting by Caillebotte, "Paris, a Rainy Day." Chicago was so lucky to have it, he thought, as he caught a cab on Michigan Avenue, hoping to get on Lake Shore Drive before rush hour began and home before Roxy got off work. Intersections and ramps were beginning to thicken and clot with cars and buses, and he felt the surge of human traffic pushing him forward, like Jim's hand between his shoulder blades as they left the restaurant and said goodbye. He would have the cab wait for him as he ran upstairs and got his suitcase, then it would take him to the airport.

Roxy was waiting for him, however. She had left work early but still had the blush of cold on her face. She was standing on the sun porch, looking down on the traffic. "Lorna's coming in a few minutes," she said. "She wanted to be alone with you for a while. You can let the cab go if you're not in a hurry. She can drive you to the airport."

It was Roxy he felt sorry for in all this. They had never argued, not as he and Lorna used to, except once, over the issue of abortion. She was so strongly against it, so emotional in her opposition, that she made him feel like a back-alley abortionist by comparison, though getting a woman pregnant had always been the last of his worries then.

Roxy pointed to the wall where the tenants before them—Japanese students at the Art Institute—had carved ideograms in the plaster. "Do you remember this? I wonder what it means." She asked, "Do you still have that beautiful platter they left?" Both of them had wanted it, but she had let him take it to New York because she thought he had appreciated it more.

"Yes," he said. "Would you like it back?"

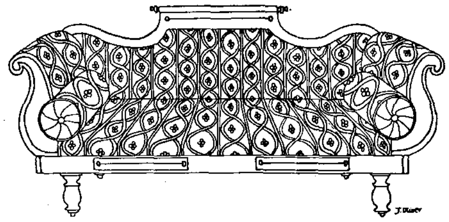
"It depends on the cost," she answered.

"It will be cheaper if I send it to you now."

"Would you consider moving back here? There's plenty of room. You could be close to your family without having to live with them."

"I have a good doctor in New York. I trust him," he said. "But I'll think about it."

She asked him whether it wasn't the case that people with CMV usually had other opportunistic infections. "Nothing yet," he said, not mentioning the pain under his arm. "I'm sorry things didn't work out for you with Paul. He sounded good for you. He made you laugh. He made you exercise. He got you to quit smoking."



"Actually, he used to kick cigarettes out of my hand," Roxy said. "And when I got up at six in the morning to go to the gym before work, he told me to wear sweatpants because tights made my ass look like a tea bag."

"I thought you tossed him out because he wouldn't marry you."

Roxy said, "I got pregnant. He told me that it was fine with him if I kept the baby, but that he wouldn't be tied down. When I had an abortion, he was furious. He said I should have known that he wanted the baby. He said that I should have known what he was really feeling. That's when I told him to move out. After I had aborted my baby."

Preston hesitated a moment, then said, "You'll find someone else, Roxy. You're beautiful, intelligent. Great sense of humor."

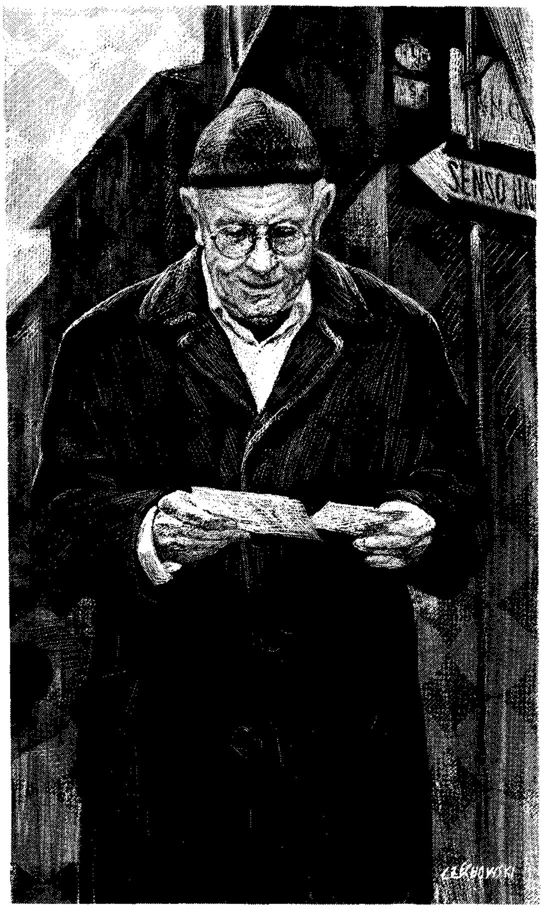
"Oh, Preston. I'm so common I could be a franchise." She pulled a letter from her pocket. "I saved this letter that you wrote me after you moved to New York. 'Dear Roxy,' " she read. " 'Right before I was to leave for the airport, I looked out the sunporch window and saw you standing across the street on the corner of Edgewater Avenue. You were wearing your jeans and green silk shirt—the tail was pulled out of your pants. Your hair was blowing behind you in the wind off the lake, and your blouse clung to your breasts. You had gone across the street to buy cigarettes, which were in your hand. You were watching the light, waiting for it to change, and I was watching you, wishing that it never would.' "

He looked down in the street where she would have been standing ten years before. Lorna was standing on that corner now. The wind whipped her hair under her chin and up the other side of her face. She was waiting for the light. Automatically—a habit from the days they all had lived here—she looked up at the sun-porch windows to see who was home.

—Allen Barnett

PROFILES

DER ORDINÄRE



ON the afternoon of March 16, 1942, a neophyte functionary in the Armaments Ministry of the German government's Four-Year Plan got off a train at a town in Upper Silesia (southern Poland), after a long, uncomfortable trip from Berlin. Hans Deichmann, thirty-four years old, was on his way to Rome as the new representative in Italy of the Ministry's chemical division. He had had to make the long detour to this particular town—Oświęcim in Polish, Auschwitz in German—in order to arrange for the transfer of large numbers of Italian laborers, skilled and unskilled, to a nearby work site; they were to be provided by the Rome-based Fascist Construction Federation.

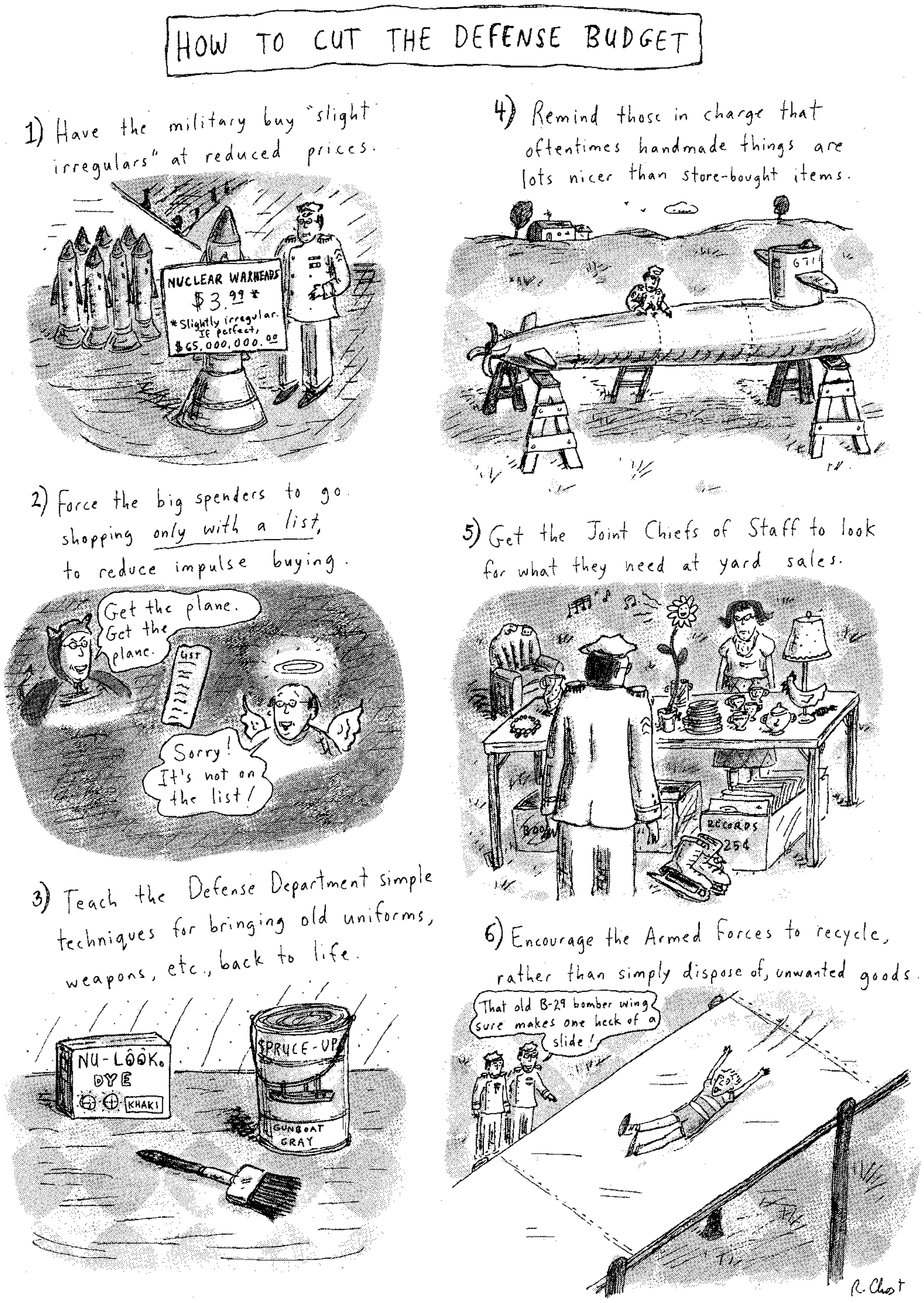
The work site was run by I. G. Farben, Germany's mammoth chemical company. From 1937 until the Four-Year Plan's directors drafted him, earlier that month, Deichmann had been working for the company as the head of dyestuff sales in Italy. He recalled as he arrived at Auschwitz that he had first heard the camp mentioned in a significant way in the fall of 1940, at a lunch at the Frankfurt home of one of the I. G.'s executives.

"Germany had recently defeated France," Hans says, "and most German industrialists were assiduously prostituting themselves to the Nazis, to reap every possible advantage from what was apparently going to be German dominion over all of Europe and perhaps the whole world. The Four-Year Plan's administrators had given I. G. Farben the job of building a gigantic synthetic-rubber factory in Upper Silesia, but a site had not yet been chosen. It would have to be near an area with an abundance either of essential natural resources—coal, for instance—or of manpower. The I. G.'s commercial and technical directors, Georg von Schnitzler and Fritz ter Meer, assumed that the other people present at the lunch knew that Hitler's largest camp for enemies of the regime was at Auschwitz, and they referred to it as the only sure source of manpower. The sole inconvenient aspect was the probable necessity of occasionally but suddenly having to replace carefully trained 'personnel' with people who were not yet ready for the task. They decided that Auschwitz was the 'most advantageous' site, and that they would try to have the choice approved the next day. Although that was over a year before the implementation of the Final Solution—before the gas chambers and the crematoriums were put into action—Auschwitz was already known to these industrialists as a place where thousands of the regime's opponents were being murdered. Yet they made their decision without a hint of criticism or displeasure or remorse, while sipping their soup. They had evidently lost all sense of what they were doing; they had degraded themselves into monsters."

Now, sixteen months after the lunch in Frankfurt, Hans was on the verge of learning the new truth about Auschwitz. He recalled the occasion in 1978, in a letter to a friend:

> The driver who met me at the station was an old, apparently illiterate man from the area, and he was very reluctant to reply to my many questions—the first of which concerned the penetrating, sickeningly sweet smell that pervaded the area. He said it was the smell of methanol, which was widely used in those days for stretching the gasoline supply, and it came from the only plant functioning at the time. In answer to another question he said, "Yes, the roads are in terrible condition, but the situation will soon be remedied thanks to the massive use of prisoners for road-work."
>
> No sooner had he uttered those words than sad columns of ashen-faced men suffering from malnutrition came into view on both sides of the road. They were wearing striped uniforms, many of which bore yellow Jewish stars, and they dragged themselves along exhaustedly, as if they had lost their will. They were led by an S.S. guard and a "kapò"—himself a prisoner—who gave orders, and I saw the "kapò" beating prisoners. What really boggled my mind was that the only sounds were made by the tools and the stones. The people didn't speak. Their eyes seemed extinguished, and the over-all impression was that these were not men but, rather, beings from another, fearful world—the world of the dead. Their resemblance to human beings was entirely superficial.
>
> "All those low constructions over there," I said, "the barracks, and the smokestack with smoke coming out of it—is all that the factory?"
>
> "No, that's the concentration camp and its crematorium. No, there's no way of knowing the number of prisoners." And he didn't answer at all when I asked him how many people were burned there every day.

That was only eight weeks after the Wannsee Conference, at which S.S. General Reinhard Heydrich, the head of the Reich Central Security Service and by then also Plenipotentiary for the Preparation of the Final Solution of the European Jewish Question, had announced his plans for that solution. Even at so early a date, "*no one* could have approached the I. G. Farben work

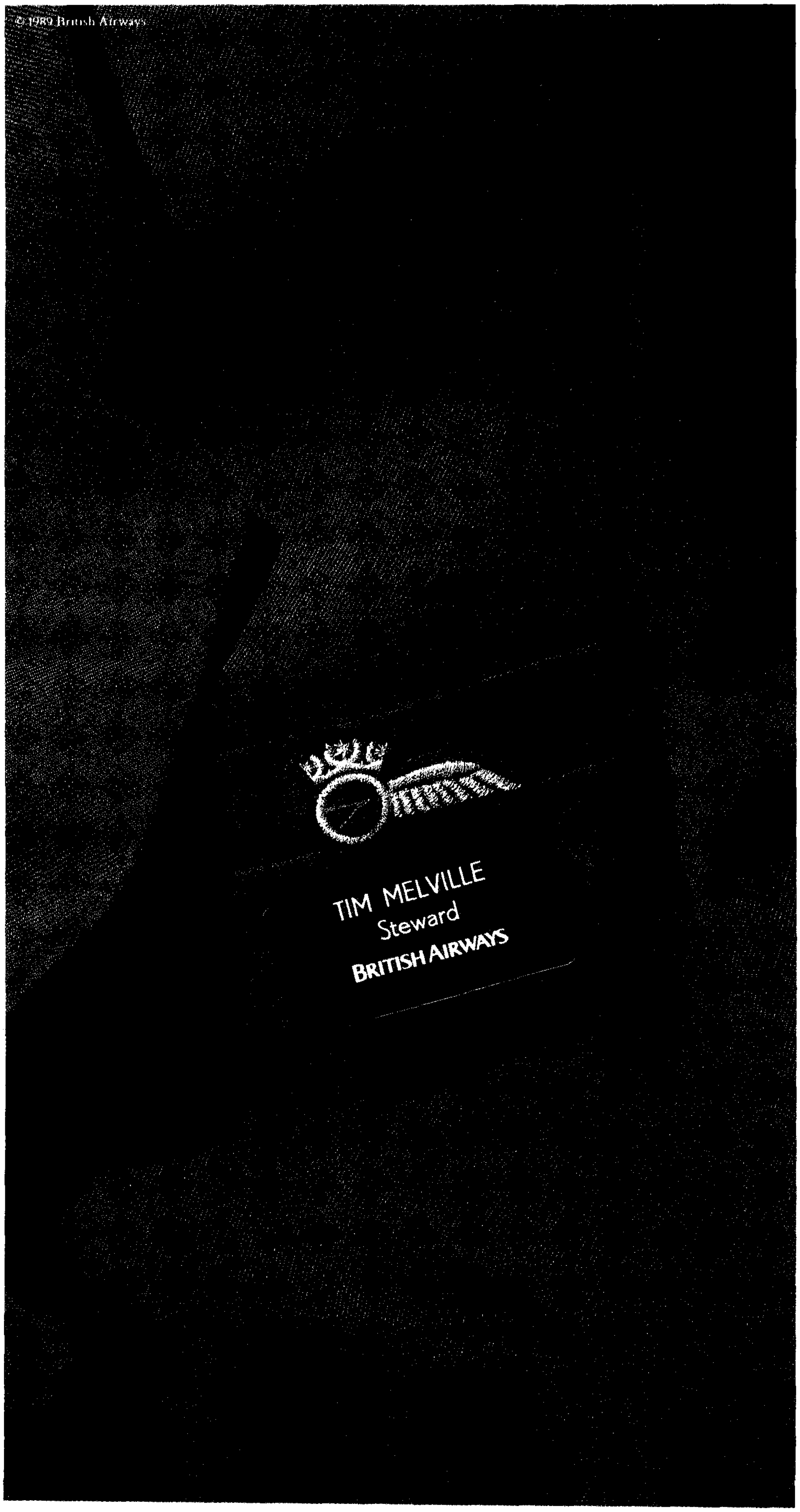

HOW TO CUT THE DEFENSE BUDGET
1) Have the military buy "slight irregulars" at reduced prices.
NUCLEAR WARHEADS $3.99*
*Slightly irregular. If perfect, $65,000,000.00
2) Force the big spenders to go shopping only with a list, to reduce impulse buying.
Get the plane. Get the plane.
LIST
Sorry! It's not on the list!
3) Teach the Defense Department simple techniques for bringing old uniforms, weapons, etc., back to life.
NU-LOOK DYE
KHAKI
SPRUCE-UP
GUNBOAT GRAY
4) Remind those in charge that oftentimes handmade things are lots nicer than store-bought items.
671
5) Get the Joint Chiefs of Staff to look for what they need at yard sales.
BOOKS
RECORDS 25¢
6) Encourage the Armed Forces to recycle, rather than simply dispose of, unwanted goods.
That old B-29 bomber wing sure makes one heck of a slide!
R. Chast

site without becoming horribly, fearfully aware of what was happening nearby," Hans says. "I went to Auschwitz ten times between March, 1942, and November, 1944, each time for one day, and everyone I met spoke of almost nothing but the concentration camp and the systematic extermination. 'My' Italians, who in theory couldn't understand the people around them, quickly managed to learn even more of the ghastly details than the others knew—because, like me, they *wanted* to know."

Hans's upbringing, disposition, training in civil law, and social and cultural interests had turned him against National Socialism even before the Party came to power, and in the nine years since Hitler's accession to the Chancellery Hans had managed to avoid Party membership and military service. Long before he saw Auschwitz, he had become accustomed to engaging in passive, unobtrusive, day-by-day resistance to the Nazis. What the apocalyptic vision of the death camp did was make him want to act. "Without an awareness of Auschwitz, I might not have had the courage to become a traitor, in the common sense of the word," he says. And Auschwitz was the place where the first significant occasion for betrayal presented itself.

NINETY brick steps grouped in zigzagging flights descend from a paved road, through a pine-and-ilex grove, to a modern hillside house at Bocca di Magra, a fishing village at the extreme southern tip of Liguria. Hans, wearing a faded blue short-sleeved knit shirt, blue denim overalls, and well-made work shoes, walks slowly down the steps, carrying wicker baskets laden with apples and plums from an orchard close by. He is tallish and well proportioned, though slightly stoop-shouldered; he has gray eyes, behind round metal-rimmed glasses; and he is bald except for a fringe of wispy white hair. His deliberate pace is that of a man conserving energy, not of one who doesn't have enough of it or is afraid of losing his balance. Near the bottom, he hears shouts of enthusiasm coming from a tennis court at a neighboring house, hidden by the trees. "Hey!" he calls out. "Tennis is supposed to be played in silence!" His Italian is fluent, but his accent is distinctly Germanic. "Stop the noise!" The noise stops for a few seconds, then resumes. "Imbeciles," Hans mutters; then he chuckles, as if amused to find himself, at eighty-two, still trying to browbeat people into behaving themselves. He claims that this is an innate tendency of his. "My brother, who was a year and a half older than I, used to hit me when we were children. Once—I must have been eight or ten—my mother asked him, 'Why are you always hitting poor Hans, who hasn't done anything to you?' He said, 'Mama, sometimes Hans says things that I can only answer by hitting him.' I've always liked that story. But the truth is that my way of saying things has saved me many times."

He deposits the baskets near the back door, walks to a vine-covered terrace,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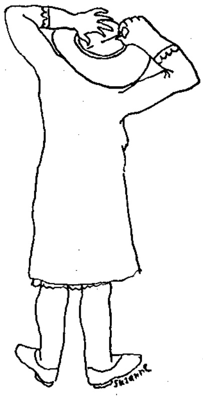
and sits down on a weather-beaten wooden chair. "In my office at I. G. Farben in the mid-thirties, I had an argument with a colleague over something utterly absurd—where to place a cupboard, or some such thing," he goes on. "He was not a stupid man, professionally, and he occupied a decent position, but he was an ardent Nazi. When I refused to give ground, he said to me, 'I know that you're anti-Nazi, and I'm going to denounce you.' I got very angry and began to shout, 'Go immediately, because I'm going to your party's office to denounce *you* for abuse of power! Then you'll see what happens!' Everyone in the office was open-mouthed, and the man turned his back on me and went away. The matter ended there, because he was afraid to do anything—whereas if he had gone to the Nazis they would surely have supported him."

Hans Deichmann has never made capital-H History. Quite the contrary: he is one of those remarkable people who feel compelled to do what they can (little enough, he would tell you) to mitigate capital-H History's excesses and to remind others how dangerous its makers can be. Much of his life has been spent in protesting against moral indifference and political opportunism—reacting to and perhaps expiating his having been born into a class and a nation whose indifference and opportunism, he believes, were largely responsible for the worst of the many disasters humanity has perpetrated upon itself. He thinks he is a man of "small" talents, but that is because the world values insufficiently his particular talents: clear-sightedness, appreciation of others' achievements, enjoyment of life, friendship.



He also has a singular talent for pulling together memory's apparently miscellaneous strands and making them draw him in interesting directions. Recently, for instance, he was chatting with a man who mentioned that his hobby was collecting and restoring old horse-drawn carriages. The man's words made Hans suddenly visualize four golden buttons that he hadn't thought about in over seventy-five years, and the buttons set off a series of recollections of his early childhood, before the First World War. The Deichmann family's carriage—dark blue with yellow rubber-surfaced wheels—had a small window at the front for communicating with the coachman and the footman. Both servants wore full livery—gray cloth tailcoats with a pair of golden buttons in back, at the waist—and Hans remembers staring at those four buttons as the coach bore him and his mother from the courtyard of their grand but gloomy Renaissance-style house, opposite Cologne's cathedral, to her parents' house, ten minutes away.

In the early decades of this century, the Deichmanns were one of Cologne's "ten families." Hans's great-grandfather started the dynasty: he married into the Schaffhausen family, well-known Cologne bankers, and then, in 1858, founded his own bank. The Deichmann Bank later split up, as a result of schisms within the family; each splinter did well, and the one eventually presided over by Hans's father, Carl Theodor Deichmann, did especially well. "My father was an ultra-conservative, who loved horses and hunting, and whose greatest pride was being a captain in the Second Uhlan Guard Regiment of Potsdam," Hans says. "He and his horses used to take the train from Cologne to Potsdam every year for maneuvers. But he never accepted a title of nobility."

Hans's mother, Ada Schnitzler, also came from a family of financiers. (Although Schaffhausen and Schnitzler were common names among German-speaking Jews, these Schaffhausens and Schnitzlers were not Jewish.) She was nineteen in 1905, when she married Carl Theodor Deichmann, then thirty-nine. It was not a marriage of love: she had tried to cancel the wedding at the last minute, but her mother had bullied her into going through with it. Hans believes that his mother was very unhappy during the early years of her marriage, despite the births of her children—Carl in 1906, Hans on September 9, 1907, and Freya in 1911. But in 1913, when the family moved from the gloomy building opposite the cathedral to a beautiful mid-nineteenth-century house in the Georgsplatz, she began to come into her own. She engaged artists and architects from Cologne's Werkbund to renovate the building in Liberty-influenced style; she had the windows enlarged, to let in as much light as possible; and she adorned the rooms with modern paintings, including a Blue Period portrait of a lady by Picasso. Her personality began to bloom.

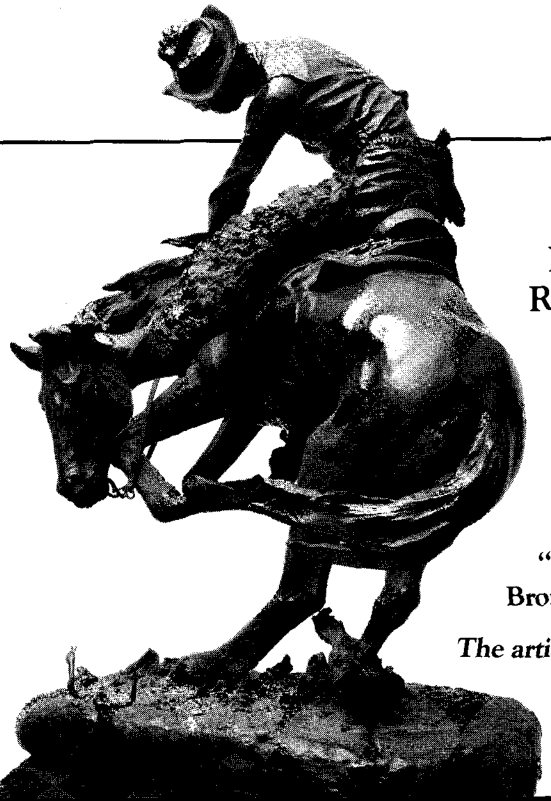
In a letter to a friend Hans has described his mother as "extraordinarily progressive" for her day and class: she was a volunteer social worker in Cologne's poorest district for many years; her sympathies were antimonarchical, and she voted either for the Democratic Party or for the Catholic left, although she and her husband were Protestant; and she "detested all the clamor that was so characteristic of the imperial Reich." The letter goes on, "Progress, she believed, had to begin at the top. Her limits lay precisely in her belief that she was always *at* the top: that she should always be at the top and nowhere else was beyond dispute, and she would not put up with others' doubts in that regard."

A year after the Deichmanns moved into their new home, the First World War began, and Carl Theodor enlisted. "He didn't have to go, as he was already in his late forties, but he was enthusiastic about the war," Hans says. The war caused no violent disruptions in the Deichmann children's lives. Food was scarce, however, and the situation worsened after Germany's defeat. Hans recalls, "A couple of English officers and their attendants were billeted with us, and I would wait for them to send their trays downstairs after breakfast so that I could eat the crusts from their toast. And we were rich. Just imagine how things were for the poor! We owned a farm fifty kilometres from Cologne, and my mother once had a wagonload of potatoes brought to town for us. That was illegal; private persons were not supposed to transport food for themselves. The farmer had covered the load in his one-horse cart with papers, and when he was stopped by the police and asked what he was carrying he said, 'Movable goods for the Deichmann Bank'—a phrase that became a standing joke in our family. Fortunately, they let him through, and we had potatoes that winter."

Carl Theodor Deichmann's four and a half years in the armed forces confirmed his wife's estrangement from him, and also reinforced the predominance of Ada Deichmann's influence on her children. Hans was ashamed when his father—whom people continued to call Herr Major, more ironically than as a sign of respect—hung out the black-white-and-red flag of the old Reich for the death of the former Empress Augusta Victoria in 1921. Hans's mother, on the other hand, had opposed the war from the start. "It's no wonder that for us children there was never any place for nationalism, militarism, or conservatism," he says, "and that as a result of her belief in democracy and progress Fascism had nothing to feed on in us."

Hans has written, however, that he grew up with a dilemma that has worsened over the years—"the dilemma of, on the one hand, being a product of my class, which in certain respects even I considered positive at the time, and, on the other hand, not wanting to belong to that class." He explains, "I have really had little in common with it, except a certain cultural background that was already watered down at the beginning of the century and that has now reached the point of dissolution. This dilemma made isolation inevitable. As a boy I had few friends outside our family circle; I had no 'street-friends,' and even today I can remember my fear of such contacts. We lived at the edge of a working-class neighborhood, so at confirmation classes my brother and I were the only bourgeois boys. Going to each of those lessons required a tremendous effort, because I constantly felt that I was different from the others. I was afraid of doing something bad but I also had a great yearning to do something bad. An incapacity to belong to a community and an inescapable desire to belong to one have been part of me all my life."

Family life was not harmonious, so Hans and his brother were sent to boarding school when they reached high-school age. They attended the Deutsches Kolleg in Bad Godesberg, twenty miles from Cologne—Hans was there from 1923 to 1926—and went home every second weekend and for holidays. It was a good school, considered progressive at the time. Hans did well in art history and mathematics and got by with "sufficient"s in other subjects. After passing his diploma exams, he enrolled in the Law Faculty of Cologne University. German law students were in the habit of attending university in a most casual manner until their fourth semester, and Hans



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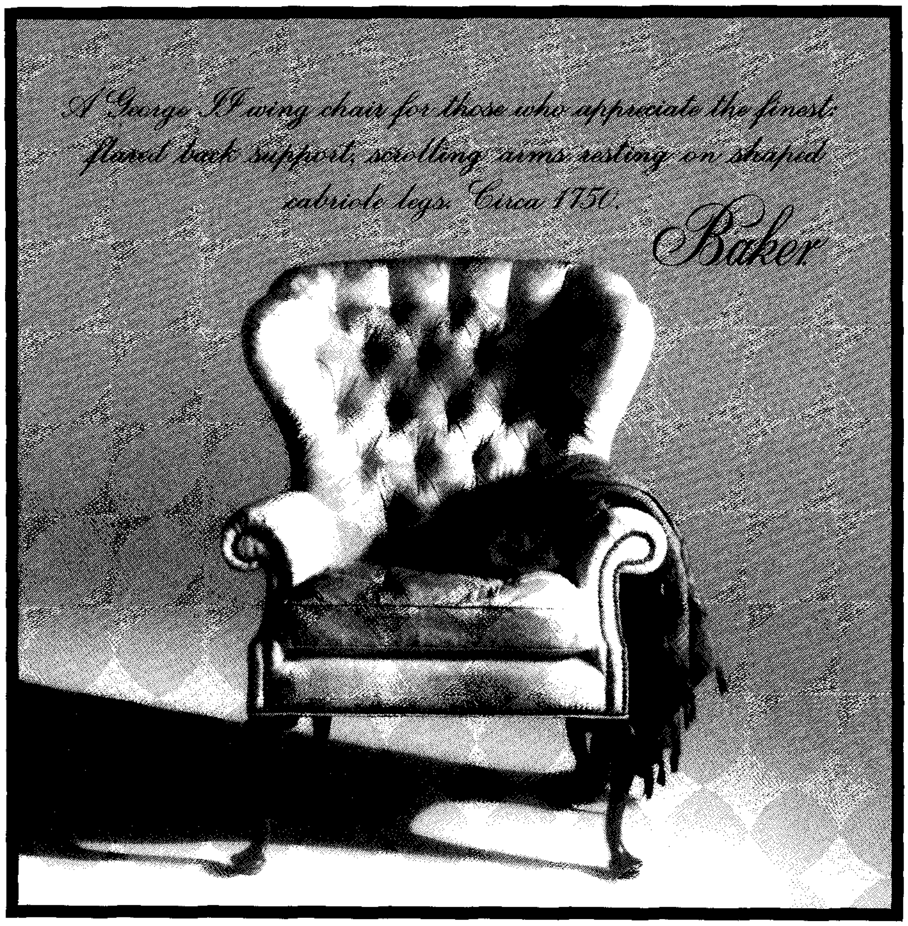

A George II wing chair for those who appreciate the finest: flared back support, scrolling arms resting on shaped cabriole legs. Circa 1750.

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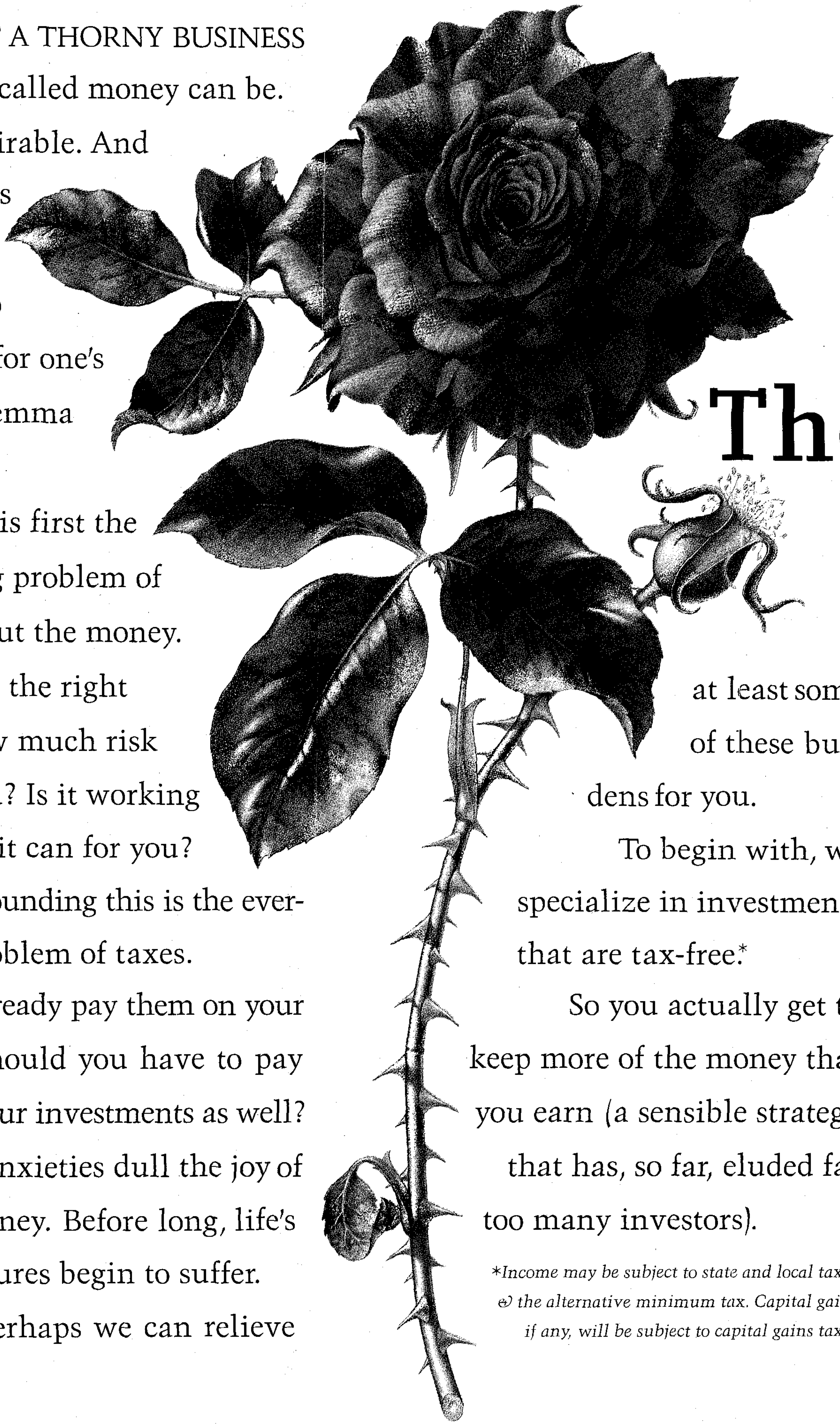

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took full advantage of the freedom. He began by spending several months in 1926 as a paying guest with a family in Oxford, in order to learn English, and then went to Munich, where he spent his mornings enthusiastically going to lectures on civil law and art history at the university.

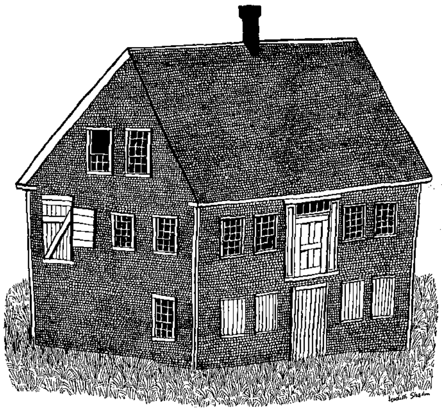
"Afterward, I would return to my room to sleep, so that I could go out in the evening and dance all night," he says. "It was Carnival, and I went out about forty times in two months. The old, prewar society still existed in Munich—the families of the kings and counts and barons of Bavaria—and each family organized balls at home. I'd had no idea, coming from the Rhineland, that this sort of thing was still going on. Years later, I understood why boys like me were considered valuable merchandise: we were blond, nice-looking, well brought up, clean-cut—just the sort these families wanted their daughters to dance with. I wore tails and white gloves, and I remember the elegantly dressed elderly ladies sitting on the sidelines, watching everything that happened. Incredible when I think of it today! And the best part of it was that afterward I could say to myself, 'Well, now I've done *that*.' I never again had a desire to try anything like it.

"I spent the next semester at the University of Vienna, attending some lectures that were nothing special. But after two months I met the Schwarzwalds, and everything changed for me."

HANS is fond of quoting an adage of Eugenie Schwarzwald's, "*Organisation ist das halbe Leben*" ("Organization is half of living"), and he tries to organize his works and days methodically. Sometimes, however, his taste for *le divin imprévu* distracts him from the subject at hand, whatever it may be. Organization then falls away like the booster stage of a rocket. In other words, no matter how carefully he labels, annotates, and files correspondence, newspaper clippings, and other material, he often has a damnably hard time finding what he's looking for. But Eugenie Schwarzwald's influence on him was decisive in many other ways, and his gratitude has remained so strong that he spent a substantial portion of his time in recent years working on a book about her. "Leben mit Provisorischer Genehmigung" ("Living with Provisional Approval"), based mainly on documents, was published in Vienna in 1988. Hans esteems professionalism, and as he is not a professional writer he refers to himself as the book's "chronicler" rather than its author.

Eugenie (Genia) Nussbaum was born in Galicia in 1872 to Jewish parents, and grew up in Chernovtsy (Czernowitz), the capital of Bukovina, which was then part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and is now in the Soviet Union. Little is known of her childhood except that it was not a happy one and that the memory of it made her decide early in life to dedicate herself to giving joyful, useful childhoods to others. She attended the University of Zurich; when she graduated, in 1900, she was one of the few women in Europe to have taken a Ph.D. degree. The same year, she moved to Vienna and married Hermann (Hemme) Schwarzwald, a fellow-Czernowitzian Jew, who was to become one of the architects of Austria's monetary reform following the First World War, and the president of the Anglo-Austrian Bank.

Genia was interested in a different kind of reform—educational reform. She founded a private, progressive school for girls in Vienna in 1901 and soon made a name for herself in the movement to improve public education in Austria. By 1928, the Minister of Education could declare publicly that Frau Doktor Schwarzwald deserved most of the credit for progress in the nation's schools. In the meantime, however, she had made herself valuable in a more urgent cause: during and after the First World War, she had organized communal kitchens and rural camps for thousands of undernourished and otherwise deprived Viennese children and adolescents. So successful were those programs that in 1923, at the worst moment in Germany's economic crisis, she was given the use of part of the former imperial palace in Berlin to set up a similar mass-nourishment center, mainly for students. It soon became known to the international press as the Schlossküche, the Palace Kitchen.



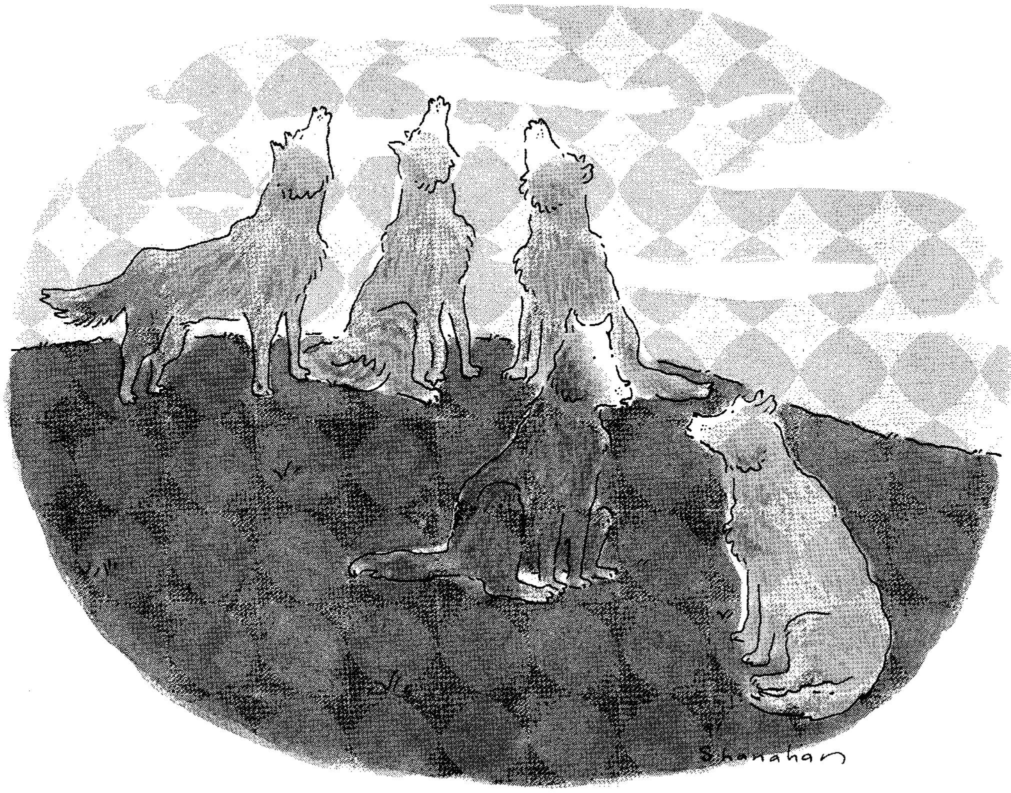
Genia and Hemme's interests were wide-ranging and intense, and a circle formed around them which included, at various times in the first four decades of this century, writers, poets, and journalists such as Rilke, Brecht, Musil, Canetti, Karl Kraus, Jakob Wassermann, Carl Zuckmayer, Gottfried Benn, Egon Friedell, Karin Michaelis, Arno Holz, Sinclair Lewis, Dorothy Thompson, and Edgar Mowrer; the musicians Arnold Schoenberg, Egon Wellesz, Adolf Busch, Rudolf Serkin, Lotte Leonard, Max Rostal, and Greta Kraus; the architect Adolf Loos, the actress Helene Weigl, the painter Oskar Kokoschka, the photographer Bill Brandt, and the legal scholar Hans Kelsen. Hans Deichmann has written, "It was not what is commonly called a 'salon'; it was much more—to use Kokoschka's excellent description—a spiritual center in the form of an open house. Everyone had access to it—not only celebrated intellectuals and artists but also many young people, girls of all ages from the Schwarzwald School, and university students." The young people called themselves *Schwarzwaldkinder*.

Herr Doktor and Frau Doktor were satirized by Karl Kraus and Musil (they appear as the Schwarzgelbers in Kraus's "The Last Days of Mankind" and as the Tuzzis in Musil's "The Man Without Qualities"), but, according to Hans, "the spontaneity and the invisible but at the same time continually detectable authority of the house's residents made everyone happily submit to them." They were fully incorporated into, and even honored by, pre- and post-First World War Austrian society, yet they were constantly trying to change it. ("The only good thing about accepting a decoration from the government," Hemme Schwarzwald told Kokoschka, "is knowing that that particular decoration can never be offered to you again.")

Hans met the Schwarzwalds through a friend who had frequented the Schlossküche in Berlin, and once he had set foot in their house, in the

Josefstädter Strasse, he remained in their thrall. The affection was mutual. "Among Genia's assorted young friends, you are the only one who can be *with* us older ones without our feeling an age difference," Karin Michaelis wrote him in 1932, when Frau Doktor was sixty and Hans twenty-five. "I can see why Genia picked you out from the rest as a true friend."

Some years ago, Hans made a list of what he had learned from Genia and Hemme. He had learned to listen, to be open, to be patient ("despite which I have always been considered impatient"), and not to become a victim of his own prejudices. He had learned that respect for others ("even the stupider sort") is indispensable to any healthy social environment, and that although it is good to keep one's goals steadily in mind, it is not always good to want to reach them immediately. He had learned to make incorruptible judgments, to be "unconditionally but demandingly benevolent," to admit his mistakes to himself, to make fun of himself ("*Selbstpersiflage*, self-mockery, was a concept much favored by Frau Doktor"), and not to attribute much importance to a person's age. "In short, I learned to be a relatively free man," he says. "Frau Doktor always said that I already knew all these things and that she and Hemme had only brought them to light and activated them. As a matter of fact, Herr and Frau Doktor, surrounded as they were by so many difficult people, gave me the nickname *der Ordinäre*, 'the Ordinary One.' "



"I lost the groove."

• •

FOLLOWING a second semester in Vienna, Hans settled down to serious study—this time at the University of Bonn—but he spent all his holidays and many weekends with the Schwarzwalds. He often travelled twelve hours in a third-class railway compartment with unpadded wooden seats, enjoyed thirty-six hours in Vienna, then got back on the train for the twelve-hour return trip. He passed his final exam, the *Referendar*, and went on to get a doctorate in law in 1931, which was an important year for him for another reason, too: his father's bank closed its doors.

Carl Theodor Deichmann had made a disastrously bad investment at the height of the Depression, and the bank was left without liquid assets. The German-English banker John Henry Schroeder, who had married Carl Theodor's sister Emma, was kind enough to step in and guarantee the debts. "My uncle had to be good for a noteworthy sum, as our bank had for several decades been one of Cologne's largest private financial institutions," Hans says. Bankruptcy was avoided, but Hans's father was crushed. "He was sixty-five years old, his life's work had suddenly gone bad, and he didn't know what to do," Hans recalls. "His health had always been robust, but shortly after the bank disaster he came down with pneumonia and let himself die."

Hans mourned his father's death, but he feels that insofar as the bank failure affected the course of his own life it was a great piece of luck: "There was nothing now to stop me from fending for myself." The palatial house in the Georgsplatz had to be abandoned—a dozen years later it was destroyed by Allied bombs—and its more precious contents sold. "Fortunately, my mother hadn't spoiled her children, so the shock wasn't a real shock to us," Hans says. "We were by no means desperate at the thought that our *jeunesse dorée* had come to an end. Conditions had changed, and that was that." A monthly allowance from Emma Deichmann Schroeder, in England, kept the family from going under; although in January of 1931 Hans had been taken on as an apprentice at I. G. Farben, his income was well below the survival level.

Ada Deichmann's brother, Georg von Schnitzler, who was the I. G.'s commercial director, had hired Hans. "I was so content to be in Frankfurt!" he recalls. "I was twenty-three years old, I had finished my dissertation, and I felt that I was a free man. But then I found myself stuck with an extremely boring job, beginning with rubber-fingering my way through copies of bills, day after day, and for a token honorarium of forty marks a month. That was what I. G. Farben considered a useful apprenticeship for someone with a law degree! The degree meant only that my apprenticeship was reduced to two years from the customary three. But I'm happy to be able to say that in all that time no one in the office knew I was the boss's nephew."

Hans continued to visit Vienna whenever he could, and when Genia went to Berlin for professional reasons

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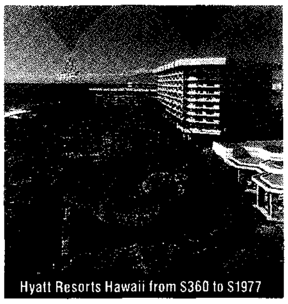
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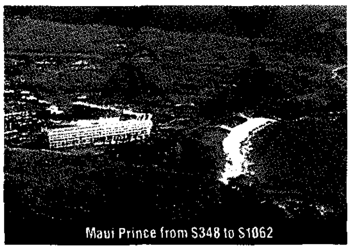
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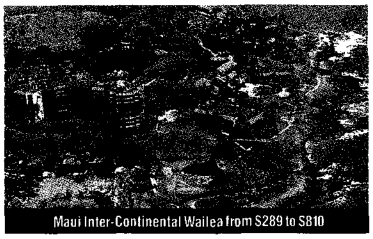
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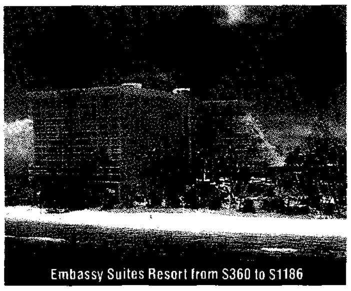
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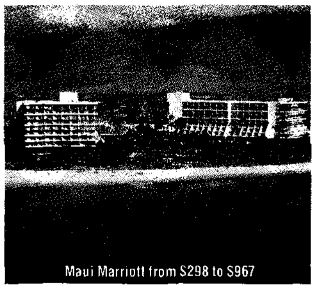
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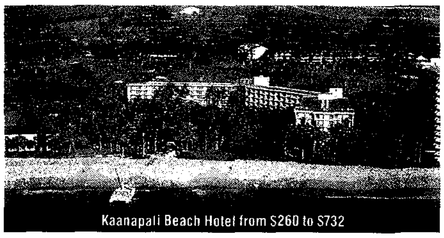
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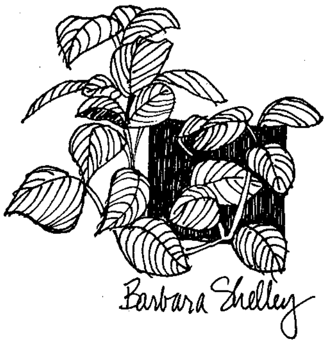
he would meet her there. He particularly recalls one such trip, in late 1932—a few weeks after an election in which the National Socialist Party suffered such enormous losses that many people believed that the movement had begun to decline. "I had hardly any money, as usual, and was travelling third class, but at one point I felt hungry and went to the dining car to eat a sandwich," Hans says. "While I was there, the train made a stop at Magdeburg, and I could hear people on the platform singing the 'Hitlerlied' and shouting 'Heil! Heil! Heil!' A moment later, one of those hateful, dull-faced, hundred-per-cent-Prussian-type Germans—the kind we in the Rhineland have always detested—walked into the car, made the rounds, and found all the tables full except mine. I was sitting at an otherwise empty table for four. As I looked sufficiently blond, he sat down, diagonally opposite me. A moment later Hitler and an aide entered the car, and the man at my table motioned for them to come over. Hitler sat down directly opposite me. I was *disgusted*. He was dirty, his clothes had food stains on them, and the neck and cuffs of his shirt were greasy. After the three of them ordered their meal, Hitler said, 'That girl in the front row was pretty, wasn't she? But I'm not supposed to look at the girls. All you want me to do is talk, talk, talk.' Then they began to eat. I found him so disgusting that I paid my check and rushed off instead of staying to listen to him talk. I could never have imagined that such a man would become Chancellor of Germany within two months."



For six weeks, during the winter of 1933-34, Hans did manual labor at a dye works in Kulmbach, a small town in northeastern Bavaria; this was part of his apprenticeship at I. G. Farben. "I talked with the workers, and they seemed to have nothing to say against the Nazis," Hans recalls. "They were silent—and they weren't entirely dissatisfied. There was more work than before, and even in such a small place there was a feeling of relief in the air. Things seemed to be getting better. Later, of course, their pay was reduced and provisions became scarcer, but by then they had lost the right to protest."

I. G. Farben had a subsidiary in Paris, known as SOPI, and Hans was transferred to it in the spring of 1934, to work and to learn. And there he got married. He had first met his future wife, Senta (Dickie) Fayan Vlielander Hein, at the Schwarzwalds', a few years earlier, when he was involved with someone else; he had liked Dickie, who was of mixed Dutch and German parentage, from the start, but he fell in love with her only later. In 1934, she was studying medicine in Vienna and living at the Schwarzwalds'. She and Hans arranged to meet in Paris in July and get married. "We remained for over a year in Paris, which was a wonderful place in those days, and we were very, very happy there," Hans says. "We knew how lucky we were to be out of Nazi Germany, and we enjoyed ourselves all the more for it. The idea of staying out permanently tempted us, but we decided not to, or even to move to Austria, which was still free, and where I could have found work. It seemed to us then that we shouldn't take the places of people who really needed to get out. In fact, when we left Paris our friends Lotte Leonard, the singer, and her husband, who were Jewish, and whom we knew through the Schwarzwalds, took over the lease on our little furnished apartment."

In December, 1935, following a short stint in Lyons, where Hans worked at another I. G. Farben subsidiary, the young couple moved back to Frankfurt. "After a year and a half in France, we found the atmosphere in Germany oppressive, absolutely ghastly," Hans recalls. "On one of our first nights back, we lay in bed and consoled ourselves by taking turns sipping from a bottle of marvellous marc that we'd bought in Lyons. Frankfurt had been bad enough even before Hitler. I had written an essay on it as part of a newfangled, American-style intelligence test I'd had to take not more than six weeks before the Nazis came to power; I'd said that Frankfurt was an awful town and that the only feature that made it even barely livable was the presence of the Jews. Three years later, in the hands of the Nazis and without the Jews, it was really terrible."

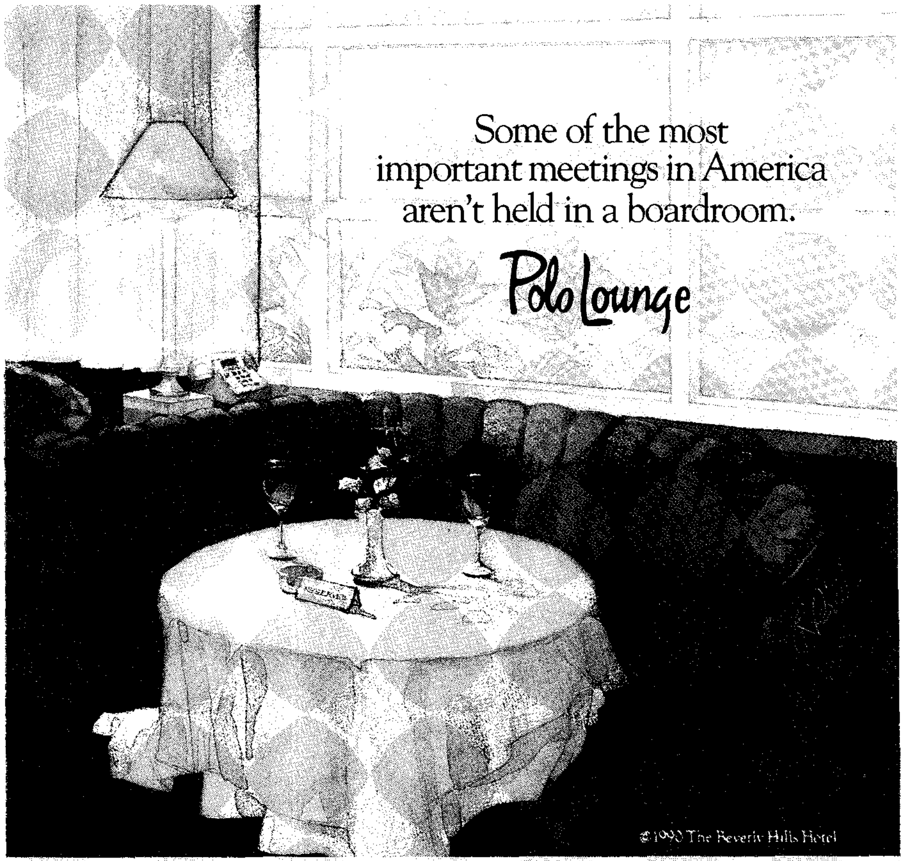
To avoid the heavily politicized atmosphere of the city as much as possible, and because they believed that war was imminent, Hans and Dickie found a small apartment in the nearby town of Oberursel, near the hilly Taunus region. The only way Hans could commute was by buying a car with his share of the money from his aunt in England, which had accumulated while he was in France. "Getting the keys to one's own car wasn't as common then as it is now," he says. "We picked ours up one Saturday evening and drove proudly around Frankfurt. At the Opera Square we noticed some creatures in Nazi uniforms holding out cans to collect money for their party. One of them stopped us to ask for a contribution, and I got so angry that I put the car in gear and drove at him. He moved aside at the last moment, shouting, 'I'll denounce you! I'll denounce you!' We drove into a little side street and stopped, feeling drained and frightened. In the end he didn't denounce us, but after that we always stopped when we were asked, and made a token contribution, out of prudence."

That was typical of Hans's behavior during the whole prewar period, which he lived through "conscientiously but not courageously," he says. "If I'd been more courageous, I wouldn't be here today." Like other Germans who hated the regime, he attempted to annoy as many Nazis as possible without risking his life. The occasions were few; people who hear about them now, when the horrors of the Second World War and the Holocaust have become part of a medium-distant collective consciousness, may find them utterly insignificant—especially people who have never experienced life in a police state. But at that time and under those circumstances little incidents of self-assertion had just enough moral significance to keep those responsible for them from drowning spiritually.

"We had a telephone booth in our office," Hans recalls, "and there was a sign on its window saying 'We Greet Each Other with the German Greeting'—in other words, 'Heil Hitler!' Everyone opposed to the regime always tried to avoid saying 'Heil Hitler!' One day, I tore the sign off and threw it away, and before I knew it someone had come to demand an explanation. I told him, 'It's an insult to me, because I *know* it and don't need to be reminded!' I never heard about it again. But the best sign was the one over the toilet in the lavatory of the office opposite mine. It said 'The German Greeting, So Pure and Simple, Does Not Belong in Places of This Kind. Heil Hitler! Sounds Too High and Fine for Such a Location.' Once I had discovered the sign, I always used that toilet. I would shout 'Heil Hitler!' at the toilet as I entered and then loudly reprimand myself for having forgotten that one wasn't supposed to say it there.

"As most of the Nazis weren't very bright, the best way to do something against their interests was to persuade them that you were really acting *in* their interests—and that wasn't always so difficult. Take the case of an old Nazi who got a job in our office in 1936. I once asked him, 'Is it true that when Hitler came to power you people started to use torture?' 'No, we didn't really torture people,' he said. 'We would put them in a basement and fill it with water. When the water was up to their necks, they would talk.' This horrible man was a hard drinker, and one fine day I used that fact as an excuse for asking the head of personnel to replace him. My colleagues either disagreed with me for having done this or were frightened, but it worked. And it worked because the reason I gave was that the man was an embarrassment to the 'purity' of the Hitler movement. It may be that only one aspect of the situation has some meaning today: our continuous awareness of the terror that surrounded us and of the necessity of avoiding contact with Nazis whenever and however we could." Remarkably, Hans even managed to avoid joining the Nazi Party, no matter how many people told him it would be good for his career and his family. "Whenever people in Frankfurt would ask me to join, I would say, 'No, not here. It's something one should do where one lives.' In the village where we lived, I would always tell the Nazis, 'No, it's something one should do where one works.' "

Hans and Dickie were willing to forgo most other amenities for the sake of the car, so that they could "escape," as Hans puts it, whenever possible. In 1936, shortly before the birth of their first child, Maria, they managed to meet the Schwarzwalds in Zurich. He recalls, "As soon as we had crossed the border, we stopped the car, climbed up a nearby hill, and shouted, 'Hitler is a scoundrel! Hitler is a criminal!' It was such a relief to be able to say it out loud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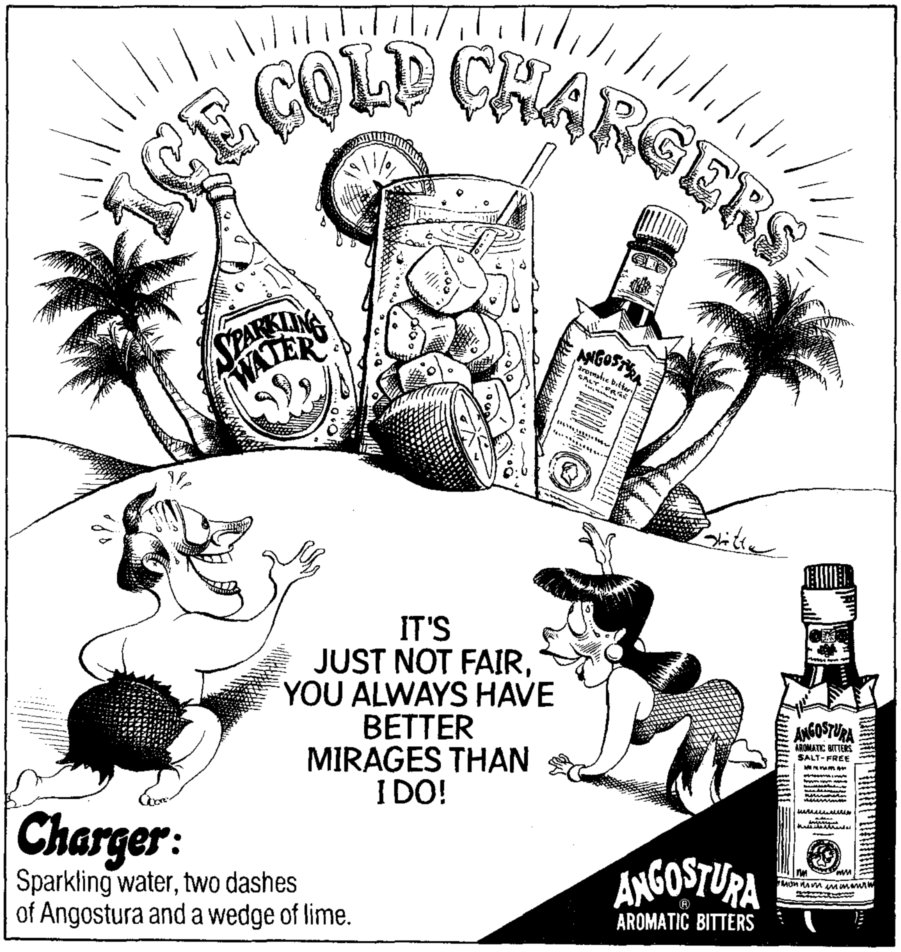
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for once! Then we got back in the car and continued on our way."

Thinking back on those years, Hans's friend Greta Kraus—a Vienna-born, half-Jewish harpsichordist, pianist, and *Schwarzwaldkind*—says that "Hans hated Hitler as no Jew could have. He was not a victim. He was someone whose life had been dirtied forever because of what his own people were doing." Greta Kraus fled to Canada in 1938, the year of Austria's Nazification and the year of Kristallnacht, which Hans remembers as Germany's point of no return.

"There was one employee in my office whom I trusted, although he was not an active anti-Fascist," he says. "As the synagogues of Frankfurt were beginning to burn that day, I called him over to the window—he reminded me of this after the war—and said to him, 'This is the end of Germany.' "

IN 1937, I. G. Farben put Hans in charge of selling dyestuffs in Italy. He learned Italian and began to make frequent trips to Italy, which Mussolini, after fifteen years in power, had transformed into a police state, though less efficiently than Hitler had transformed Germany in a much shorter period. To get to Italy, Hans had to travel through Switzerland, where he had access to unlimited, unpropagandized information, and where he could look up German and Austrian Jewish friends in exile. Foremost among the friends were Genia and Hemme Schwarzwald.

Genia had been in Denmark on a lecture tour in March, 1938, when Austria allowed itself to be annexed to Nazi Germany. Hans and another "Aryan" *Schwarzwaldkind* had rushed to Copenhagen, unbeknownst to each other, to persuade Frau Doktor not to return to Vienna. But Hemme, in Vienna, did not have enough money to pay the immigration tax, cover moving costs, and bribe Nazi functionaries to give him a passport. Hans took action. In the previous few years, he had managed to save ten thousand marks. He set aside a thousand marks for necessities—Dickie was expecting a second child—and took the rest to Vienna to arrange for Hemme's emigration.

Hemme and Genia took up residence in Zurich, where they were safe but not sound. Each had dedicated four decades of intense activity to Austria, and Austria had betrayed them. At first, Genia felt she had the strength to carry on, but Hemme's health gave out rapidly. In August, 1939, two weeks before Germany invaded Poland, he died—"of a broken heart," says Hans, who was with the Schwarzwalds at the time. Then Genia was found to have cancer. Hans occasionally visited her by using a ruse: Once the war had begun, Germans were technically allowed only to pass through Switzerland without stopping, but the border guards stamped passports with just the dates of entrance and exit, not the exact times. Hans would take a train that entered the country shortly after midnight, stay with Frau Doktor until late afternoon, and catch a train that got him across the Italian border before midnight. Genia died, at the age of sixty-eight, in August, 1940, at the most depressing moment of the war.

The other *Schwarzwaldkind* who had gone to Copenhagen in 1938 to persuade Frau Doktor not to return to Austria was Helmuth James von Moltke. Hans refers to himself in his book on Genia Schwarzwald as "chronicler" rather than author, but in the one other book for which he is responsible—an Italian volume containing Moltke's letters to his wife—he does not give himself even that much credit. The title page bears no author's or editor's name but says only, "*Helmuth James von Moltke—Futuro e resistenza —Dalle lettere degli anni 1926-1945.*" Hans's name appears only at the end of the foreword, in an alphabetical list of contributors to the undertaking. In this case he had a personal reason for insisting on virtual anonymity: he did not want to exaggerate the extent of his connections with Moltke's circle —or, as he puts it, "to boast about being the brother-in-law of someone who was hanged by Hitler." Yet Moltke's life and death have been strongly present in Hans's consciousness for so long that there is no way to tell Hans's story without including Moltke.

Moltke was a great-grandnephew of Bismarck's renowned field marshal Helmuth von Moltke, through whom he inherited the title of count and the family estate, Kreisau, in Silesia. The younger Helmuth was exceptionally intelligent, highly cultivated, profoundly religious, and idealistically attracted to politics and international law. At the time of the Berlin Schlossküche, he had come under the sway of Genia Schwarzwald, and in 1929, at a summer camp run by the Schwarzwalds, Moltke, then twenty-two, met and fell in love with Hans's eighteen-year-old sister, Freya. They married two years later, after Helmuth had taken a law degree and had managed to redeem Kreisau from bankruptcy. In the late twenties, Genia Schwarzwald introduced Moltke to the American newspaper columnist Dorothy Thompson and to the Berlin correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, Edgar Mowrer. These connections later enabled him to influence several newspapers in the United States when he was trying to alert Americans to the dangers of the rising National Socialist movement.

During the early and middle thirties, Moltke divided his time between legal work and the management of Kreisau. His letters of those years testify to a Cassandra-like prescience in assessing the cataclysmic effect that Nazism would have on Germany. Once Hitler had come to power, Moltke labored tirelessly to help Jews emigrate. When war broke out, he was drafted as a counsellor on international law to the Abwehr (Intelligence Office), within the Armed Forces' High Command. As his English biographers Michael Balfour and Julian Frisby point out in their 1972 book "Helmuth von Moltke: A Leader Against Hitler," the position justified his maintaining contact with the outside world and allowed him to attempt—sometimes successfully—to make Germany adhere to the corpus of international laws on war. Moltke soon discovered, to his surprise, that the Abwehr included many anti-Nazis, who represented a variety of political views. These acquaintanceships led to others, and he eventually found himself at the center of one of the most significant groups in the German Resistance movement.

The actions against the regime which Moltke brought off were many and undoubtedly worthwhile, but from the over-all European wartime perspective they shrank to invisibility, and he knew it. He also knew that he was likely to be caught sooner or later, and, indeed, in January, 1944, he was arrested on general suspicion. He was questioned intermittently, but, because the accusations against him were either vague or unprovable, his imprisonment was initially nothing more than preventive detention. Then, on July 20th, came the ill-fated attempt on Hitler's life. Moltke had not approved of plans of that sort, mainly because he believed that Hitler and the other Nazi leaders should be brought down not by assassination but by Germany's defeat. But he had known Claus von Stauffenberg, Adam von Trott zu Solz, and many of the other people involved in the plot, and in the atmosphere of heightened terror following the assassination attempt damning information about Moltke's subversive activities came to the Nazis' attention. As some of the conspirators had once met at the Moltke estate, the Gestapo began to refer to the whole group as the Kreisauer Kreis, or Kreisau Circle. Moltke was tried and sentenced to death by the notorious People's Court, although he was not found guilty of any concrete attempt to overthrow the regime. His only crime, as he said in one of his last letters to Freya, was that of having thought. He walked calmly to the scaffold on January 23, 1945, at the age of thirty-seven.

HANS managed to avoid military service for the first two and a half years of the war, because his liaison work between I. G. Farben and its Italian subsidiaries was considered important, and cannon fodder was not yet in short supply. Once Germany had invaded Russia, however, conditions worsened, and Hans learned from a friend on the draft board that his callup was imminent. He had already begun to say goodbye to his colleagues when the government ordered him to go to Rome, not in a military capacity but as a civilian representing the chemical division of the Armaments Ministry. His first stop was Berlin, where, on March 10, 1942, he met with delegates from the Italian Fascist Construction Federation, "in order to work out contracts for the enlistment of slaves," he says. "I didn't realize at first that the Germans were interested only in slave labor, because the agreements provided

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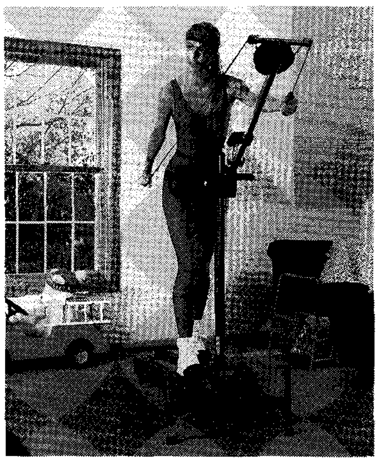

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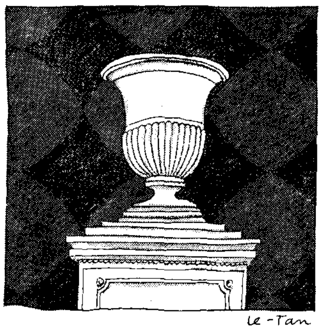
for regular work teams, to be made up of workers, foremen, engineers, and even bookkeepers responsible for paying salaries. The teams were to be sent to three work sites—Heydebreck, Blechhammer, and Auschwitz." Once he had visited the three sites and had got to Rome, he grasped what was happening and what his real task was going to be: keeping between five thousand and seven thousand Italians alive and reasonably well under the most unpromising conditions.

Although the Germans and the Italians were nominally allies, they mistrusted and often felt contempt for each other. Hans found himself siding with the Italians. "The Germans had so little humanity," he says. "Their vision of the world was contained within a few rigid categories—despite which they were corrupt. Even corrupt people can be tolerable, of course, but not if they pretend to be honest. The only way I could get the Germans to satisfy any of the Italians' requests was by making them believe that *they* had something to gain. Their need to feel superior was evidently so great that they always caused trouble when given the chance."

The worst conditions were at Heydebreck, where the Teutonic concept of efficiency was so strictly enforced that the Italians were terribly unhappy and therefore worked inefficiently. Blechhammer was run by an uncle of Dickie's, who was not a convinced Nazi. "He was hardly prepared to stick his neck out politically, but at least he understood human needs," Hans says. "When Italy capitulated to the Allies, in September, 1943, he followed my advice and sent as many Italians as possible home for 'health' reasons."



Oddly, for the Italians the least bad of the three camps was Auschwitz, thanks to the understanding of a young officer, Schneider, who was responsible for the "free" foreign workers. According to Hans, this man was the only German functionary at the camp who "didn't hide the truth from himself" and "tried to mitigate the horror in individual cases" whenever an opportunity arose. On June 23, 1943, Hans, talking to him about the war, sensed that Schneider, like him, wanted Germany to lose as quickly as possible, but, because neither man was certain of the other's reliability, both had to speak in circumlocutions. "All at once, Schneider told me that the secret weapon that Hitler had been triumphantly announcing in his recent speeches would soon be ready, and would quickly destroy England and the Allies' English bases," Hans says. "In alarm, but without showing it, I asked him how he had come to have such exact information. He calmly explained that before being transferred to Auschwitz he had been working at the site where the 'flying bomb'—the V-1 missile—was being built. As if it were the most natural thing in the world, he told me the name of the place: Peenemünde, near Stettin."

Hans decided then and there to pass the information as quickly as possible to the other side. "Although I had no doubts about the rightness of my decision, it disturbed me so much that I could hardly stand up," he recalls. "With the excuse of urgently needing to relieve myself, I asked Schneider for the key to his lavatory. Shaking with agitation, I shut myself in, checked that no one was in the next cubicle, took my datebook out of my pocket, and wrote 'Peenemünde'—which I'd never heard of before—in a script that would be illegible to others."

Four days later, in Rome, Hans went to the home of the Marchesa Santigliana, a Dutch woman who was the wife of a Venetian nobleman and a friend of Hans's mother-in-law. He knew that the Marchesa was vehemently anti-Nazi and that she had contacts at the Vatican who passed information to the Allies. As soon as she and Hans had located Peenemünde on a map, she phoned a certain monsignor and made an appointment for an urgent "religious conversation" that afternoon. The next day, she called Hans and told him, "The package was sent yesterday evening."

"I learned after the war, from a friend who had been in the guard corps at Peenemünde, that about a week after my 'betrayal' English reconnaissance planes had flown over the site," Hans says. "It was completely camouflaged, but by coincidence one of the flying bombs was out in the open at that moment." During the night of August 17th and the morning of August 18th, six hundred R.A.F. bombers attacked Peenemünde. The production site was not completely destroyed, but both V-1 and V-2 launchings were delayed until the summer of 1944. Given the bombs' deadly effectiveness, the postponement of their production certainly influenced the outcome of the war—or, at least, its duration.

"Churchill, in a speech to Parliament after the war, praised the English reconnaissance men for having discovered Peenemünde," Hans recalls. "They had undoubtedly done just that—but they had had to know where to look. Of course, they may have had information about Peenemünde from other sources, too, and what I did may have made little difference. But what was important to *me* was my decision at that moment to do everything I could, everywhere, to 'betray'—to make an effort to shorten the war and to contribute to the Nazis' defeat, which was the only way of stopping the ghastly crimes at Auschwitz and elsewhere. And this explains all the little actions I managed to carry out in Italy from the summer of 1943 until April of 1945."

The English bombardment of Peenemünde killed more than seven hundred people. "Am I guilty of that massacre?" Hans continues to ask himself. "If I had imagined it beforehand, would I have passed the information on anyway? Is the unarguable fact that the destruction of Peenemünde hastened the end of the war, thus saving thousands and thousands of lives from the crematory ovens of Auschwitz, a valid justification for what I did? If there is an unequivocal answer to these questions, I haven't found it."

WHILE Hans was racing back and forth across Europe, Dickie was living in a village, Dornholzhausen, near Bad Homburg, looking after the children—Maria, Thomas, and Josepha, born in 1936, 1938, and 1940—and keeping up a small farm: chickens, goats, a cow, a pig, and even a pony. Thus the family avoided undernourishment, but not disaster. One day in August, 1942, after an Allied bombing raid had left the area without gas, Dickie was boiling water on a makeshift electrical device; little

Josepha tugged at the cord and pulled the pot over on herself. She was rushed to a hospital in Frankfurt but did not survive. Hans remembers her as an especially delightful, lovable, bright child. Josepha's death left Dickie distraught. She wanted another child. Hans took her with him to Rome in October, and when she returned to Germany she was pregnant. Mathias, their last child, was born on July 11, 1943, two weeks after Hans "betrayed" Germany for the first time and one day after the Allies invaded Sicily.

The invasion confirmed what everyone had long known—that Italy was completely unprepared militarily—and by the end of July Mussolini had been deposed and arrested. While King Victor Emmanuel III and his new Prime Minister, Marshal Pietro Badoglio, were dithering about what to do next, the Germans massively reinforced their military presence in the northern two-thirds of the country. On September 8th, Italy surrendered unconditionally to the Allies, and the King and his ministers, to save their own skins, abandoned Rome to an uncertain fate. They regrouped in the southern city of Brindisi, which was held by the Allies, while Mussolini, who had been quickly freed from prison by a German commando squad, was being set up by the Nazis as the puppet dictator of the so-called Italian Social Republic, which had its headquarters at Salò, on Lake Garda. The battle lines had been drawn for a twofold war, international and civil, to be fought on Italian soil: German and Italian Fascist troops would be struggling to prevent the advance of Allied forces and Italian partisans.

After the King's flight, Rome was declared an "open city," but it remained in German hands for nine months. In Hans's memory Rome has come to symbolize the split in his wartime personality. "It's almost impossible to make what I felt then comprehensible now, because individual and collective consciousnesses, and the ways in which they worked on each other, have changed entirely," he says. "I never doubted that the world would become a better place—I still don't doubt it—and I was constantly on the lookout for signs that could be interpreted as tiny steps leading toward a better world. Finding a Nazi who behaved decently, who didn't denounce people, for instance, was enough to

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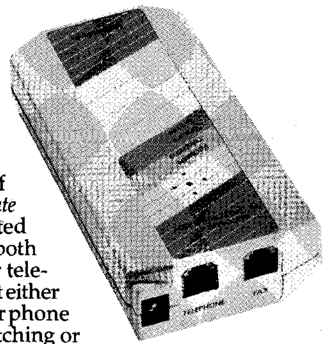

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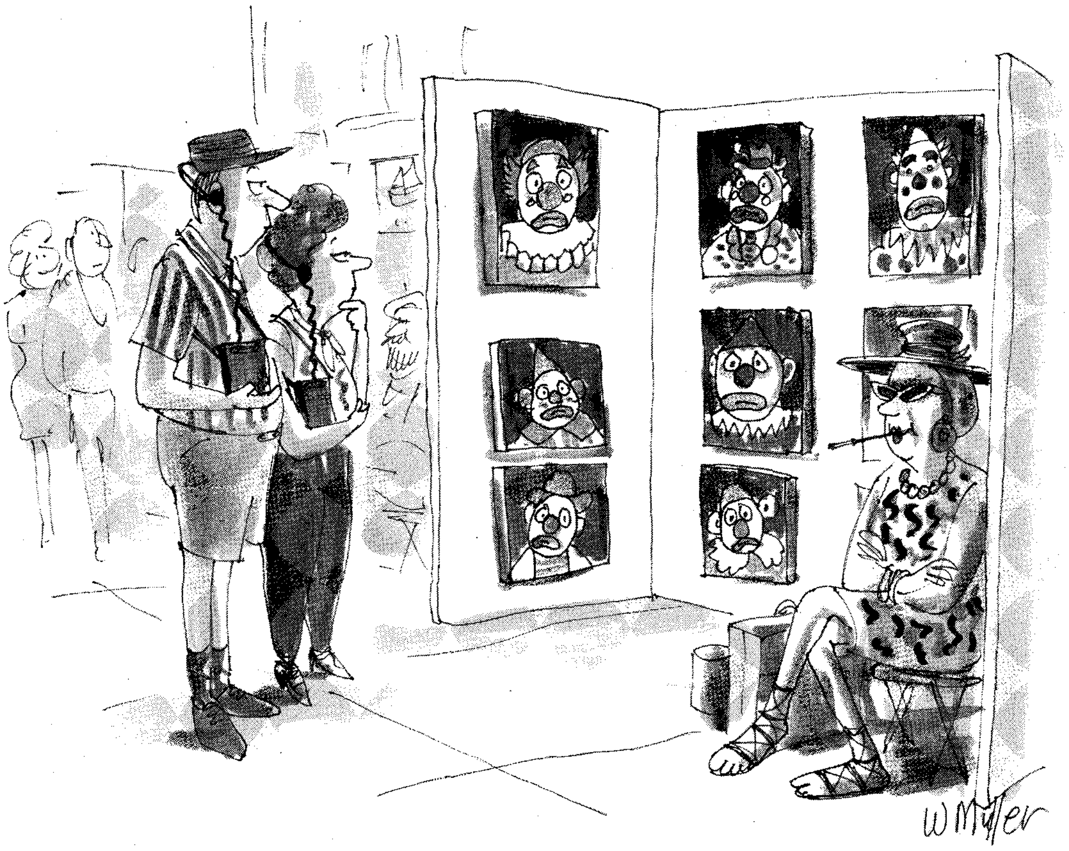

"And now, moving along to our right, we have Hilda Schumacher, of Zelton Falls, Pennsylvania. Ms. Schumacher has been painting clowns on velvet for over fifteen years, and we find her work a fine example of this genre."

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send me into a sort of ecstasy of faith. I wasn't a moralist. I fully enjoyed everything beautiful that came within my grasp and I felt no remorse. Yet I also had a constant perception of the horror all around. I once returned to Rome from Auschwitz, full of indescribable terror, only to fall in love with a young Roman woman a few days later. While I was embracing her, I continued to think of Auschwitz and of what I could do to help stop the evil. I was 'playing' simultaneously with terribly serious things and with lighthearted, amusing ones, and only by approaching the serious things, too, as a game, with a sort of lucid nonchalance, day by day, did I manage to accomplish anything at all."

The Italian Resistance had existed since the advent of Mussolini, twenty-one years earlier, but mainly as a rather small underground or exiled moral opposition. In the fall of 1943, it began to grow into a mass movement, which would eventually make a substantial contribution to the defeat of Nazism and Fascism in Italy. Through Ferdinando (Nando) Ferrè, a Milanese industrialist who had recently moved to Rome, and who was a friend of his, Hans made contact with Resistance organizers in the capital and soon set up what, if it had succeeded, would have been a significant propaganda victory: the capture or assassination of Fritz Sauckel, one of Hitler's leading supporters. During the Russian campaign of 1941-42, when the Führer stepped up the pace of mobilization, Sauckel had been given the important Manpower portfolio. "He controlled forced labor—labor to be carried out by prisoners of war, German Jews on the verge of being killed, and foreign civilians, including the very Italian workers for whose safety I considered myself responsible," Hans recalls. "There was no doubt that he was a man to be eliminated. I was very excited when I learned that he was coming to Rome, and I asked to organize the official dinner to be held in his honor. I chose the Santi Apostoli, a well-known, typically Roman restaurant, and arranged to have a long table set up, for twenty-four Nazis of the worst sort. In the afternoon, I passed by with Ferrè, so that he would be able to describe the setup to the partisans. The table occupied the left half of the restaurant, separated from the other half only by wooden screens. Sauckel was to sit at the center of the table on the side facing the screens, and would be flanked by civilians, so as to be immediately recognizable. We knew that he didn't have bodyguards, but we didn't know whether he was armed, beyond the obligatory 'Hitler dagger.' I was to sit at the end of the table, near the window, with my back to the screens, *right at the point where the* partisans were supposed to break in. Had Sauckel or anyone else fired back, I would have been caught in the crossfire. The dinner began at the preëstablished time, and I even shook hands with Sauckel—rationalizing that within an hour I would see that hand dead or captured. And then nothing happened. Nothing at all. I was told the next day that the partisans hadn't been able to decide which group would carry out the action and assume the political responsibility. They were afraid of reprisals, though if they had taken Sauckel alive there would have been no reprisals."

SOME of Hans's quieter attempts to damage the German cause in Italy fared much better. He was able to pass valuable information to the partisans and, through them, to the Allies, because he was present at meetings convened every second day by General Becht, the man responsible for the civil administration of Rome. "At those meetings, which were held at the Albergo Città, in the Via Sistina, each German functionary had to report on the progress he was making in exploiting 'our friend' Italy," says Hans, who represented the chemical division. "The transport officer would report on the state of repair of the roads and rail lines around the city—which the Allies bombed every night, to preserve Rome's status as an 'open city' by preventing masses of German troops from moving in. But Germans are assiduous: every day, the Todt Organization"—the task force responsible for military construction—"would repair the previous night's damage, and the officer always told us which roads and tracks were again utilizable. When I left the meeting, Nando Ferrè would be waiting for me in my official car. We would drive to a place near the Vatican, and he would disappear for ten minutes. I never asked him where he went, for fear that I might reveal the information if I was caught and tortured. Nando always smiled broadly when he came back to the car, and we would go off and have a nice dinner together. At the following meeting, the General would announce that the repaired tracks and roads had been bombed again—and he used to add that one had to admire the enemy's excellent spy system."

Late in November of 1943, Sauckel's organization proposed to transfer the entire working-age male population of Rome to Germany for forced labor. The local German command was delighted with the idea, because reducing the population would reduce the problem of provisions for the city. Hans tried to block this scheme by pointing out that the northbound rail lines functioned only from a point about a hundred kilometres beyond the city, but he was told that the men would have to get there on foot. " 'That's fine,' I said, 'but it will be even harder to feed all those people on the road than in the city, and what will you do with the ones who get sick, or die, along the way?' " Hans recalls. He suggested "saving time and expense" by ordering a census of the city, to determine which men were truly capable of such an undertaking. After a heated discussion, the proposal was accepted, and he was given the task of setting up the procedure through the local Italian authorities. That afternoon, he was received by the director of the municipal registry office.

"He was nonplussed, to put it mildly, when I told him what the German administration had in mind," Hans says. "He summoned all his assistants, and we got into a long, exhausting discussion. In the end, they said that under current conditions—paper was in short supply, most printing presses had been shut down, not enough trustworthy census-takers were available—our request could not be fulfilled. I pretended to accept their decision, thanked them all, and then asked the director if I could have a word with him in private. As soon as we were alone, I said, 'You haven't understood anything at all! This is the only way to save your fellow-Romans from forced labor in Germany. The census can and *must* last at least two months'—time enough, I thought, for the Allies to take Rome. 'I don't want to know your political opinions,' I said, 'but I'm telling you loud and clear that it's your patriotic duty to start the census immediately, and in such a way as to make the Germans believe that it's the right thing to do.' " The director turned pale, offered embarrassed thanks, and promised that he would coöperate.

On November 29th, a few days after the meeting at the registry office, Hans was called before Eitel Friedrich Moellhausen, the German consul-general, who at that moment was the highest-ranking German diplomat in Rome. He accused Hans of intentionally sabotaging both the necessary thinning out of the population of Rome and the sending of fresh manpower to Ger-

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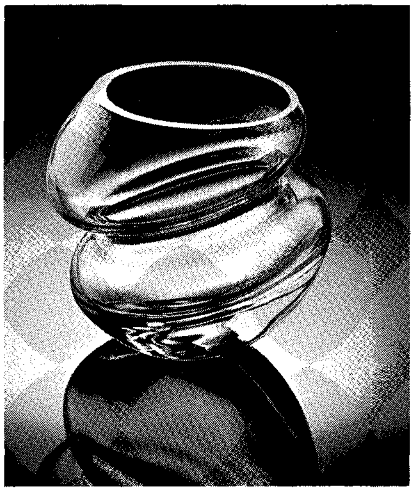

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many, and said that he would have the S.S. look into his case. Hans recounts, "With terror-induced sang-froid, I replied that if there was no census *he* would be the one to have to answer to the S.S. for having blocked all the access roads to Rome, with the absurd aim of presenting Germany with a work force that wasn't equal to the task. Moellhausen didn't know how to answer me, and, fortunately, the head of the labor office was on hand to testify to my patriotism and my honorable intentions. He also agreed that the census was a good idea. With that, the consul calmed down and let us go. After the war, he published a book in which he claimed to have helped the Resistance in Rome!"

The director of the registry office kept his promise so faithfully that the census did not begin until two months later and was still in progress when the British and American forces entered Rome, in June.

Hans is less pleased about what he did—or, rather, didn't do—during an audience with Pope Pius XII in November of 1943. Ever since Italy's break with Germany, the directors of the Italian construction industry had been extremely reluctant to continue supplying workers to the Reich's work sites in Upper Silesia. "Just as they had been Fascists out of opportunism, so they were now worrying about their postwar reputations," Hans says. "None of them believed by then that Germany could win." The Germans, however, were of another opinion, and the manpower situation in the Nazi-held countries was growing ever more desperate. If the Italians couldn't be persuaded to help, they would be forced to. Hans learned that the Berlin-based lieutenant colonel to whom he was responsible would soon arrive in Rome to sign a new agreement with the construction industry's directors, and the directors thereupon thought up a plan for making the colonel happy without concluding a deal: they would fill his suitcase with black-market goods and arrange for him to have an audience with the Pope.

"When I first heard of the plan, I couldn't believe my ears, but I eventually came around to it," Hans says. "My compatriots tend to be thrown off balance by anything impromptu, and I figured that the colonel would be totally disarmed by so extraordinary a scheme." Hans was to accompany the colonel and another Nazi to the Vatican, and he began to think over the possibility of using the occasion to tell the Pope that he ought to declare, at last, that Hitler was a murderer. "I am sure that Pius XII was aware of the crimes that were being perpetrated, mainly in Eastern Europe, including the Jewish Holocaust," he says. "Hitler, who was Catholic by birth, ought to have been excommunicated right away. Unmasking him before the world, including Germany, would have helped inestimably to shorten the war."

At the audience, Hans found himself with his two charges and seventeen other uniformed Germans. The Pope, dressed in white, entered briskly, welcomed his guests, made a brief, formal speech, blessed the assembly ("as if we represented the Forces of Good," Hans says), and then began to circulate among the visitors. "He addressed an empty question to each of us and listened with noteworthy concentration to an equally empty reply," Hans recalls. "As he approached me, in the last row, I began to wonder what to do." Hans had intended to speak to the Pope in Italian, so as not to be understood by the others, but he suddenly realized that that would in itself arouse suspicion, for Pius spoke German well (he had been the papal nuncio in Berlin before becoming a cardinal), and all the others present had spoken to him in German. "I lost heart, and became so disconcerted that I merely gave his ring the customary pseudo kiss, without saying a word. I still remember the puzzled look on the Pope's face."

The directors' ploy had worked, however: the colonel went home with a delightful memory of a papal audience, valuable gifts from the black market, and only the vaguest of assurances that the labor problem would be solved. But Hans felt ill. "At that moment, it seemed to me that I had become responsible for all the war's future horrors. Only years later did I come to understand that the two undeniable components of Pius's wartime behavior were his aristocratic cowardice and his visceral anti-Communism, which made him prefer Hitler to Soviet Russia."

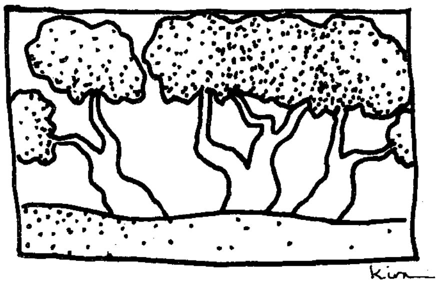
HANS, too, feared Stalinist Communism, but that fear, he says, was no excuse for supporting National Socialism, nor does it sufficiently explain the pro-Nazi consensus—enthusiastic or opportunistic or merely resigned—of the vast majority of Germans between 1933 and 1945. In recent years, he has been greatly exercised by revisionist historians, such as Ernst Nolte, who claim that Hitler must be seen as, among other things, a reaction to Bolshevism—a deplorable reaction, to be sure, but a reaction all the same—and suggest that the world's continuing preoccupation with Nazi crimes is an excuse for not dealing with today's international political and social problems. In a 1986 article, "Vergangenheit, die Nicht Vergehen Will" (roughly, "The Past We Can't Get Past"), which appeared in a Frankfurt newspaper, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Nolte went as far as to state, "The talk about 'the Germans' guilt' appears to resemble all too intentionally the talk about 'the Jews' guilt,' which was one of the National Socialists' main arguments."

That enraged Hans. He sent Nolte a characteristic letter: "It's my intention to kill you (don't worry—I say this merely for the sake of argument), because you disagree with me. After you've been assassinated, someone will explain to your loved ones, in a scholarly way, that only 'relatively' speaking was this a misdeed, and that it was merely a reaction to the numerous assassinations that the People's Court arranged for people who disagreed with National Socialism." Nolte replied by calling Hans an all too typical German, inasmuch as Germans have a notorious capacity for shifting from one extreme to the other, he said. Hans's ability and willingness to read German texts attentively were underdeveloped, according to Nolte.

Hans attacked again, with an emotional paragraph-by-paragraph rebuttal of Nolte's article. He said, for instance, that the statement about the resemblance between German and Jewish guilt "turns my stomach," and went on, "Don't the six million murdered Jews diminish this 'resemblance'?!? . . . There is no 'German guilt,' much less a 'collective guilt,' nor can there be such a thing. Guilt is individual. . . . Although an owner of vicious dogs that are unleashed by someone else is not 'guilty,' the owner remains responsible for what his dogs have done. The responsibility for having 'unleashed' Hitler and his myrmidons belongs to all Germans." Hans believes that even young Germans must live with this responsibility.

He won't concede that other nations' war crimes in this century—those of the Americans in Vietnam, for instance, or of the Russians in Afghanistan—can properly be used by Germans to whitewash the crimes Germany committed throughout Europe during the Second World War. The others' deeds were also horrendous and inexcusable, but no other nation has ever produced a well-oiled machine for the extermination of civilians, such as the one Germany created. To historians who look for similarities between Nazi cruelty and "Asiatic" (=Tatar=Russian) cruelty, Hans says, with a brittle laugh, "In that case, Hitler proved that our celebrated German efficiency really is superior to that of other nations."

Kurt Waldheim has been one of Hans's bêtes noires in recent years. Nolte and Waldheim represent "two sides of the same coin," he says. "One excuses history, the other denies it. The Austrians are even worse than the Germans. After five years of observing what was going on in Hitler's Germany, they welcomed the Nazis with open arms in 1938. And now look whom they've elected President!" Waldheim is the personification of everything Hans has opposed since the end of the war: the refusal to come to terms with the past; the refusal to accept responsibility; and the substitution of prevarication and excuses for self-examination and remorse. "It may well be that Waldheim did not directly or willingly take part in Nazi crimes, but he was a witness to them, and he was at least a minute bureaucratic cog in the wheel of German war crimes in the Balkans," Hans says. "For forty years, he denied, even in writing, that he had been present." Since 1986—shortly before Waldheim was elected President of Austria—Hans has sent him five or six open letters, and two of them have been published in Austrian periodicals. "I called him a liar in the hope that he would sue me," Hans says. "It's too bad he didn't, because anyone could have proved in ten minutes, in any law court, that he is a liar. But he won't give me that pleasure. Recently, I sent him copies of my latest correspondence on his case, with a note saying that I wanted his dossier to be complete. I added that I felt ashamed on his and Austria's behalf."

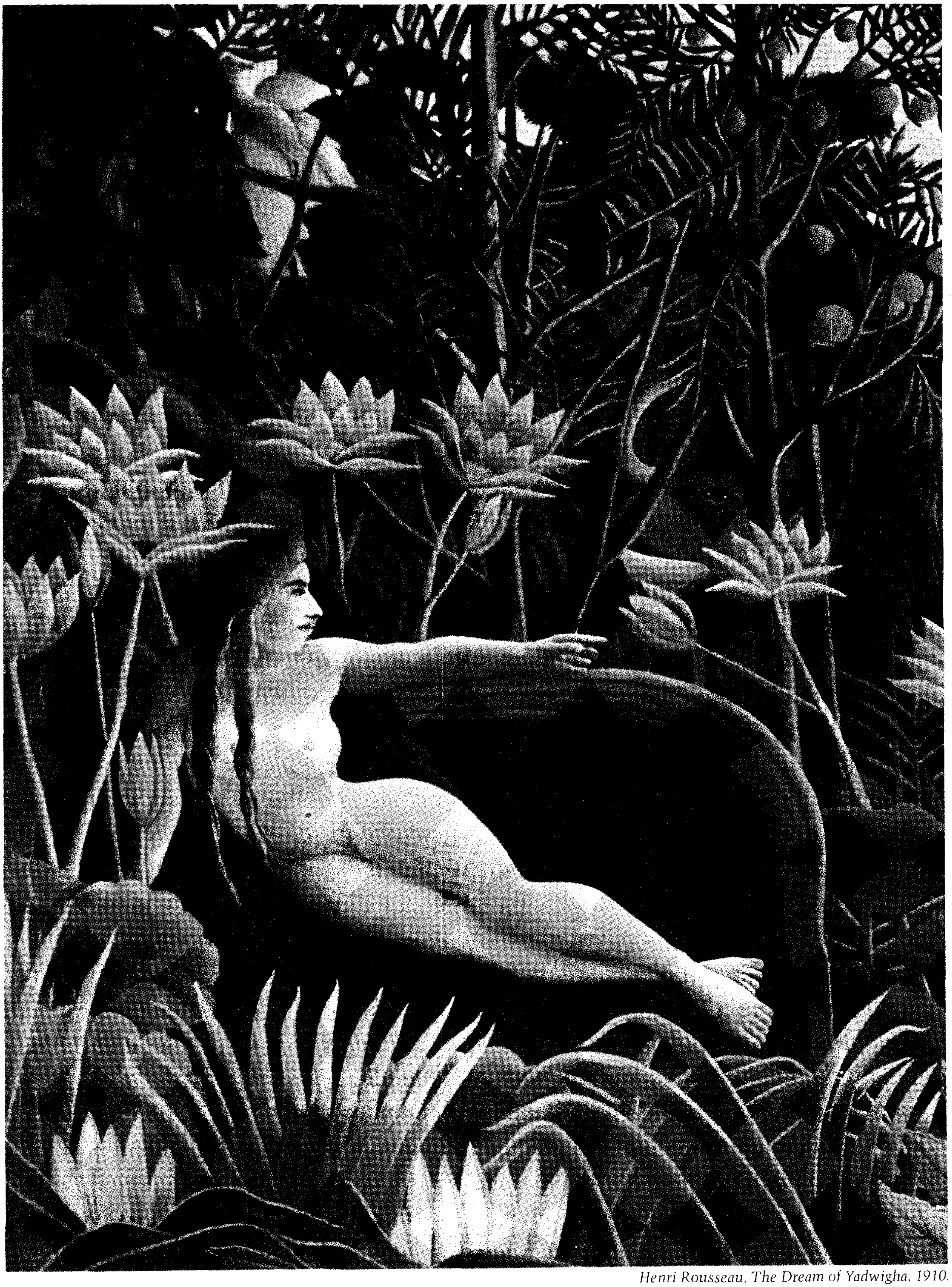


At the opposite end of the spectrum Hans sets Willy Brandt, of whom he says, "He was anti-Nazi, a refugee from the Nazis, yet he had the courage to prostrate himself before the monument at the Warsaw Ghetto, as if to say, '*We* did this. *We* Germans were responsible for this.' For that I admire him."

THAT the Allies would soon take Rome and the rest of central Italy from the Germans seemed fairly certain by the end of 1943. All nonessential German offices in the capital were moved to the north, and Hans was transferred to Verona at Christmas, and then to Milan. During his last weeks in Rome, he had provided false documents for several desperate Italians, including the sons of Colonel Giuseppe Montezemolo, a well-known Resistance leader who was one of three hundred and thirty-five hostages murdered by the Germans the following March at the Ardeatine Caves, near Rome. "The falsifications always worked," he says, "not so much because of my cheekiness as because of the Germans' unlimited respect for official-looking pieces of paper."

Hans believes he was the only German who knew the site of Colonel Montezemolo's hiding place in Milan; and it was Montezemolo who notified Giustizia e Libertà, the Milan-based Resistance section, that this northbound German was a man to be trusted "as one of our own." Hans calls this "one of the greatest compliments I've ever had," and he adds, "It still moves me today."

Montezemolo's recommendation was useful, but even without it Hans would have made immediate contact with the Resistance in the north,



Henri Rousseau, The Dream of Yadwigha, 1910.

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through Giuseppe De Finetti. De Finetti had studied architecture with Adolf Loos in Vienna before the First World War and had become acquainted with many members of the Schwarzwald circle. When Hans first met him, during a prewar business trip to Milan for I. G. Farben, De Finetti was one of Italy's best-known architects. "I was immediately captivated by his impetuous personality," Hans says. "With him everything was out in the open—joy, praise, criticism, and all the rest. There were no halfway measures. He and I became close friends despite the difference in our ages, and I'm proud of having been one of the few friends with whom he remained on speaking terms right to the end of his life." After Italy's surrender to the Allies, in September of 1943, De Finetti's studio in the center of Milan became a secret meeting place for Resistance leaders, many of whom Hans met there.

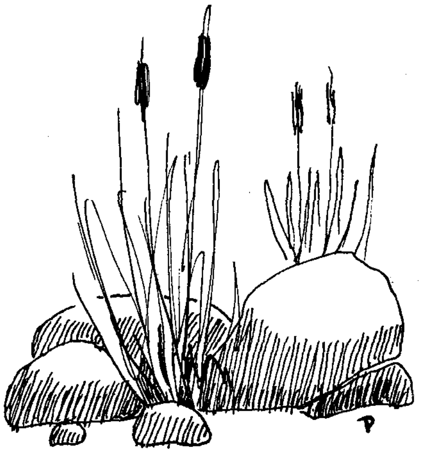
In the spring of 1944, Hans, because of his "defeatist" attitude and "insubordination," was demoted. "At a meeting in Berlin, I told Professor Carl Krauch, the head of the chemical division within the Four-Year Plan, who was my top boss, to forget about squeezing any further manpower out of Italy," he says. "The only conceivable volunteers, other than criminals, would be a few old Fascists who could already feel the ground opening up under them as Italy prepared for its liberation. In the time it took me to get from Krauch's office, on the first floor, to my section's office, on the fourth, he had his secretary phone ours. As I entered our office"—Hans laughs heartily as he tells the story—"I heard her say, 'Do I really have to tell Deichmann that the Professor never wants to see his face again?' "

Although he was replaced shortly after he returned to Milan, he was ordered to remain there, as an interpreter and driver. On several occasions, he used cars bearing German civilian-administration license plates for ferrying Italian partisans to safety. Among his passengers was Sergio Solmi, a key Resistance organizer, who had just escaped from a Fascist prison; Hans took him from De Finetti's studio to the church of San Carlo, where Solmi was hidden by priests sympathetic to the cause.

"By the summer of 1944," Hans says, "our office's sole aim was to find able-bodied Italians to send to the chemical factories' work sites in Upper Silesia—under duress, if necessary. As I had predicted, my successor did no better than I. Only once did the labor service assign him a convoy of four hundred men, who had been forcibly rounded up. When I found out about it, I managed to help some people from the Resistance procure burglars' tools, which they inserted in the locked railroad cars. Sometime later we learned that during an aerial bombardment that forced the train to stop, half the people on it had escaped. This news greatly dismayed our office. The Germans always claimed to be 'morally disappointed' when one of their misdeeds misfired."

ONE of Hans's last little wartime achievements was to persuade his German bosses in Milan to billet people from their office in the homes of some of his friends in the Resistance. Not only would the Germans never suspect that people who wanted them in their homes could be partisans; the homes were thus insured against possible last-minute looting on the part of fleeing Nazi and Fascist troops.

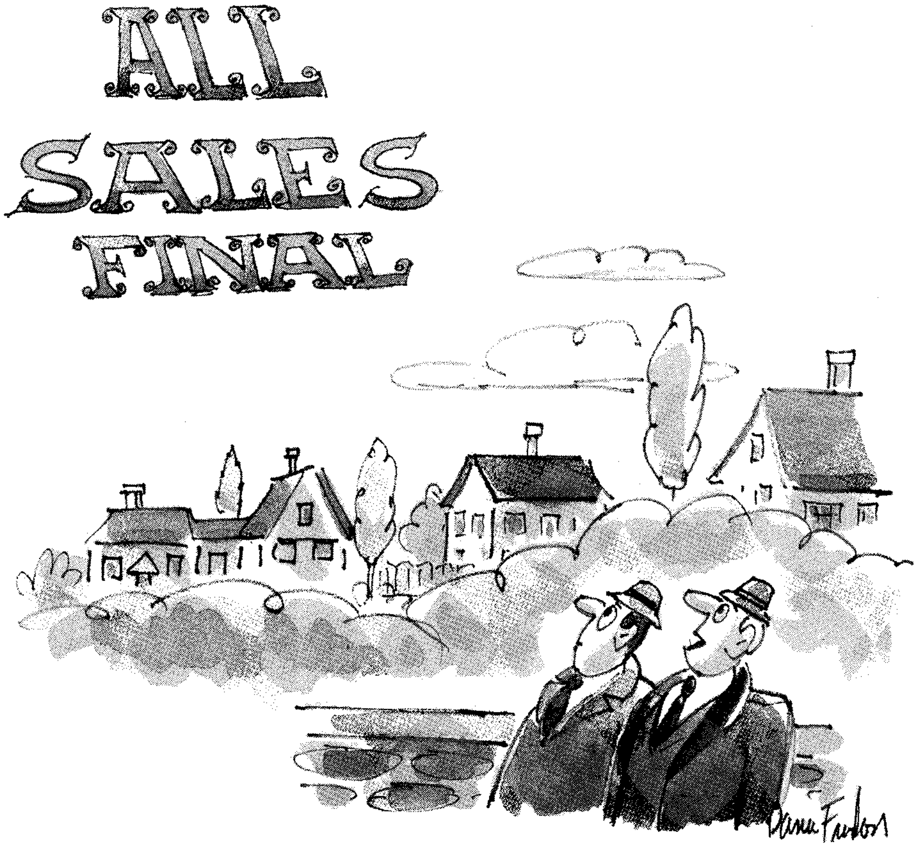
On April 24, 1945, Hans was the only person left in his office. " 'My' Nazis had fled in two cars crammed to the roofs with stolen goods." They were headed toward the Upper Adige, to take part in Hitler's never-to-materialize last stand, in the Alps. An Italian engineer came around, wanting to buy one of the tanker trucks that had been left behind. "I told him that I had no right to sell goods that now belonged to the Italian people and that he had no right to buy them." Throughout the next forty-eight hours, the remaining German troops abandoned Milan, and the local Italian Fascists surrendered to Allied and Resistance forces.



In May, 1945, when Germany surrendered unconditionally and the war in Europe ended, Hans, like other German nationals, had to obey the Allied government's order to remain where he was—in Milan. Then, in late July, he heard that it was possible to get back to Germany through the Brenner Pass. He obtained the proper permits ("In those days, we were forever getting permits that no one looked at," he says) and made his way to Bolzano, taking along a bicycle he had secured for himself during the last months of the war. There the British wanted to put him in a camp. "I went to see the captain," he recounts. " 'Try to understand,' I said. 'I've been fending off Nazis for the last twelve years, and now you want to put me in a camp for Nazis. Please let me stay in a hotel—my friends have given me some money to pay for it.' He was a kindly sort, and he realized that this would mean one less mouth for the British to feed. He let me stay in a hotel."

Another month passed before Hans was able to make his way into Germany. All the cities lay in ruins, and he particularly remembers the horrifying sight of Würzburg, which he says had been one of the most charming towns in Europe and had been completely destroyed during one massive, seventeen-minute bombing raid at the very end of the war. He had climbed, with his bicycle, into an empty coal car in a train bound for the Ruhr, and he stayed on the train until it reached Friedberg, in Hessen, twenty kilometres from Bad Homburg. "Just as I arrived, the guard announced the curfew: no one could move until the following morning at six. What a dreadful night! The station's waiting room was in ruins, but it was jammed anyway, with people on the road, trying to get home or looking for missing family members. Many had nothing to eat and owned only the clothes they were wearing. They slept on broken benches and tables and on the floor. The poverty and misery were total. The next morning at five minutes to six, I was poised with my bicycle, ready for the two-hour ride home. I had no idea what I was going to find there."

Nor had Dickie had any word from Hans since the previous winter, and the



"The Lord moves in mysterious ways."

• •

war had now been over for four months. Maria Deichmann Lauper, who was nine at the time, says, "She tried to keep us children from worrying, but it was clear that there was something to worry about. One morning, we heard rustling at the door. We were used to marauders coming by to try to steal food and anything else they could find. My brother Thomas and I would rush upstairs, ready to throw stones at them from the window. But this time when we looked down we saw a man who didn't look at all like a marauder. He even had a bicycle."

To find his wife and children alive and reasonably well nourished and his house undamaged, after the horrors he had seen on his return journey, reinforced the high spirits that the defeat of the Nazis had set off in Hans. "The American officials I met during those months were always disconcerted at finding a happy German—a German who believed that the war had been won, not lost, and that he had done his tiny share to win it," he says. "I was thirty-eight years old, but I felt, Hitler is dead and my life is just beginning. And I was right."

Before dying, however, Hitler had directly or indirectly caused the deaths of the Schwarzwalds, Moltke, Josepha Deichmann, and many more of Hans's friends and relatives—and forty million other Europeans. And whatever the war hadn't killed it had displaced: national frontiers, individual existences, modes of thinking, private and public aspirations. Most of the people who had been involved in it emerged with some of their emotional capacities heightened and others dulled; many found that their desire to return to everyday life conflicted with a new addiction to excitement. Hans, too, had been conditioned by the war. And he would discover that the nature of his wartime activities—his conscious, conscientious acts of betrayal—had created a permanently strained relationship between him and his country. "I came back convinced of having done well," he says, "and I was disappointed—not because others didn't agree with me but because they didn't want to look inside themselves."

HANS's first concern, once he had learned that his mother, brother, and sister were also alive, was to set down the impressions he had gleaned during his first two weeks in Germany, in the form of a thirty-five-hundred-word report to friends in Italy. He described what he had seen during his trip home and went on to discuss the presence of the Allied troops, the availability—or, rather, unavailability—of food, housing, and fuel, the unemployment situation, the black market, the Allies' first attempts to "de-Nazify" Germany, and the attitudes of Germans toward the entire catastrophe.

Today, Hans says that "however stupidly the American administrators sometimes behaved, we always realized how lucky we were to have them rather than the Russians among us." But in September of 1945 he was not so sure. He found the Americans' conduct disappointing, and he described American troops as "naïve, distrustful, nervous, thoughtless, often brutal, and always unpredictable (thus also frequently helpful)." The situation was doubly unfortunate, he said, because the Americans were creating ill will among the populace and giving former Nazi supporters occasion to say "We told you so." German soldiers released from American prisoner-of-war camps reported conditions so awful as to be in defiance of the Geneva Conventions, whereas the British, and even some of the Russian, camps were reputed to be quite decent.

"We [the anti-Nazis] know that the Americans have won and that Germany is responsible for the war," he wrote. "Germany has brought monstrous misery upon the whole world, including us. . . . But we believed that the Americans would bring us civilization and would lead us out of our barbarousness by setting an example. Instead, they are forcing us to reproach them, and at the same time to make excuses to the Germans for their behavior. They give us cause to be angry at their senseless wastefulness, at their senseless harshness, which victimizes the innocent almost exclusively, and at their brutality, which is not justified by the Germans' sins, because brutality is always wrong."

Hans's judgment of the Americans was tough, but his opinion of his fellow-Germans was tougher. "Politically, they are still under the influence

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of the Nazi mentality,” he wrote. “The propaganda has stopped, but thoughts still run in the well-worn grooves made during the last thirteen years. Nearly everyone reviles Hitler and his gang, but as a rule people still say that we lost the war only because of sabotage, or that we really invented the atomic bomb”—as if, in other words, a German victory would have been a good thing. Hans quickly realized that changing this mentality was going to require a tremendous effort and might prove impossible.

He recalls with sadness the accusations of Nazism or Nazi collaboration that many Germans hurled at each other in an attempt to gain credit with the Allies. At the Frankfurt Radio, where he had accepted an administrative post offered by the Americans, he became the victim of one such attack. “I had taken the job on the condition that I would have a say in programming. I wasn’t worried about the censorship imposed by the Americans, which was mild; I simply wanted to be involved in the rebirth of our national life, and I thought the radio was a good means for doing this. But my ‘interference’ bothered the new boss, who, like me, was a member of the Social Democratic Party. He invented a story of my having been pro-Nazi.”

The basis of the accusation lay in something Hans had done late in 1944, on his last visit to his family before the end of the war. Some local Nazis had been harassing Dickie, and he went to their headquarters and donated a hundred marks to a Party-run welfare organization, with the understanding that Dickie would be left in peace. Hans was also accused of pro-Nazism for having given a lecture on the political situation in Italy at the local Volkssturm in 1944. “That was really a small attempt—futile, of course—to keep Germany from wreaking excessive havoc in Italy,” Hans says. “I told my listeners that Italy wasn’t worth hanging on to, that Mussolini was merely being maintained by the German Army, that the country lacked men, money, matériel, and courage, and that we had perhaps been mistaken in allying ourselves with the Italians in the first place. At the time, several people had threatened to denounce me as unpatriotic for those statements. Now I was being criticized for having given the talk at all.”

Hans consequently lost his job at the radio station after only three months and underwent interrogation. Genia Schwarzwald’s old friend Edgar Mowrer, the journalist, who had been with the United States Office of War Information, got word of his predicament. “He sent a testimonial on my behalf to the American government, which then ordered its representatives in Frankfurt to leave me alone,” Hans says. “They didn’t know that *I* knew that my case was about to be dropped, so I decided to have some fun at my last hearing. I invited a friend to come along.

“ ‘Who is this man?’ one of the authorities asked.

“ ‘A witness,’ I said. ‘You’re like the Gestapo, and I want him to hear what I say and what you say.’

“They were openmouthed. ‘You’re comparing us to the Gestapo?’

“ ‘Yes. The only difference is that I know you won’t pull my fingernails off.’ They were very angry, but there was nothing they could do: they had had their orders from Washington.”

Either Mowrer’s testimonial or the episode as a whole must have made a positive impression on the Americans, because Hans was invited to become the president of the de-Nazification court in Bad Homburg, and he accepted, although he considered the decrees that governed the whole procedure counterproductive. Initially, the rule of thumb was that no one who had joined the Nazi Party before May 1, 1937, even under coercion, could hold either a job in the civil service or an important business position. Many retired civil servants from the pre-Hitler period were reëngaged, and Hans joked that you had to have had at least one stroke to secure a government job. He complained that the courts were always buried under the dossiers of two-bit Party members, whereas the people who really deserved punishment were usually protected by the Allied Military Government, because they were considered useful in some way. Hans made his opinion of the de-Nazification laws clear to the A.M.G., and he was invited to discuss the matter in private with a high-ranking American official. "I handed him a written proposal for changing the law, and I told him that the whole court procedure would be simplified and made more effective if we could be allowed to concentrate on those cases that really deserved to be prosecuted. He said he agreed with me, but nothing happened."

Hans had much happier experiences with the A.M.G.'s Cultural Section and Information Control Division, which coöperated with him and Professor Willy Hartner, his brilliant friend and fellow anti-Nazi, in organizing the Forum Academicum, a sort of open university, during Frankfurt's first, long postwar winter. Their intention was to start to readapt German minds to democracy through a series of free lectures on humanistic subjects by native and foreign experts. "Without the Americans' support we couldn't have done anything," Hans says. "They got us permission to use the Great Hall of the University of Frankfurt and provided us with everything from blackboard and chalk to electricity for lighting—all the essentials except heating, which was out of the question."

The Forum Academicum opened on December 6, 1945—not quite three months after Hans's homecoming—with a lecture by Professor Georg Hohmann titled "Do Spiritual Possibilities Exist for Us?" From four to six hundred people attended each of ten sessions held that winter, and the Forum lasted until the summer of 1948. And it was in 1948 that Hans and his family moved away from Germany forever.

BY the beginning of 1948, Hans had begun to feel desperate. "My work for the Forum Academicum earned me nothing," he says. "The de-Nazification court was my only source of income, but it was a great disappointment. The big change, the fresh start in German political life that we had so hoped for, was not being achieved. I didn't know what to do."

By chance, an Italian administrator in what had been I. G. Farben's subsidiary in Milan visited Hans in Frankfurt. The I. G. had been dismantled after the war and most of its assets split among three companies—Bayer, Hoechst, and BASF. Its Milanese branch was expropriated from the Germans and incorporated into what later became the National Society for Electricity, or ENEL. Italy needed German dyes and other materials, and the administrator, on behalf of some ex-I. G. Farben employees who were friends of Hans's, enlisted his help in arranging discussions between Bayer and a small new Milanese company called SASEA, which those friends had formed. The friends also wanted Hans to return to Italy and take a job with their company. "I replied that I knew nothing of dyes and the like, having been involved only in sales at the I. G., but they were more interested in my German contacts. Various people came to see me, and I finally went to Milan to have a look. The job they were offering me wasn't much, but I liked the atmosphere in Milan—so much freer than in Germany! The Italians' attitude toward their past was much more open than the Germans' toward theirs. I didn't feel compelled to criticize everything constantly, as I did in Germany. I went home and described the situation to Dickie. 'There's nothing there, and that's precisely why we should go,' I said."

The Deichmanns immigrated to Italy that November. Hans temporarily left his family at a friend's house on Lake Maggiore and set to work as the ninth-ranking employee of the firm, which dealt in dyes and other chemical products. At first, he earned barely enough to feed his family, but the company slowly began to thrive. Hans was good at establishing relations with German chemical factories, and in the nineteen-fifties, when SASEA was reorganized, he became one of five equal partners. He and his family were then able to move to the Brianza, a hilly region between Milan and Lake Como. When he retired, in 1976, the company had three hundred and fifty employees, and he was a man of considerable means.

If there is such a thing as a typical businessman, Hans is not it—and not only because he never wears a suit or tie. Although he ended up having more money than he needed, as he puts it, he has no respect for money in itself or for people who have allowed the acquisition of it to rule their lives. How did he become so successful? "I was good at my job because I *wasn't* good at it—because I was just different," he says. A maverick, we would say. His characteristic impertinence with a smile be-

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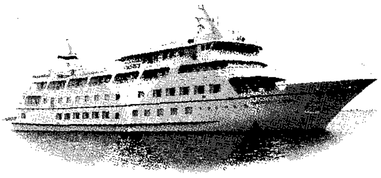

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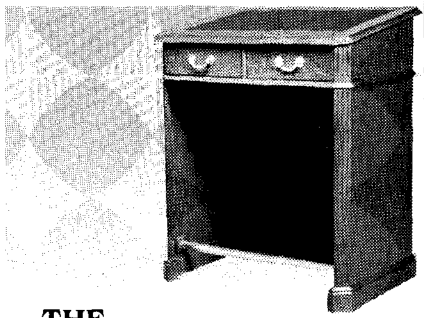

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NOW THAT I AM NEVER ALONE

In the bath I look up and see the brown moth
pressed like a pair of unpredictable lips
against the white wall. I heat up
the water, running as much hot in as I can stand.
These handfuls of water over my shoulder—how once
he pulled my head against his thigh and dipped
a rivulet down my neck of coldest water from the spring
we were drinking from. Beautiful mischief
that stills a moment so I can never look
back. Only now, brightest now, and the water
never hot enough to drive that shiver out.

But I do remember solitude—no other
presence and each thing what it was. Not this raw
fluttering I make of you as you have made of me
your watch fire, your killing light.

—TESS GALLAGHER

• •

came as well known at SASEA as it had been at I. G. Farben and at the Four-Year Plan's offices in Berlin, Rome, Verona, and Milan. He once told an irate BASF executive that he wouldn't do something the man had ordered him to do. "My contract with you says that I'm to work in your interest," Hans said. "What you've asked me to do isn't in your interest. Therefore I'm not allowed to do it." And he didn't.

As soon as his economic situation had passed the hand-to-mouth stage, he became involved in a Milanese support group for Danilo Dolci—the man Aldous Huxley described as "a new Gandhi, a modern St. Francis," for his pioneering attempt to upgrade living conditions in the most impoverished areas of Sicily. But Hans's description of Dolci does not jibe with Huxley's. "I worked a lot with him, but I don't like to be named with him," he says. "Every month, our group in Milan gave him money for his anti-Mafia center, in Partinico, and to help with the construction of a dam on the Iato River. He had a very competent Sicilian assistant, and when he realized just how competent the assistant was he decided to oust him from the organization—as if the two of them were competitors rather than partners with a shared goal. At a crucial meeting, I said that the other man seemed to have a valuable contribution to make, and suggested that he and Dolci split the direction of the association's activities. When I had had my say, Dolci replied, 'We owe Hans our thanks for his correct and highly interesting observations. And now let's move on to the next item on the agenda.' I got very angry and left the meeting—and the association." After breaking with Dolci, Hans became involved with another Sicilian relief association.

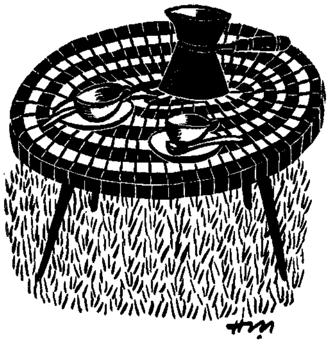
For the last twenty-five years, he has also been involved in a project closer to home: the Italian-Swiss Educational Center, or C.E.I.S., which was founded near Rimini after the war. Initially, a Swiss relief group had simply sent some prefabricated military barracks and some food and clothing supplies to the battle-ravaged Rimini area. Margherita Zöbeli, the Swiss administrator of the distribution center, soon came to the conclusion that an elementary school was needed, and she managed to start one. Later, a nursery school was added. During the nineteen-sixties, Ms. Zöbeli (now Dr. Zöbeli, for the University of Bologna gave her an honorary doctorate in 1988) became interested in what was then the unusual idea of educating mentally and physically disabled children along with the nondisabled, and she found a way of making this possible at her school.

A friend told Hans about Ms. Zöbeli and her center. He visited it and became an enthusiastic supporter; he also discovered that the legal basis for the institution's existence was precarious. "I worked to give it proper status, so that it could be recognized as a nonprofit organization and receive regular funding from the national government for the elementary school, from the municipal government for the nursery school, and from the provincial government for the disabled," he says. Under pressure, Hans admits that he also helped the C.E.I.S. procure private funding, and that although he has retired from its board of directors he continues to do so.

How many other organizations and foundations he has aided cannot be determined. He is known to have given Amnesty International its London headquarters; he rescued De Finetti's archives and provided for their inclusion in an architectural-documentation center in Parma; and he is a member of an international foundation that supports a variety of educational undertakings. Yet Hans is not a director of a major multinational corporation, with unlimited funds at his disposal. He is a man who had a talent for the sort of business career that he stumbled into during the second half of his professional life, and who has lived unwastefully so that he can have the pleasure of sharing his well-being with others.

What are his criteria for giving or withholding assistance? "Hans has certain firm, uncorrodible ideas about social usefulness, but within that framework he is completely open-minded," says his son Mathias, who is a management consultant in Milan. "For instance, he has always been suspicious of Marx and Freud, yet he supports the newspaper *Il Manifesto*—which is politically Marxist, and culturally close to Freud—because it is a stimulating publication, written by intelligent people whose long-range social goals, he feels, are not so different from his own." (Hans calls *Il Manifesto* "the best newspaper in Europe.") Hans himself is fairly tight-lipped about his criteria, saying only that all his choices "grow out of my anti-Fascism, my anti-National Socialism, and my 'stupidly' liberal credo." He takes pleasure in remaining behind the scenes—which may explain why he is so good at friendship: he does not try to dominate others' lives, either by dispensing generic advice or by imposing his opinions. He is a private person and he respects the privacy of others.

His relations with his family have been more complicated than his relations with his friends—not an unusual situation. He remained on the best of terms with his mother until her death, in her late eighties, and his affection for his sister is deep. Freya Deichmann von Moltke lives in Vermont, and Hans has visited her there many times. He tries to go in July or August, when he can attend the Marlboro Music Festival, nearby, and spend time with his old friend and fellow-*Schwarzwaldkind* Rudolf Serkin, the festival's director. People close to Hans say that he had a difficult relationship with his brother, Carl, who was a successful international financier, and who died in 1985. Hans describes him as “perhaps more intelligent than I, very gifted, good at languages, highly cultivated, and a big reader,” and says, “I can only speak well of him. But he liked to dominate others.”



Insofar as he left his wife with most of the day-to-day problems of bringing up the children, Hans was a typical man of his generation. Mathias Deichmann agrees with one observer's hypothesis that Hans, being so anti-authoritarian by nature, was a little uncomfortable with his children until they grew up and he could treat them as equals and as friends. “And don't forget that when Hans was a boy children of his social class were looked after by governesses and servants,” Mathias says. “Parents would occasionally peek into the nursery to pat the kids on the head and make sure that everything was going smoothly. I'm not saying that he agrees with that system, but it's the one he knew. I doubt if my grandmother's relationship with her children was very physical, and Hans's with us wasn't, either. Yet he wasn't stern. I was a pretty rambunctious child, but the only time I ever got as much as a swat from him was when I left a door open, which caused a draft. Drafts and superfluous noise are the only things he can't tolerate.”

“He was a good-hearted father,” says Maria Deichmann Lauper, a medical technician, who lives near Zurich. “He liked to play and joke with us when we were little. But we weren't as close to him as we were to our mother. We went to her rather than to him for personal advice when we were growing up.”

Thomas Deichmann, a Venice-based architect and environmental activist, agrees with his brother and sister, and says, “My father was a mysterious, mythical figure to me, not only during the war, when I hardly ever saw him, but also in the early postwar years, when he was always involved in interesting projects that were hard for me to understand.” Thomas remembers having only one real argument with his father. “I must have been fourteen or fifteen when he told me that I ought to take a different route to school from the one I usually took, because—loving efficiency as he does—he had calculated that my way was slightly longer than necessary. I was not about to let him bully me about *that*, of all things!” But Thomas, like his brother and sister, clearly admires and loves Hans.

Hans's relations with his children have matured nicely: he is in almost daily telephone contact with them, and he sees them frequently. His marriage, on the other hand, went bad, and with ultimately tragic results. Photographs of Dickie when she was young show a face of extraordinary beauty and great determination, and her children agree that she was a strong, loving, intelligent, capable person. “A basically physical person,” says Mathias. “A savage, in a way,” says Thomas. Very different from Hans, whose approach to life is exceptionally rational and measured: his emotions are strong, but he likes to let them settle before he acts on them.

For many years, their life together was a good one. “People always said that my parents were more like lovers than like a married couple,” Maria says. Dickie admired Hans: at twenty-two, she gave up her medical studies to marry him (years later she took a degree in agricultural science), and she was happy to move to Italy with him when she was thirty-six. Eventually, however, the marriage began to crumble, and Maria feels that the war, though long past, was indirectly re-

The small island of Dominica vs. “progress.”

A person could embark, exactly like a wine connoisseur, upon a review of the “top notes” and the “finishes” of perfumes, after-shaves, colognes, skin bracers, arriving finally at the not uninteresting subject of pheromones, or human sexual attractants.

Relax. I do not intend to do so.

But I do think that men, for the next 75 years or so, will be less edgy in the presence of “Spice Islands After Shave” than “Calvin Klein's Obsession Perfume for Men.”

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sponsible. "In the tension and excitement of my father's wartime life, extramarital adventures were practically inevitable, and it must have been awfully hard for him to get used to not having them," she says.

Hans met Luisa Castiglioni, an architect, in 1956; an acquaintance of both had recommended her to Hans to design a pied-à-terre for him in Milan. She had been reluctant to deal with a German—such was the memory of the occupation in Italy—but had been reassured that the German in question was very special. Hans and Luisa were immediately attracted to each other. He asked her to come with him to see an architectural exhibition in Germany that he had been planning to attend, and, she says, "things went on from there." Luisa was thirty-three at the time and was bringing up, on her own, a small son. The pied-à-terre project was postponed and then dropped, and Hans found work for Luisa at SASEA. After two years of living what Hans calls "a sort of double life," there came an official separation from Dickie, followed eventually by a divorce. Hans moved to Milan in 1960. By then, Maria and Thomas were grown up and on their own; Dickie and Mathias continued to live at the house in the Brianza. Many years after the separation, Dickie entered a period of depression that ended with her suicide, in 1978.

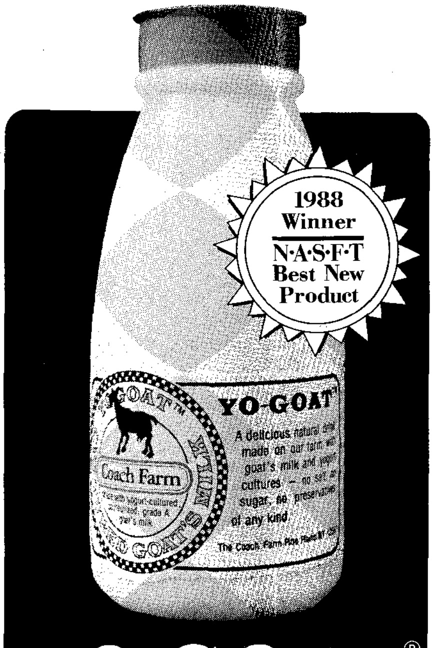
HANS and Luisa got to know the village of Bocca di Magra, situated where the Magra River flows into the Ligurian Sea, in the late nineteen-fifties, when they were still getting to know each other. Hans remembers taking Luisa to what he had thought would be a quiet restaurant there, only to be disturbed halfway through the meal by loud music from a jukebox. He asked the proprietor if the volume could be lowered and was brusquely told that the people who turned the machine on had paid their money and therefore had the right to listen to the music at any volume they pleased. Hans picked up a wineglass and smashed it on the floor. He was willing to pay for the glass, he said, and therefore had the right to smash it. The jukebox was turned down.

Luisa was at first unenthusiastic about building a house at Bocca di Magra. "Hans had grown up with a love of the land which I considered very Nordic," she says. "He liked to cut wood, to look after the fireplace, to take an interest in things that grow, to enjoy the silence and the good air. I was a city person, and the idea of spending as much time as possible in the country was not to my taste. But I gradually learned to love the country and to appreciate the importance of rural activities"—so much so that to an outsider Luisa now seems to be more involved than Hans in the rhythm of life at Bocca di Magra.

And what has Hans learned from her? "He certainly *hasn't* learned to admit he's made a mistake," she says. She goes on, "Hans knew and loved Italy long before we met, but in a way I represented Italy and the Latin character for him. At first, he couldn't understand certain things—for instance, how I could temporarily turn away from a project that had gone stale, work at something else for a while, and then come back, refreshed, to the first project. He used to consider that method unserious, but now he understands it, and occasionally he, too, works that way."

Milan remains Hans and Luisa's main base—they have an apartment near the Corso Sempione, and Luisa's studio is in the same building—but they have spent increasingly long stretches at Bocca di Magra in the fourteen years since his retirement. In 1961, they became charter members of the Amici di Bocca di Magra, an avant-garde (at the time) environmental association that was founded in the hope of bringing industrial and touristic development under rational control. The Amici have scored several significant victories; the outcome of their war, however, still hangs in the balance.

Hans and Luisa's house, which Luisa designed, is an ingenious, multilevel construction, conceived to fit naturally into the hillside property, and it demonstrates why she has been able to make her way in a profession that in her youth was entirely male-dominated. She is now in her mid-sixties—a handsome woman, tall, thin, with strong hands and curly gray hair. As she and Hans are both exceptionally strong-willed, their life together is not always easy. Their arguments, however, have become almost comfortingly predictable, and Luisa usually ends them by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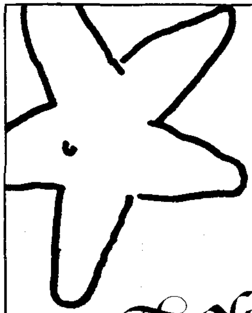
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saying, “You’d think he’d have learned something by his advanced age, but he never changes!” Hans smiles, as if he had just received a compliment. In a way, he has.

“HOW one takes leave of life is a problem, there’s no doubt about it,” Hans says, sitting under a little pergola at Bocca di Magra. “The other day, I saw a half-paralyzed old man dragging himself down the street, with a look of fear and incomprehension on his face. I’m not afraid of dying, but it would be awful to go that way.”

So far, except for a hearing loss in one ear, his health is excellent. He still has a strong urge to contribute and communicate, still follows world events passionately, still fascinates old friends and new, and still travels frequently. He has been to many parts of the world, but Italy, despite its non-functioning public services and eternally infuriating bureaucracy, remains his great love. He knows the country as few others do, province by province and township by township, and has an informed passion for Italian Romanesque architecture.

The automobile has been his favorite means of travel since he was a boy. He and his brother used to steal cigars from their father to bribe the family’s chauffeur—their great friend—to let them drive the family car back and forth across the courtyard of the house in Cologne. Hans likes cars that are efficient, dependable, and unostentatious. He drove a Fiat 127 for years, then switched to a Volkswagen Golf, saying, half in jest, “It takes us Germans a long time to catch up with the Italians’ ingenuity, but once we grasp an idea we usually carry it through better than they do.” His driving—highly skillful but hair-raisingly fast and aggressive—remains a source of wonderment and dismay for his friends and relatives.

When he travels, he won’t stay in homogenized first-class hotels or eat at the *Guide Michelin’s* three-star restaurants. He has a knack for finding tranquil, out-of-the-way places that just might have something special about them, something worth remembering. Not only are luxurious places usually frequented by members of the social class from which he considers himself a refugee but he seems to feel that luxury is as dull as it is wasteful, and that passing time dully is a crime against life.

Mathias says in reference to Hans’s dislike of dullness, “Notice how he manages to wring some sort of pleasure even out of dishwashing. He has always washed the dishes—it’s the only household chore I can remember him doing—and he has worked out a whole methodology of when and how to wash them. You can see, when the job is done, that the doing of it has brought him satisfaction.”

Maria concurs: “He loves to give pleasure to others, but he has always tried to avoid doing things that don’t also give *him* pleasure. He is capable of limitless generosity, but he has also received a lot from life. Still, I suppose he’s received so much *because* he’s given so much.”

Luisa, too, praises Hans’s generosity, but she has her doubts about his unflagging rationalism and his confidence in social and political progress. “He still can’t understand why people don’t always behave responsibly, and he still believes that someday they will and that the world will therefore become a better place. You can’t help wondering how an intelligent person can pass the age of eighty and still believe such things, but, on the other hand, you can’t help hoping he’s right to think that improving the world is at least worth a try.”

It *is* to be wondered at (and admired)—just as one wonders at (and admires) what a much more celebrated rationalist and ameliorist, Bertrand Russell, said at eighty: “I may have thought the road to a world of free and happy human beings shorter than it is proving to be, but I was not wrong in thinking that such a world is possible, and that it is worthwhile to live with a view to bringing it nearer.”

Hans recently read an article on the Waldheim case in an American newspaper and felt that it had treated the Austrian President too leniently. He wrote a letter to the paper’s editor, and before mailing it he read it over the phone to an English-speaking friend, to check the grammar. “Are you sure you want to send it?” the friend asked. “The case isn’t new, and I doubt whether the letter will be printed.”

“You don’t expect me to let the matter pass, do you?” said Hans, feigning indignation. “I’m still too young for that sort of negligence.”

—HARVEY SACHS

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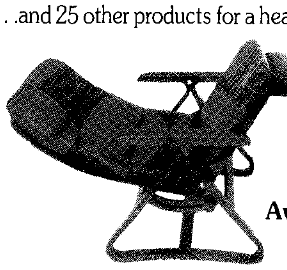

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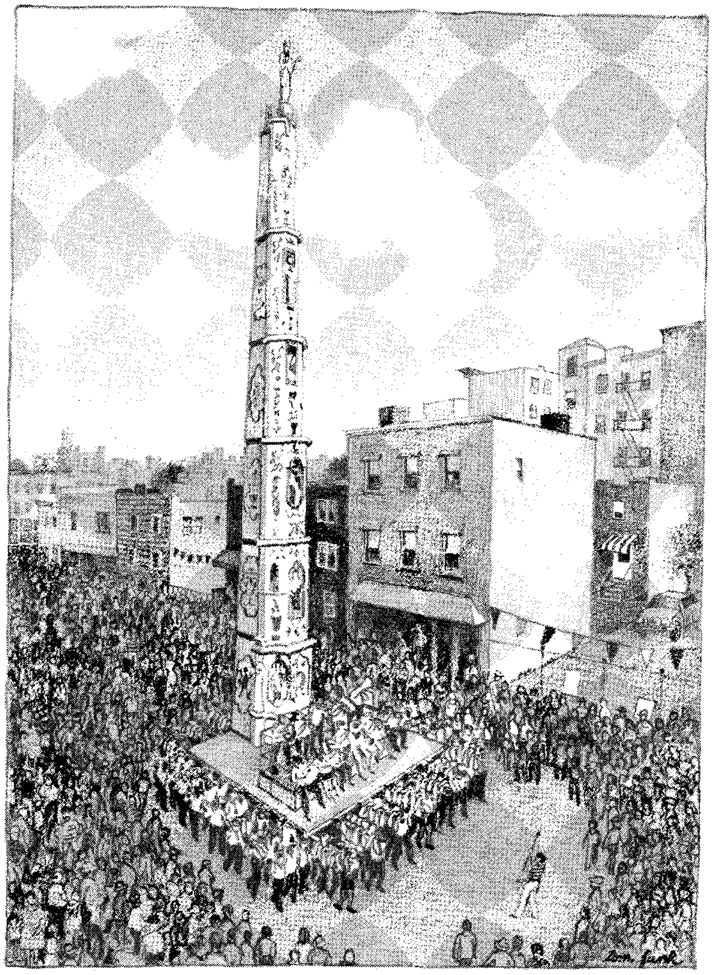


ONE hot fall afternoon a couple of years ago, I rode the LL train from Fourteenth Street to Brooklyn. I had it in my mind to walk on an empty pier—something it was increasingly difficult to do in Manhattan—and to get a good view of an island that it sometimes seemed was best appreciated from a distance. I'd been told there were piers in Greenpoint that weren't ribboned with razor wire, or fenced off, or privately policed, or transformed into nautical theme parks, the way much of Manhattan's shoreline was, and where you could sit and watch boat wakes ravel through the East River currents, look over at the big postcard city without having to think about subway gunmen or crack gangsters, or even the workaday vandals who'd swiped first the flowers, then the flower boxes, and eventually the tree from outside my apartment building. That afternoon, I left the grotto cool of the Greenpoint Avenue subway station for pavement and made my way along a series of nearly deserted streets until I hit one called Huron. I spotted river at the end and headed for it.

Although its pilings were drunkenly tilted and half submerged, the Huron Street pier was still solid. Its concrete paving was cracked into a rebar mosaic; sunk near the pilings was a dead Plymouth, as yellow and bright as an aquarium fish. It drifted in the tide close enough to the surface for water to lap at the wipers. I stood awhile and watched the car bob.

The only other people on the pier were an elderly couple who'd parked their Buick by the bulkhead and set out webbed lawn chairs, and were sitting there with paper cups and a bottle of Mateus rosé. Every so often, the man, who was shirtless, took the bottle from its paper wrapper, topped off the cups, and toasted his companion. Then he sat back to soak up the sun. After a while, he addressed me. "How do you like the car?" he asked. I must have smiled, because he said, "They dump all kinds of wrecks down here. Sometimes, if you don't see them coming, you could get run down. That happened to me once. I had to jump out of the way."

I said, "Really."

He leaned back. "That's the truth." He sat up again. "What do you think of this view? It's a beautiful view, huh?"

I said the view was fine.

The man looked to be in his early sixties and was deeply tanned. He had bright-blue eyes and extensive tattoos. He held out his hand. "Frank Kulikowski. I notice you looking at my tattoos." Frank Kulikowski's left arm was decorated with the Statue of Liberty, blurred around the edges of the feet and crown. The right arm had a large blue picture of the Trylon and Perisphere. He pointed to it and said, "That's from the '39 World's Fair. I came to this country from Poland in 1939 and took a dishwasher's job at the Polish Pavilion. That's when I got the tattoo. The pay was eighteen dollars a week and two meals a day. I moved here, and I've been living in Greenpoint ever since, forty-eight years. Those days, Greenpoint was strictly Polish, Irish, and German. Not to mention the Italian side of town. The neighborhood was working class but clean. People from outside made jokes about us. We were supposed to be low class, like a slum. But if you were living here you knew the secret. Greenpoint is beautiful, and it had things no other place had."

I asked him what things, and he said, "In the old days, the boatyards, the drydocks, the chandleries, and all the piers. It had Mae West that came from here, by the Astral Oil houses. And, naturally, it had the views."

"You should see this spot in the evenings," Mr. Kulikowski's companion said. I assumed she meant Manhattan lit up. "The whole dock is crowded with lovers, prostitutes—the works. We come down then, but we stay in the car. You have to, or you could get yourself killed."

Next door to the Huron Street pier, a barge named San Francisco was fastened to enormous bollards at the Lumber Exchange Terminal. It rode low under a big cargo, broadcasting the tang of milled wood into the air. On my way down to the pier, I'd passed a small frame building with a sign on it advertising furnished rooms. I tried the door, but it was locked. Just the look of the building called up an image of the rooms themselves—an unvarying domestic landscape of bureau, bed, standing closet, and sink. I guessed that the sign dated from the days when

Greenpoint was one of the busiest shipbuilding centers on the East Coast. Twenty-five thousand men worked in the shipyards of Christian Bergh or Thorn & Williams or Sneden & Lawrence, or in the Continental Ironworks, which in 1862 built the ironclad Monitor. Long ago, the drydocks were abandoned and replaced by factories. A corridor of them stretches parallel to the row of docks. On the spot where we were standing, Frank Kulikowski explained, the steamer Montana was launched in 1865. Mr. Kulikowski was a student of the shipping trade, or at least those parts of it that originated on his home turf; he had read that the Montana was three hundred and thirty feet long. Nine tiers of timber went into the beam. He named the woods that were used: white oak, yellow pine, white pine, chestnut, and hackmatack.

I asked what sort of tree a hackmatack was.

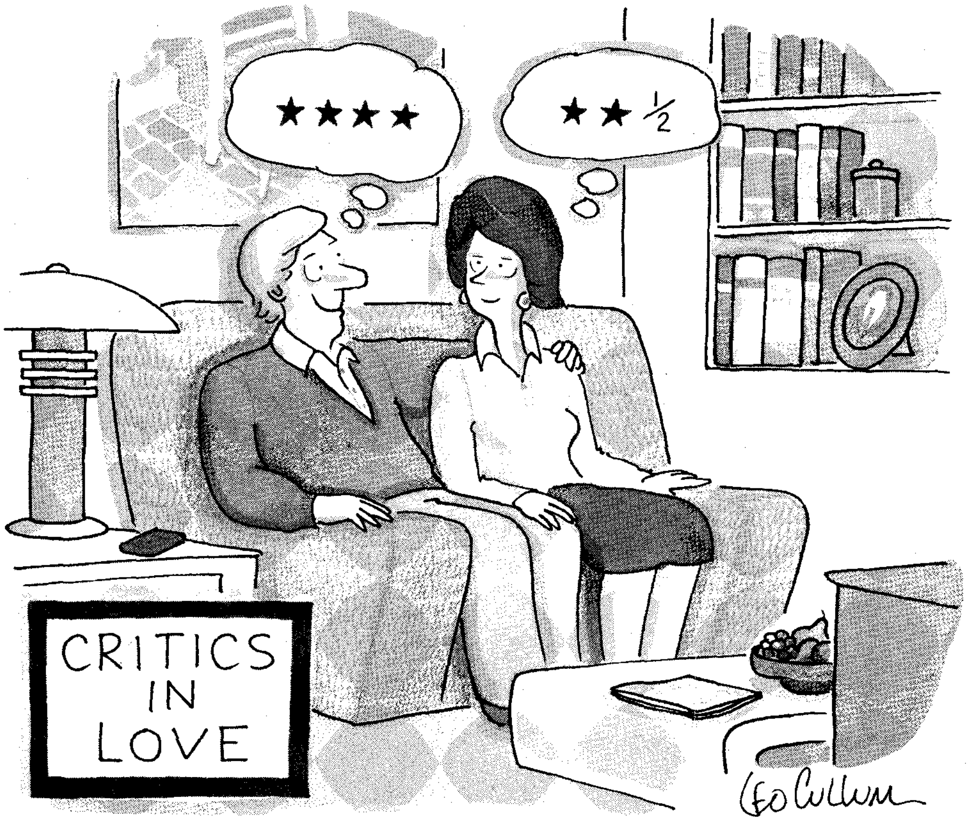
He took a sip of rosé and answered, "I couldn't say."

That day, I made a circuit around Greenpoint. What I saw reminded me of a sleepy Hudson River town. Greenpoint is a peninsula jutting into the lower stretch of the East River, just above the spot where the waterway doglegs west and widens into Upper New York Bay. Newtown Creek ties off the north side, so that on a map Greenpoint resembles a fat string purse. Its area is nine hundred and forty-six acres, much of it covered with solid buildings put up before 1900. They are made of reddish brick, mostly, or wood, with arched doorway hoods and bracketed lintels, or Greek Revival façades, or porches whose columns have Doric or Tuscan capitals. Practically every house has been faced with asphalt shingles colored red, pale green, or steel gray, or textured to look like wood. On Huron Street is an opulent public bathhouse that was last used as an auto-parts warehouse. It is one of the few structures the shingle salesman missed.

The streets of Greenpoint are mostly gridded along the lines of an outdated social economics that situated the wealthy on high ground and the working people near the shore and the river rats. The streets of Greenpoint are named for statesmen, warriors, Dutchmen, robber barons, Italian explorers, Puerto Rican heroes, Indians, and exotic destinations on a steamer route, or else they are numbered. Where the piers are was once a marshy coast of sedge and cord grass and reedy beaches. At some point in its history, Greenpoint was owned by the Canarsie Indians. They deeded it away. If you were to reconnect the purse of Greenpoint to original Canarsie Indian holdings in Bushwick, the shape would become a tomahawk blade. The Canarsie didn't use tomahawks much, but they did have guns. On one of many trips I made to Greenpoint over the next two years, I went looking for a house I had read about in an out-of-date guidebook. The house was built in the sixteen-hundreds by a Dutch Huguenot born Joost Durie. As a lot of ambitious immigrants do when they hit New York, Durie had changed his name. As Joseph Duryea he had settled in New Utrecht, then relocated to Greenpoint and built his family a gambrel-roofed dwelling, which Indians later attacked. The shot-up building survived as late as the nineteen-thirties. By the time I went looking for it, I'd widened my view of Greenpoint to include a few moments in its more recent history—mostly, the arrival of the Italians and the Poles. No matter how much time I spent in Greenpoint, though, I could never shake the feeling that it was in the grip of a deep slumber. Customs, memories, and their curious artifacts seemed to hold out, against all logic. The Duryea house, however, had not. At the filthy elbow of Meeker Avenue and Newtown Creek I found a dead-end road and a Bacardi warehouse. I stopped the only person out walking and asked if he'd ever heard of Joseph Duryea. He said something apparently cheerful that I couldn't understand, in Italian.

Whenever I had time to kill, I'd take the subway to Greenpoint and walk around. Or borrow a friend's pickup and drive. One afternoon, on a day so windy the little Toyota seemed to shimmy, I took a drive along the perimeter of the place. I started at the northern end of Manhattan Avenue, at the Penn Cork & Closures factory, on Newtown Creek. Its parking lot was thick with junked machines laid on their backs in a series of corrugated ruts. A disembowelled sedan was flipped in a poisonous puddle of antifreeze. Wind off the creek puckered the green surface of the liquid. But above the grime, the machine innards, the mud, the refrigerator coils there was a generous, cloudless sky. The water in the creek had a slight chop. It appeared clean: a recent rain had scoured things. I drove west from there on Box Street to the Lumber Exchange Terminal, where the wood was piled so high that Manhattan seemed like a series of syringe tips peeking over the stacks. I took shore roads south, past an empty lot beneath a water tower dedicated to the Satan Madcaps, past a littered playground moated on all sides with trash, past a lot full of armored trucks with yellow scorpions stencilled on the side panels, past a bar called the North Greenpoint Concerned Citizens Club, and past the Juan Carlos Deli, and made a quick detour to the Huron Street pier. I looped under the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway and wound up by Newtown Creek. The creek forks at its eastern end, snaking past a hump called Mussel Island, where the early Dutch took oysters that were said to measure a foot in length. To the north is the mucky stretch of Maspeth Creek. Brooklyn Union Gas's reservation lies on Newtown Creek, in a fenced asphalt zone that looks broom-swept and lunar. The roads that run past it, beneath the struts of the Kosciuszko Bridge, to Queens, appeared to contain all the refuse in the borough. Bridgewater Street was banked with broken PVC pipes, with the contents of a gutted recycling trailer, with mattresses of corrugated cardboard and a Barbie Dream Pool forlorn in its box. "That's where the Mafia dumps," a friend once told me. "You know, where stuff goes when it falls off the back of trucks." I pulled onto a shoulder and watched a steam shovel yaw over the creek at Buchanan Marine. There was an oily, stinging odor in the air. Gulls on the Queens side wheeled above the high hills of Calvary Cemetery and its winged granite army of commemorative angels. In some unaccountable way, the prospect seemed wonderful. It was the end of the

Judith Shahn



line, and that was part of its appeal.

The same friend introduced me to Joe Rubino. "You'll never know Greenpoint if you don't know about the giglio," my friend said, pronouncing the word as one syllable: "jeel." The giglio is a two-ton, six-story tower of wood and aluminum and plaster which is carried through the streets of Greenpoint's Italian North Side each year during a ten-day festival known as the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The tower is lifted and moved on two successive Sundays in July. This spectacle usually shows up on page 3 of the *Post* or as a sixty-second spot of ethnic color on "Eyewitness News." The street fair that accompanies it is the sort of sausage-and-peppers blowout that makes good video fill. This was to be its hundred-and-first season. For the first fifty years or so, the feast was celebrated on June 22nd, and honored its primary patron, St. Paulinus. In the nineteen-fifties, the date was moved to coincide with a separate celebration for Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, whose church and shrine on Havemeyer Street are the centerpiece of Catholic life in Italian Greenpoint. At the time I met Joe Rubino, he suggested that before the feast I attend a special ten-o'clock Mass for the men who hoist the huge giglio and "dance" it down the long block of Havemeyer Street. The men are called the paranza. Joe Rubino is thirty-eight and has been one of the paranza since he was seventeen.

Joe Rubino is a plumber. He was prepared for his trade at Queens Vocational High School and, before that, at St. Cecilia's School, around the corner from his house. Except for two long outings on a Harley-Davidson 1340-cc. FXR Super Glide, Joe has spent all his thirty-eight years within blocks of his family place, on Kingsland Avenue, between the Penny Bridge and the Whale Creek Canal. Joe once rode across the United States searching for towns called Brooklyn (he found five), and he once made a pilgrimage to the Esalen Institute, at Big Sur. He once met and was treated, in Los Angeles, by a famous psychiatrist who encouraged his patients to scream. It is hard to imagine Joe screaming. Joe is a tall, reserved man with a handspan the size of most people's heads, and a placid nature. He has thick, curly, russet-colored hair, which he sometimes grows long and wears in a Harpo mop and sometimes crops, making up the difference with a Biblical growth of beard. He has an epic nose, which gives him the look of a public monument. It is a family trait. Another is blue eyes. Joe Rubino is soft-spoken and shy to the point of seeming taciturn. He is sensitive about his shyness and attributes it to his way of talking—a grammatically flexible idiom in which words railroad one another and consonants thud hard. It is not a Flatbush or a Bushwick or a Fort Greene or a Williamsburg accent. It is not the legendary Greenpoint accent, in which the longtime Democratic Party boss Peter J. McGuinness once referred to his ward as "Greenpernt, the garden spot of the univoise." It is not a Greenpoint accent so much as it is a neighborhood patois, locally minted and pure.

Joe said he'd meet me after Mass on the first day of the feast. It turned out to be a scorching day. On my way to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church, I passed a group of giglio lifters fortifying themselves in the parking lot next to Bamonte's Restaurant, around the corner from the church. The men had on white T-shirts with the giglio printed in pink on the front, red hats, and red bandannas. They resembled Boy Scouts gone to seed. Outside the church was a group of the devout, including a woman with a face tanned to the color and texture of deerhide and with Cleopatra lines painted around her eyes. Even in a peekaboo sweatshirt, pedal pushers, and gold sandals, she put me in mind of a Pompeian matron. Many of the people on the street—boys in tank tops and Lycra bike shorts, their sideburns shaved above their ears, and girls in bicycle shorts, too, and wearing mules and heart tattoos, their confectionery hairdos blow-dried into stiff windswept naturalness—also seemed as if they could have stepped right out of ancient frescoes. At the precise edge of the church property, a fortune-teller unfolded her card table and set out a sign that offered "Physic Readings."

Mass was celebrated by Bishop Francis Mugavero. First, though, the Bishop sat while Monsignor David L. Cassato recited the story of the giglio. I'd read up on the giglio, and I recognized his version, which comes from the Dialogues of St. Gregory. According to the Roman Catholic breviary, the feast originated in the fifth-century Neapolitan suburb of Nola. Paulinus was the bishop—a converted pagan who corresponded with Church fathers, built shrines and aqueducts around Naples, and was canonized in 431.

Many Nolani were being carried off into African slavery by Vandals; among them was a certain widow's son. Because the boy was his mother's only male child, the bishop took pity on the woman and offered to take her son's place in bondage. Paulinus travelled in slavery to Africa. He became the favored servant of a Vandal master. He had a dream. In the dream, Paulinus prophesied the death of the Vandal king—a dream that, as it happened, the king himself had also been having. Here the story grows fuzzy. Whether to appease the gods or because the prophetic servant spooked him, the king granted Paulinus and other enslaved Nolani their freedom, and he gave them boats in which to sail home. Paulinus and his band made straight for the coast of Naples, where they were greeted by townspeople carrying lilies. *Giglio* is "lily" in Italian.

There are other versions of the giglio legend. In some, the Vandals were Moors, or they were Saracens, or they were Turks, or they were whoever was pillaging southern Italy at the time. One story you never hear mentioned in Greenpoint is an impious version suggesting that the festival originated in ancient summer rites that celebrated Dionysus. There are scholars who say that the feast of the giglio is nothing more than a Christianized fertility party for the wine god's cult. It is not hard to believe them when you consider the giglio's over-all shape.

Each year, in Greenpoint, there are a hundred and twenty-eight lifters under the command of three capos. There is the capo paranza, the head capo. Under him are Capos No. 2 and No. 3. There is often an honorary capo from a previous year, and a godfather of the giglio: they do nothing more laborious than represent the past. There is also a singer, who, along with a ten-man brass-and-drum band, sits in front of the giglio on a giant platform and serenades the capos and their lifters. Each successive capo paranza has his trademark tune, his style of conducting the lift, and his favorite kind of lift. The repertoire is limited by the bulk of the object being carried. Mostly, the lifts are a matter of heaving the giglio aloft, then walking it forward and dropping it without anyone's getting hurt. The giglio rarely moves more than thirty yards in a given lift. Some capos ask the paranza to bounce the giglio. Some like to see the giglio

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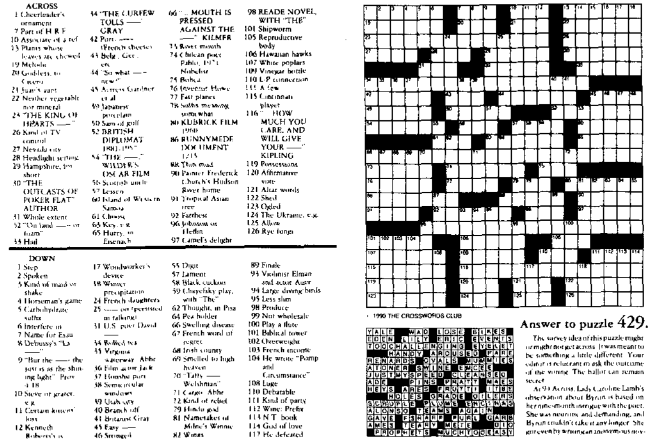

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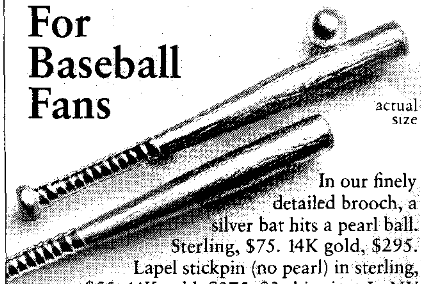

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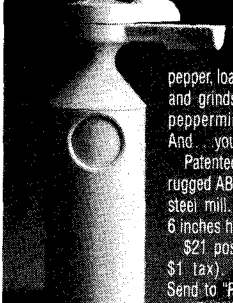

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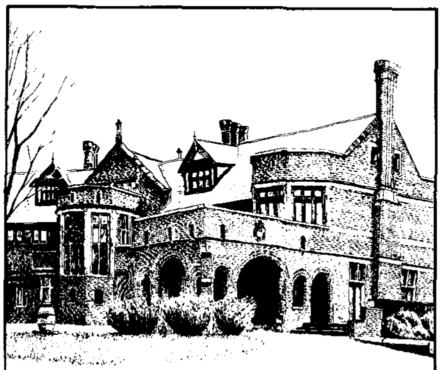

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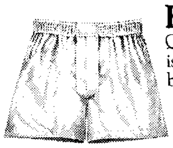

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rotated through three hundred and sixty degrees. The lifters never know what a capo plans until he raises his cane of office in the air. The capo paranza deploys the cane much as a conductor does his baton. Certain capos carry the cane solemnly, projecting heartbreaking dolor. Certain capos pump the cane like a Giants cheerleader at the halftime break. Certain capos grunt and shout at the cane as if it were something alive. And certain capos invent a technique as they go along, drawing on the whim of the moment, the temperament of the music, the emotion they absorb from the paranza and the crowd.

In the days when the giglio was more strictly penitential, the paranza faced inward and walked awkwardly with their backs to the crowd. Now they face the capo and the hordes jamming Havemeyer Street from the curb to the house foundations, and up the church steps and onto its roof. The lifters stand four deep under each of the aluminum struts that support the tower, its plinth, and the platform. The entire tower is wired for sound. Speakers punctuate the strutwork behind the façade, which is ornately encrusted with religious images and putti and symbols cast in low relief. Although each capo has a signature tune, every feast begins with the same song, "O Giglio e Paradiso." Pasquale Ferrara and the trumpeter Phil Caccavale composed it in the nineteen-fifties. The first verse of the song ends with a squealing horn fanfare, and the horns alone can provoke tears. For ten years the giglio singer has been Sammy Iovino, and when Sammy Iovino croons the opening notes women and men alike break down.

Sammy was at Mass that morning, a dapper man of medium height with a flattish face and a ledge of coiffed hair. Sammy became the giglio crooner when Pasquale Ferrara's singing son, Tutti, defected in an obscure squabble. I have heard recordings of Tutti, and they reveal an emotional baritone with a vibrato that could loosen fillings. Sammy is less intense—a smiler. He grins on the ground and on the platform. He grins through each of the lifts. His grin is not altogether mirthful; it's a professional rictus. When he sings and smiles at the same time, his renditions of familiar tunes are transformed into a signature sibilant whisper. The lyrics cross the threshold of Sammy Iovino's capped teeth, and he makes "O Giglio e Paradiso" his own. Of course, this opinion is not universally shared. "Sammy's good," the Pompeian matron remarked, "but Tutti Ferrara was king."

SOME weeks before the feast, Joe picked me up outside the Manhattan Avenue McDonald's. He wanted to show me the town. I arrived early and spent time wandering around, puzzling out sign painters' pentimenti on the sides of buildings. Everywhere, the layers of Greenpoint's past encroach upon the present. They are in the ghosts of Pierce Laundry and of Long Island Coat & Apron showing through the fresher paint of Consolidated Laundries' sign, on Eagle Street. They are in the dated shapes of houses, in the way streets veer from the grid and terminate in empty lots, seeming to have their own opinion about what will last. Outside a tenement that was being demolished stood a young boy in a plaid school uniform. Plaster and lath rained down from the roof. The danger didn't seem to bother him. "Ay!" a passerby hollered up to the workmen. "People are passing! Watch what you trow!" A hydrant sprayed a thin stream into an empty gutter, and heat shimmered through the laundry's window grilles. By pressing my face to the metal and shading my eyes, I could make out rows of sewing machines where women sat hemming napery, or else stood running sheets through colossal mangles. Bits of cloth rose and fell on the downdraft from huge standing fans. It was nearing time for a shift change, and I stayed to watch the workers exit. I wanted to ask someone about a rumor that Consolidated was closing down. A developer was said to be warehousing waterfront parcels to make way for yuppie housing. And there were said to be plans to restore ferry service across the East River to Manhattan. "They want to develop the whole waterfront as condos," I'd been told. "They already have artists coming over here now." In Greenpoint, as elsewhere, artists were considered the mine canaries of urban development. Greenpoint had a small community of them then. Priced out of Manhattan and then out of Williamsburg, they'd ended up in Greenpoint, where they found in disused factories the kind of raw loft or foundry space that had formerly existed in SoHo, along with a stable working-class population and neighborhood streets that settled into an unearthly quiet after the factory shifts let out.

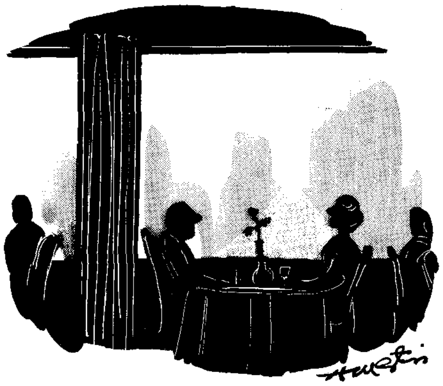
From a truck bay across Eagle Street, I read bilingual signs at the employee exit which warned against pilferage, violators subject to disciplinary action. I wondered just what anyone would steal, then had my answer when a foreman collared a woman on the sidewalk. "You've been taking napkins again!" he brayed. "Next time, I'm going to call Immigration." Consolidated Laundries did close that factory down. A presser I asked told me that this was to be the last week. Some of the laundry workers were relocating to the Sea Crest or to the Cascade linen suppliers, he added, although not necessarily to the jobs they held before. "One lady who worked here thirty years was given a choice of retiring or working at another laundry in a different job," he said. "They kept her working, but in a new line. She had to start from the beginning, square one."

"That doesn't surprise me," Joe said, a few minutes later. We were seated in his run-down car, a gray Mercury Topaz, which had an aluminum canoe roped to the roof. (That morning, Joe and his brother Anthony had paddled up the East River to the Socrates Sculpture Park, in Hallets Cove.) "This neighborhood is already gone," Joe told me. "It was gone ten years ago, if you want to know the truth." The truth may be somewhat more complicated, but then among Joe's virtues is a gift for doomy observations that lie just off the mark. Greenpoint is not gone. It is probably not even going any time soon. Joe cruised around, showing me real estate he had dreamed about buying. He pointed to a substantial pink four-story house with an empty lot beside it and said wistfully, "I tried to get that at auction, but they wanted too much." I asked him to name a figure. He said, "Fifty-two grand." Then he detoured to the fenced-off part of Noble Street that leads shot-straight to its pier. The atmosphere on the block was evocative of movie-studio back lots. Its quiet emptiness didn't suggest ruin so much as suspension. A whistle might blow and the streets outside the American Cordage building would be filled with factory workers toting black metal lunch pails. Joe said he could remember when that was how things were. "As kids, we used to come down here with our canoe and paddle to Welfare Island. We did all kinds of wild things. My brother Michael and some friends of his went into the river once in inner tubes. They tipped themselves into the water off the Williamsburg Bridge and took the current over past Grand Street as far as Noble Street. The cops pulled them in, and they said that they were going to arrest them."

I asked what had happened.

"Luckily, the cops considered the tubes a flotation device. At least, that's what they said—it was illegal to go in the river to swim. Not that anyone would do that in his right mind."

On another occasion, Joe and Anthony built a wood-and-canvas kit canoe, put it in the river on a rising tide off Noble Street, and paddled around the channel to Newtown Creek. They nosed upstream, past the toast smell from the mammoth Fink Baking Company, past gulls and cormorants and huge river rats scrambling up and around the channel riprap, past rotted barges, and under the piers of the Kosciuszko Bridge. Newtown Creek had the reputation of being a Mafia bone kettle. Cemented bodies were said to be buried in the channel, along with boat parts, barrels of chemicals, auto hulks, and effluvium from sewer outfalls. Whatever was trapped there, unholy bubbles belched to the surface from the fermentation of creek-bottom slime. In hot weather, parts of the creek looked as if they were on the boil. The day Joe and his brother went out was bright and spanking, though, and the creek, flushed with tidal influx, looked almost clean. The surface was fresh. But by the time they had paddled upstream the tide had turned. "We got to the end and couldn't get out. It was disgusting. That was where the Mob used to dump all kinds of stuff. We had to wade through this muck to get out of the water. Meanwhile, we were dragging the canoe. By the time we got on land, we were covered with gook. We called my father from a gas station to come and get us. Actually, the guy who owned the place called, because he didn't want us to touch the phone. When my father came, he wouldn't let us in the car. He made us ride on the hood."



Joe turned toward North Henry Street and St. Cecilia's Church. "When the Italians first came over here, they were considered pariahs," he said. "Like the scum of the earth. It even went as far as who could go to church. The Irish and the Germans had majority control of St. Cecilia's, and they wouldn't let us in. So we had to build a church of our own. Our Lady of Mt. Carmel was just for Italians. The priests would give you a different story, but that's how it was. The church was over by Williamsburg, but they condemned that one to put up the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway—they called it the Circumferential Parkway then. We built another church afterward—the one around the corner from my grandfather's house, on North Ninth Street."

Joe went on reminiscing. "My father hardly ever left Greenpoint in his life," he said. "He came over here from Vallata, a small town near Naples. My mother's family was from another town near Naples, called Sanza. When they were coming, it was mostly a combination of immigrants from Nola, Sanza, and Naples settling in Greenpoint. They'd get here and each group would move into certain blocks. There were Nola blocks and Sanza blocks. My mother was brought up on Richardson Street. Her father was a gravedigger. My father's father was a junkman. There were ten kids in my mother's family, and she was next to last. My father was also a next-to-last. His parents had eight. They didn't come over to America until he was four years old. My Aunt Antoinette still lives over on North Ninth Street, in the house where my father grew up. Their parents raised Vito, John, Anthony, Carmela, Mary, Tessy, Rocco, and Antoinette—in this little house. That grandfather died when my father was a kid. His wife never married again. She never left the house, either, except to go around the corner to church, and then to be buried. Mostly, she stayed in the yard. She sent the kids out for the shopping. The way it was, the kids did everything for her and

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she did everything for the house.”

I asked Joe if his parents spoke Italian at home.

“My father and mother grew up speaking Italian. They spoke it to each other in the house, but we weren't allowed to. They wanted us to be definitely American. We weren't the most traditional at all. We had macaroni and meatballs every Sunday, but not Wednesdays. At everyone else's house, macaroni on Sundays and Wednesdays was the rule. From first to eighth grade, I had no idea there was any nationality but Italian or maybe Irish. We had one Polish kid in our class in Catholic school, and he was some kind of freak. As far as we were concerned, if you weren't Irish or Italian you were something mixed and we didn't care about you. In those days, the Brooklyn gangs were dying out—the old-fashioned fifties guys, with that attitude of toughness and fast cars and greaser hair. They used to race hot rods on the connecting highway. When it got too much, the cops would come down and open the hydrants and flood the races out.” Joe shook his head.

“This was still the time of guys singing on the corners at night—doo-wop guys,” he went on. “Friday nights, the older guys would come out by Frankie's Candy Store and a big crowd would form, especially for the a-cappella singing. The fellows who sang were Freddy Muff, BoBo, Bagels, Fat Bob, Frankie Neck, Rocky, and a guy who had kinky hair they called Brillo. About this time, the hippies were coming in. From 1955 to 1965, the thing the kids did was drink on Friday night and go down to the Noble Street pier. We used to stand by the liquor stores and get older guys to buy us bottles of some cheapo stuff called Wilson. Then we got Vietnam, and people changed from drinking to drugs. The crowd I hung out with had about thirty-five guys and girls. When the hippie thing came along, this group split. Half went for the sixties. Half tried to stay in the fifties. You had these types with sharp clothes and styled hair, trying to be Annette and Frankie. And you had these others in ripped jeans. I was the hippie half. We used to have a Rambler station wagon that I borrowed from my father, and our big excitement was to sit by the pier or go down to the White Castle or smoke pot, then drive out to Kennedy Airport to watch the flashing lights on the runway. Once in a while, the two groups would have fights, but it was never like in the movies. It was never the Sharks and the Jets. A lot of those people left the neighborhood and never came back. A lot stayed. But the one thing that always brings everybody together—whether they like it or not—is the feast.”

THE house that Joe's Aunt Antoinette lives in has been in the family for three generations. It is a squat two-story building faced with red asphalt tile, one of a row of more or less identical structures wedged between a small tenement and a rubber-goods factory. (“IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER WE HAVE IT!”) Outside its door are a neglected but voluptuous grapevine heaped on a rickety arbor, a plastic swan planter, a cracked walkway, and room enough to accommodate a hundred or so people who are invited to the party the family throws each July during the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and St. Paulinus—provided they all stand. As Joe pulled up to the curb, he said, “My aunt has some pictures I think you should see.” He parked. I followed him through a gate and then we ducked into the house without knocking, as if this were some other city, not New York. An unconcerned voice drifted downstairs: “Who's there?”

“Aunt Antoinette, it's me.”

Antoinette LoGullo stood in an upstairs kitchen, wrist-deep in a bowl of ground beef. A short woman with graying hair cut pixie style, she slapped the meat into a flattish loaf, wiped her palms clean, and offered me her hand. Joe introduced us. “You caught me making dinner,” she said. She kissed Joe's cheek. “Say hello to your cousin,” she said. In the living room, Joe's cousin Theresa, birdlike and wearing jodhpurs, sat watching a large television set. The light from “Wheel of Fortune” cast a blue sheen on a brocade couch and matching chairs. The living quarters were crammed with furniture, set against walls and to the edge of a carpet, and there were armchairs parked knee to knee. It seemed like enough furniture for several houses. Freshly ironed clothing hung from doorframes around the room.

“I thought maybe we could look at the albums,” Joe said.

Aunt Antoinette gave Joe a mock-sour look. The two bantered for a while, Joe mildly insisting as his aunt demurred. The ritual was not unpleasant to observe. Finally, Aunt Antoinette sighed and left for the bedroom. "Let me find my eyeglasses," she said. She returned carrying a stack of cardboard photo albums with string-laced spines. In the albums was laid out the Rubino family history over fifty years: summers on the beach at Coney Island Bay 13; outings at a cottage in Copiague, Long Island; Joe's family crossing the Penny Bridge in the nineteen-fifties; First Communions, graduations, and confirmations; rides on the Grand Street Ferry; the paranza from the various years assembled in ranks and solemnly facing the lens; the party for Joe when he graduated from parochial school.

"Here, look at this," Aunt Antoinette said, opening an album. She slipped on a pair of half-glasses and paged through the book to a small photograph in which hundreds of people stood penned behind a wooden fence. The photographer framed the crowd squarely from his side of the barrier. "I think this was supposed to be just after Ellis Island," she said.

"Where's Grandpa?" Joe asked. Aunt Antoinette pointed to a tiny, confident-looking figure in a dark wool topcoat and a bowler hat. He was dressed for an important future.

"See?" Aunt Antoinette said. "That's Grandpa's first day in America right there."

After Antoinette put away the albums, Joe said, "My father lifted the giglio for as far back as I can remember. In the old days, it was the same basic idea as our feast, but the giglio was much smaller. It was made of wood. They had different clubs that came together for the feast."

The club Joe's family belonged to was the local Knights of Columbus Fidelity Council. The important-sounding Società Multuo Soccorso San Paulino had charge of the feast, though, and ran it until 1940, when, according to the urban folklorist Joseph Sciorra, who is a student of the giglio, it became defunct. By 1954, when Joe's father was lifting, the feast had been revived and was staged, as it is now, by a confederation of neighborhood bigwigs and the priests at Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church.

"The whole thing was holy but at the same time militaristic," Joe went on. "You wore a uniform—hat, shirt, a certain kind of scarf, and a certain kind of pants. And everyone had his own version of the giglio story. In one version, it was a woman who got captured and taken away as a slave, leaving sixteen kids behind. This was the version my father's generation told, because in those days everyone in Italy had a lot of family. The way they put it, the woman got rescued by the Saint offering himself in her place. And the rest is the same basic history, with the boat and the lilies, and whatever."

"Maybe it's because it's the one I'm used to hearing, but I always liked that story better than all the rest," Aunt Antoinette said.

THE feast that year was an oddly spiritless occasion. Perhaps it was because of the heat, and perhaps it was because there had been trouble selecting the capo paranza. I went on opening Sunday and stayed awhile to watch the dancing of the giglio, then drifted away past some boys playing a fingers-and-insults game called *morra*. The next time I found myself in Italian Greenpoint was a pleasant night a year later. Joe had invited me to the final meeting of capos and paranza before the hundred-and-second feast. The meetings take place throughout the year, but, Joe says, "only the insiders go except just before the feast."

In the basement of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church, a past capo named Chichi Galasso stood before a roomful of men and asked the paranza lieutenants to turn in their tickets for the annual thousand-dollar raffle. He introduced two beefy boys as the honorary junior capos, and the boys waved at the assembly in an eerily adult way. Then Mr. Galasso yielded the floor to a policeman from the Ninety-fourth Precinct. "Some of the cops at the feast this year will be rookies who have their own way of doing things," the officer said. "Try to bear with them. Last year we had a black woman sergeant and we survived. This year it's a Puerto Rican guy. Who knows? Next year we might have a faggot." This disagreeable wisecrack brought none of the laughter he'd expected. The policeman looked at his shoes.

Tonight, the paranza were receiving their caps and official feast T-shirts. The lifters get a different shirt each year, but the scarf and the hat usually remain the same. This year, though, the capos had decided to modernize the

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THE YARD COW

headgear. To replace the traditional billed poplin seaman's cap they handed out a white baseball model with a mesh crown and a giglio insignia. "I'm not gonna put on that garbage," Joe's cousin Tony Croci said. "Where you gonna put flowers?" Tony boxed with Joe while he talked; it was his conversational method. Uppercut. Duck and weave. Kidney shot. Pow. Pow. "I'll tell you this much," Tony said. "I'm gonna wear last year's hat and put thirty carnations on it to let people know I don't go for this crap."

Chichi Galasso introduced a seminarian who blessed the room and said a prayer invoking the Blessed Virgin, the Heavenly Father, and St. Paulinus, and asking a special blessing for Cono Feminella, a beloved ex-lifter who was out sick. The men stood for the prayer with bowed heads and clasped hands. I wandered into a boiler room, where panels that adorn the giglio are stored, and bumped into the statue of St. Paulinus. He was life-size and supine on a pair of sawhorses. His lips were red. He had a staff, a gold robe, and a papal tiara, and carried a wooden volume in the crook of his left arm. Someone must have absent-mindedly left a pencil lying in the open book; on the pencil, in gilt lettering, it said "Dinner, evening, and dressy afternoon dresses."

When the meeting was over, the lifters gathered outside the church, carrying their T-shirts. The twilight weather was mild, and the men were feeling happy.

"Joe, you ready?" one asked. Joe grinned.

"What are you, kidding?" Tony Croci said. "These dumb Italians don't live for nothing else all year."

Later, Joe and I had dinner at Crisci's, a restaurant whose patron saint is Francis Albert Sinatra. Joe ordered stuffed shells and a Heineken and nodded hello to a priest at a nearby table, whose dinner was being continually interrupted by diners bowing to kiss his ring. "From the time I'm seventeen, I've never missed a giglio," Joe told me. "I would have started it before that age, but my father didn't get me in. We had a bad relationship. He never understood me. The only time I really remember crying, I'd gone down to a lifters' meeting and he was supposed to tell them I was going to join. And when I got there they didn't have my name. They told me to go home. My face was burning. And in my heart it bothered me that he didn't want to do the giglio with me. Don't forget, I was a teen-ager by then, and I didn't go around crying much. I decided that night that I wasn't going to let him stop me. And the next year I made an aggressive attempt. I got my father to at least introduce me to the lieutenant, Sammy Cangiano, and I asked if I could lift. And that time they let me join." As it happened, the first year that Joe lifted the giglio was his father's last. "He sort of drifted off," Joe said. "He said it wasn't like it used to be, it wasn't religious anymore, which was partly true. But, the way I look at it, at least we did it together that one year."

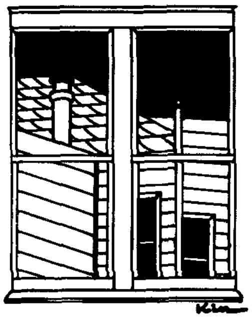
The 1989 feast ran from July 5th through July 16th. I missed the first Sunday. The second was old-timers' day, at which past capos would be honored. The tower had been refurbished, last year's polychrome repainted an over-all blue and white with gold molding, and stood at the junction of Havemeyer and North Ninth Street. A panel attached to each tier of the structure depicted aspects of the feast. On the first level was a grotto with the Virgin Mary and trumpet-playing angels; on the second were reliefs of the giglio itself and maps of the Italian boot alongside St. Paulinus in profile attended by little disembodied cherubs with winged ears. From there the tower narrowed, and saints were interspersed among putti, a cornucopia, a large Pietà medallion, and the Blessed Virgin poised between garlanded columns. A gilded St. Paulinus, the only three-dimensional figure on the tower, was rigged with counterweights and a pulley system that set and balanced him on the pinnacle. With his cleaved and gleaming robe, he looked like a big gold bug set against the sky.

I bought a lemonade and drank it so fast that the crushed ice made my front teeth ache, then ventured into a side chapel of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, where worshippers were lighting candles to one or another of dozens of saints, whose images packed the room as tightly as passengers pack a rush-hour train on the I.R.T. The Infant of Prague ("Gift of the Walsh Brothers") faced a plaster St. Lucy holding two glass eyes on a plate. Elizabeth Seton, in her drab gray habit, seemed more puritan than ever, for she was wedged between an opulent Virgin and Child (with a dog, a globe, a flame, a rose, and two kneeling attendants) and a triumphant archangel with a sandal planted on Satan's head. I counted ten representations of the Virgin in the chapel. The church was decorated with banners glorifying the Mother Most Chaste, the Tower of Ivory, the Queen of Virgins, the Virgin of Honor. There were sheaves of gladiolus and white

"He needs seasoning. Fire him."

and yellow chrysanthemums on the altars, but no lilies.

Lining both sides of Havemeyer Street were mobile vans with side awnings that lifted to reveal ring-toss games, water-target games, Skee Ball chutes, or wheels of fortune. The beer venders had their own stands, with sweating coolers jammed with bottles and smoking dry ice. A teen-age girl hacked chunks from a marbled boulder of nougat candy, and her brother hung out T-shirts that said "ITALIAN LOVER," "ITALIAN STALLION," and "ITALIAN BITCH." I spotted Joe at the corner talking to the Altadonnas, a couple whose daughter he once came within a hair's breadth of marrying. The last-minute change of mind hadn't really lowered the family opinion of Joe—they'd married him anyway. Buddy Altadonna is the unofficial mayor of Greenpoint, a friendly, husky man with caterpillar eyebrows that jut over the frames of dark glasses. His wife, Mary, is short and round and has what local beauticians call high hair: it's styled in a tall cotton-candy cylinder. I joined the group in mid-sentence. "She's crazy about gambling," Buddy Altadonna was saying as his wife scraped the coating off a bunch of Instant Lottery tickets.



"I'm telling you, it's like a sickness with me," she joked.

I'd met the Altadonnas before, but Joe reintroduced me.

"This your first feast?" Mrs. Altadonna asked me.

I said it was my second.

"Well, let me tell you, once you see the giglio in Nola, this is nothing," she said. Mary Altadonna is a Nolani. "Do you know Nola?" she went on. "It isn't far from Pompeii. The place is supposed to be older than Rome. One of the Caesars died there. Over in Nola, they spend all year thinking about the feast. They live for that day. They have eight different towers, not as tall as this one but nicer. They're made of wood. It's a big contest with the guys to see who builds the best giglio, who paints it the most beautiful, who lifts the best. They put whitewash on the houses on one street they go down—it's not even a street, it's an alley. The place is too narrow for guys to lift on the sides, so they put lifters only on the front and the back. If the giglio rubs the houses, you can see it on the whitewash and they lose points. The whole thing is a competition. I've seen it now three times, and the way they struggle is beautiful. You wouldn't believe it."

Mrs. Altadonna told a number of Italian stories, and each of them seemed to camouflage a deep nostalgia. She told a story about sinking in an overloaded gondola ("gon-*doe*-la"), as a way of demonstrating Venetian greed. She told a story about train travel in Sicily which illustrated the local allergy to common sense: "When you go from the mainland to Sicily by train, you get to the ferry, and wouldn't you think that you'd get off the train, get on the ferry, then get on another train in Sicily? Right? But no. Instead, you get to the ferry and they take the whole train apart and put it on the ferry. Then they put it together again on the other side." She patted her hairdo and laughed. "Dumb Italians," she said.

The sun by now was directly above us, so that our shadows lay in tiny puddles at our feet. We stood for a minute squinting and grinning. I excused myself to buy beer. As I drank it, I recalled a conversation I'd once had with a friend of Joe's, a tiny red-headed woman who had written a scholarly paper on the feast. I called on her one day at her house, on Noble Street, and she poured us both cups of decaffeinated coffee. "The survival of Italians is about the giglio, because the giglio is about clans," she said. "In this case, it's people from these Neapolitan towns. When the inner city was undergoing 'white flight,' in the nineteen-seventies, people here just decided not to move. They said, 'We're not going to let this happen to us.' People resisted leaving. They resisted minority incursions and integration. There was a racist component to it, sure—it was discrimination. But the people practicing it considered it sponsorship—taking care of your own. Greenpoint is still very Italian. They kept it like that in informal ways, through a housing network of friends and families making apartments available to one another. That was tied to a very Italian idea of continuity. Your neighbors, your friends, their families—my family—they're all here. Partly, we stay because

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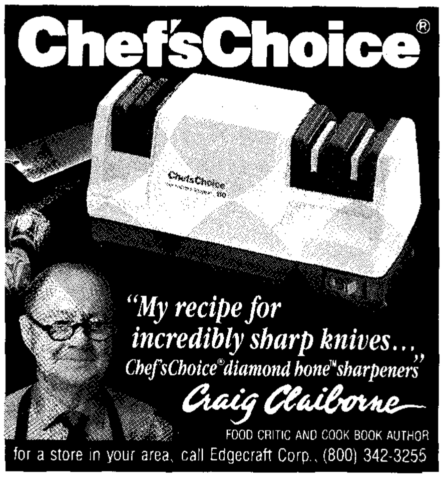

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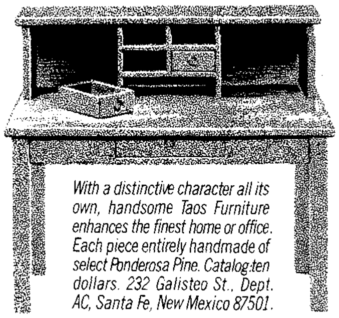

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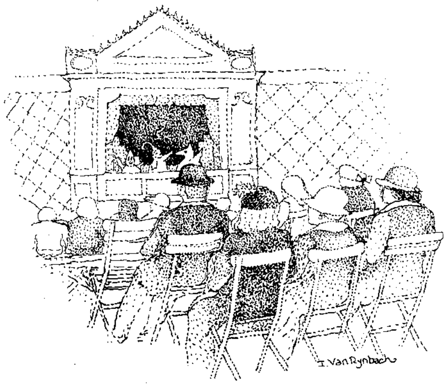
Italians do not move. I'm half Italian, so I can say that. And we truly enjoy street life. When you talk to Italians about neighborhood, they don't talk in terms of blocks. What's a block? They talk houses and stoops. We like to get out and walk around, keep an eye on each other. And when we move to a place we set roots and we stay."

By a quarter to two, the giglio still hadn't budged, and I strolled south down Havemeyer toward the outskirts of the fair, where the customers petered out, and hawkers, slumping on the counters, lazily ran through their spiels. "Ball toss. Fawfera dolla," one said, inviting me to try my luck at winning a Sylvester Stallone mirror or an oversized blue plush Smurf. Suddenly, when I was halfway down the strip, I made out the first melancholy notes of the giglio band. Following the sound, I rounded a corner and found a parade in progress. The old-timers were marching, in their seaman's caps and red kerchiefs, followed by priests and by altar boys swinging censers. At the sound of the music, the crowd cleared a pathway, and reverently stood back from the procession as it moved down Havemeyer Street. The band turned left into the yard of a house beside the giglio, with the dignitaries tagging along. Someone grabbed a microphone from the giglio platform and called for the lifters to get under the struts. Abruptly, the street was full of leave-taking: the paranza handed their beers to girlfriends, tightened their support belts, hitched up their Lycra bike shorts, and prepared to lift. An old man pointed to the struts beneath the giglio and said, "That rubber burns. That gets hot. The aluminum is like the range on an oven. You're sweating and your shoulder's busting and you've broke your back. But it's a wonderful feeling, I've got to say."

I looked down toward the giglio and saw Sammy Iovino scrambling to the platform. He stood up and dusted himself off, then shouted to the lifters to rope off the street. Ordinarily, that job would be done by "rope boys"—future lifters, still too young to put their shoulders to the giglio—but on the second Sunday of the feast rope boys were in short supply. The paranza were doing double duty. Sammy unclipped his lavalliere mike and tapped it. "Today, we honor the old-timers," he whistled. "It brings back a little youth to them, and that's what we want."

Sammy set about introducing the former capos, one at a time. As each old-timer left the small yard, he behaved as if the fence enclosing it were the curtain on the Johnny Carson show, and peeked around it to judge his reception before making an entrance, to which he added a personal flourish. The oldest old-timer, Buster Mirando ("He deserves the greatest respect," Sammy Iovino said), came out with his head tipped back so far that his hat slipped forward and he could see only through slit eyes. He was followed by Johnny (Bull) Catenacci, in a march step; by Jimmy (Dell) Dellacono ("Ring those bells!" Sammy said); by Chichi Galasso, boogying to the "Rocky" theme; by Sarge Mirando; by Sammy Cangiano; by Joe Ben; by an out-of-borough capo named Angelo Granada; and by Sammy Iovino's brother Pat, who is the capo paranza of a feast in Astoria, Queens. Finally, Sammy Iovino introduced a man who wasn't a capo. Ikie Peluso is the oldest man still lifting, a wizened seventy-nine-year-old with candle-wax skin and an enormous hooked beak. Ikie did not look strong enough to hang up a heavy coat in his closet, but he came out and accepted his ovation with scrawny arms held high and hands clasped, like a champ.

The configuration of lieutenancy had been altered, and beneath this year's capo paranza there were three apprentices (Vinnie Patuto, Andrew Badamo, T. J. Sampogna) and a No. 2 man (Joe Peluso). Sammy Iovino called the capo paranza "the man of the ow-ah," and went on, "Everybody knows this man. Everybody knows his devotion to the giglio. Everybody can tell you this is a man of all the people. You could even say this man lives for our feast." Sammy Iovino begged us to permit him an introduction: "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Mr. Basti Vecchiano."



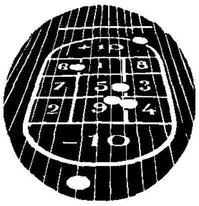
The clapping for Basti Vecchiano was so loud and forceful it stunned me. A woman in front of me began to whoop and cry. Basti timed his appearance to ride the crest of the applause, and, probably for that reason, it was slightly disappointing to catch sight of Basti himself, a merely life-size middle-aged man suffering from male-pattern baldness. He had on red trousers and last year's hat. His wife trailed behind him, in a low-cut dress and with her hair cantilevered in a gravity-defying arrangement of pink curls. The crowd closed in on Basti Vecchiano as he took his place at the head of the giglio. Suddenly, Sammy Iovino crackled to life. He smacked himself on the forehead. "We forgot the Monsignor!" he said.

The crowd stepped back again—this time for Monsignor Cassato, who appeared with a large crucifix, six attendants, and a microphone of his own. Clipping it to his alb, he blessed the giglio crowd. "O Glory of Creation," he said, "we humbly beseech you to bless this gathering." A louder voice, reverberantly disembodied and tinny, began to overtake his. People looked around for the source. "It's the bingo caller," a woman near me whispered loudly. Inside the parish courtyard, a game was going on. "O St. Paulinus," said the Monsignor. "B three. N for-ty sev-en. N twen-ty nine," came the reply. The Monsignor finished his blessing and sprinkled the paranza with holy water. Then the hundred and twenty-eight men took their places beneath the struts, and the lifts began.

"When you're under the giglio, people think you have control, but you really don't," Joe had told me. "The giglio is like a two-ton beast. If one person does something, everyone starts it. Like bouncing. No one says, 'O.K., we're going to bounce.' It's like—What's that movement the stomach does? Peristalsis? It's like that. Or how a worm moves. When you do the lifts, you have to walk together. You have to lift together. It's a feeling of coördinated togetherness that's hard to explain."

That day, under Basti Vecchiano's cane, the lifters bounced the giglio. They danced it. They did one-eighties.

They did three-sixties, rotating the platform foot over foot in the middle of an intersection. They even carried the giglio backward—the most treacherous lift of all. Joe was in his customary spot—at the rear, inside. It's a real hoisting position. Unlike those paranza who take front-facing spots on the aluminum struts, the inside lifters are buried in an anonymous seethe of limbs: they give the impression of *penitenti*, their focus is so intent on the weight of the big tower and the voice of the capo as he barks out commands. And they do suffer, as for five hours in the sun the tower is raised and lowered and moved forward in increments of inches. Joe had told me, "When you lift, you always carry the giglio on your right shoulder. So you're all facing the same direction, I guess. That's always the way. At one time, they tried to get people to face different directions, and it was a big fight. I'm a construction worker, so I'm interested in carrying things comfortably. The giglio is huge. You can't go a long time with tons on your shoulder if you don't feel good."



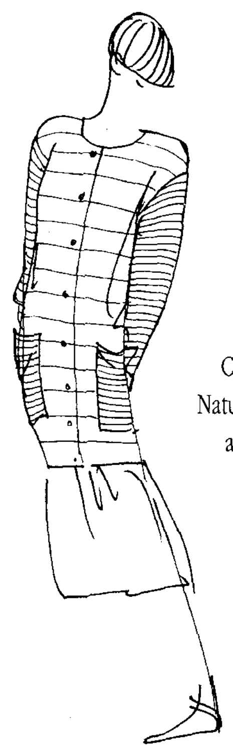
The cue for the lifts is musical. As the trumpeters waited to sound the first notes of "O Giglio e Paradiso," Basti roared at his lieutenants to herd the paranza and square them in line. The paranza stood hunched and expectant, necks craned, the immense weight of the tower just grazing their shoulders. Abruptly, Basti whacked his cane skyward, and the band cut loose. At once, the paranza heaved at the giglio, jerking it up from the macadam. The tower lurched on the collective grunt of "HUNH!" and began its solemn walk, covering perhaps thirty yards before Basti spun on his heel and hollered "*'Uaglio!*"—the signal to halt. The bandmembers gripped their chairs, and the tower swayed faintly, as the lifters held steady, awaiting the get-ready order, "*Gungi-gung'!*" A lopsided drop can crush the lifters, so there is always a moment of hush before the capo's command to the paranza to "Throw it!" ("*Aggett!*") Each time this happened, the small hairs bristled on my neck.

The guest capos also led lifts. One of them, Johnny Bull, played his part as if he were taming a beast with a hundred and twenty-eight backs. He shouted at the lifters to be ready. They twined hands until all the lifters were manually woven together. The band began to play the fanfare of the giglio song, and people on the streets lost their senses. They hugged and hopped around in circles. They swooned. They shotgunned Budweisers without losing a speck of foam. They crept along after the capo as he wielded his cane in mock fury. They addressed his cane as if it were Moses' rod. The lifters walked and swivelled and dropped and paraded the giglio up Havemeyer and onto North Eighth Street in laborious stages. Along the way, something transformative happened. I understood what Joe had meant when he suggested that the private ritual was not lost in the communal moment. It was deepened.

On the final note of the last lift that I watched that Sunday, the guest capo Johnny Bull jabbed his cane in the air as a signal for the lifters to prepare the drop. The crowd receded. St. Paulinus wobbled slightly on the pinnacle. Basti Vecchiano growled some indistinguishable sound at the men, and they grimaced under the four thousand pounds of aluminum, wood, plaster, and Sammy Iovino. Finally, Johnny Bull gave the "AGGETT!" order. The men dropped it with a thud that caused tremors in the asphalt. And all the people cheered.

"There's a guy I know from the old neighborhood, a commodities broker who went to West Point," Joe once told me. "And one year he asked could he come and lift. He thought it was a big laugh. He had that attitude, like he was slumming. But then he came and did it, and he was humbled. Another fellow I know from Greenpoint was the only Irishman that ever lifted. One year, he had a slight heart attack under the giglio, and he was so nervous he didn't want them to stop and let him out. It's group pressure, but there's also an emotion when you're lifting that draws you inside. I get a very strong feeling from the giglio, although for me it's not that much a connection to the Church or to the Saint. It's a connection to my father." He chuckled. "I'll tell you this, though. You fall while you're under the giglio, forget about it—you're dead."

—GUY TREBAY



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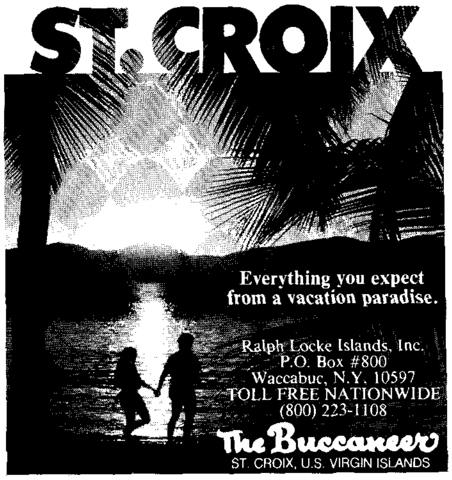

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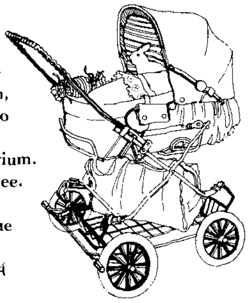

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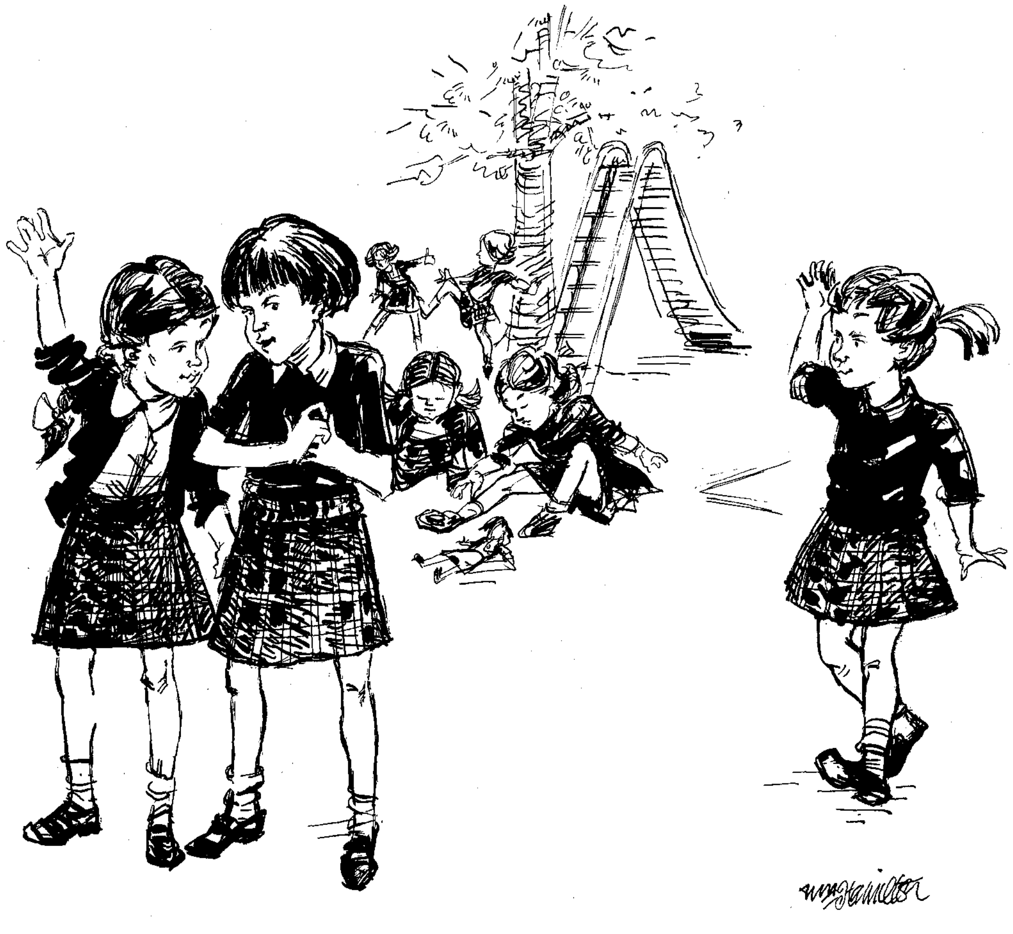
Salesmanship

“Cadillac Man” begins with a swooping overhead shot of Queens; we hear a bouncy song whose message is that when opportunity knocks “you better snatch and grab it before it gets away,” and the camera descends, buzzardlike, on a stalled funeral procession. As the funeral director shouts obscenities at his broken-down hearse, and the mourners become impatient, another predator lights on the scene: a car salesman called Joey O’Brien (Robin Williams), who happens to be driving by. He is, clearly, a man who does not let opportunities get away. He offers the funeral director a deal on a new hearse, helps load the coffin into the battered pickup that will take it to its final resting place, speaks soothing words to the widow, and then, after a very brief wrestling match with his conscience, hands her his business card. Aghast, the widow (Elaine Stritch) stares at him and asks, “You’re not trying to sell me a car, are you? At my husband’s funeral?” “Yes,” he replies. The deal doesn’t work out. She tears up Joey’s card and calls him a “sleaze” and “the scum of the earth.” He’s not in much of a position to argue.

As a revelation of Joey’s character, this scene is slightly misleading. In the rest of the movie we never see him do anything quite as rotten as trying to hustle a grieving widow; he turns out to be a nice guy who sometimes gets a touch carried away in pursuit of his two passions—sex and selling. But as an indication of the movie’s character the opening is perfect. The humor of “Cadillac Man” has a shameless, snatch-and-grab-it quality. The picture doesn’t disguise its eagerness to make us laugh—to sell itself to us—and it isn’t overscrupulous about its methods. It borrows liberally from other movies (like “Tin Men” and “Dog Day Afternoon”); it hops from scene to scene impatiently, seizing comic opportunities as they come along; it shifts gears halfway through, abandoning the episodic structure of its first part in favor of an extended sequence featuring a character who barely figures in the earlier action. It’s a movie of bits and pieces, a patchwork of notions and wayward inspirations, and it probably shouldn’t work at all. But it’s more than funny enough to wear down our resistance. We know we’re being hustled, we see through the movie’s snappy motor-mouth patter, and we shake hands on the deal anyway.

Periodically, Joey O’Brien faces the camera, looks the audience straight in the eye, and tells us what he’s thinking. Twice—at the beginning of the picture and at the very end—he says, with absolute conviction, “I love to sell.” He really does. His work fills him with joy, even when he knows he’s being a sleaze: he’s making his customers happy and at the same time putting some money in his pocket so he can keep his ex-wife and his two girlfriends happy, too. He’s as deceitful in his love affairs as he is on the job, but there’s no malice in any of his activities, and he’s generous. (One of his colleagues at the auto dealership says to him sadly, “You’d still be rich if you didn’t blow it on the babes.”) The first part of “Cadillac Man” is a lightning tour of Joey’s absurdly complicated life. He dashes from one lover’s bed to the other’s, stops for a fast argument with his ex-wife, has a bowl of pasta fazool at his mother’s house, and drives all over Queens telling everyone he knows to come into the showroom the next day and buy a car from him. The dealership, Turgeon Auto (its motto is “Nobody gets out alive”), is moving to a new location and reducing its sales staff, so if he doesn’t sell a dozen cars in the next twenty-four hours he’s out of a job, and that means he won’t be able to support his teen-age daughter or buy nice things for his women or pay off the twenty thousand bucks he has borrowed from a neighborhood mobster. We know that all these scenes and characters are devices to prepare us for a farcical second act; we anticipate that the following day, when Turgeon holds its everything-must-go sale, will be



“Be careful what you say. She’s never been to Europe.”

the occasion of spectacular comic disasters succeeded by the resolution of all the intersecting plots. But the vignettes that establish the craziness of Joey's life don't feel as if they were simply setups; they're played with such inventiveness and gusto that each one seems to exist purely for its own sake. The screenwriter, Ken Friedman, has peopled his story with more than a dozen vivid characters, and the director, Roger Donaldson, has given the actors plenty of room; everyone in this movie makes an impression.

Robin Williams is in virtually every scene, and he's brilliant throughout, yet "Cadillac Man" isn't a one-man show. He isn't required (as he sometimes has been) to generate the film's comic energy all by himself. The other performers aren't just standing around gaping at his antics; he's surrounded by strong actors in sharply written roles—each one gives him something different to react to. All the characters are making demands on Joey, and, good salesman that he is, he does his best to satisfy them. He has to be mighty resourceful—able to tailor his responses to the needs of the individual client, lover, family member, employer, or creditor. (He has too many deals going, and none of them are quite done; everyone in his life is, in a sense, still waiting for delivery.) One of his girlfriends, Joy (Fran Drescher), who has a rich husband (Zack Norman) and an exceptionally nasty Pomeranian, wants Joey to decide whether he's going to make a "commitment" to her, and it's clear that this woman is used to getting what she asks for. Drescher combines sexy wheedling and flat-out nagging in a completely original way, and she even manages to make the character likable. Joey's other, younger girlfriend, Lila (Lori Petty), is a spacey downtown type who designs aggressively silly clothing; she drags him to a club opening (first providing him with a "hip" hair style, an earring, and a jacket that looks as if it came from the darkest recesses of Elvis's closet) and begs him to help her become famous. His ex-wife, Tina (Pamela Reed), wants him to pay more attention—and money—to their slightly wild fifteen-year-old daughter. Reed is, as always, splendid. She uses her scratchy voice to wonderful effect, and she has a great come-off-it look. Tina is the only character who sees through Joey's salesmanship, and their scenes together are among the liveliest in the picture.

The funniest performance of all, though, doesn't begin until the movie is almost half over. Tim Robbins' Larry, who is the husband of Turgeon Auto's receptionist, Donna (Annabella Sciorra), crashes into the picture—and the showroom—at the height of the sale-day chaos, and transforms everything. Joey has been juggling three deals simultaneously, one of them with Joy and her husband, and fielding desperate phone calls from Tina and Lila, and time is running out for him to make his twelve-sale quota—his resources are stretched to the limit. Then, suddenly, a man on a motorcycle barrels through the showroom's plate-glass window and takes everyone hostage: waving an automatic rifle, he lines up the salesmen and the customers against the wall and demands to know who's been fooling around with his wife. In narrative terms, this amateur terrorist is a bolt from the blue. We knew that Donna was stepping out with Little Jack Turgeon (Paul Guilfoyle), the owner's son, and we'd had a glimpse of Larry (helmeted, on his bike) in an earlier scene, but the situation looked like the tiniest of subplots. You have to admire a movie that's crazy enough to reverse field this way. Besides, the abrupt about-face is perfectly consistent with the picture's endearingly shifty, salesmanlike approach to comedy: anything to keep the customer hooked.

And Robbins' acting is explosive—totally unpredictable. Long after we've got over our surprise at the turn the plot has taken, we're still shaking our heads in astonishment at what this young actor is doing; watching the way he moves and listening to how he reads his lines, we keep asking ourselves, "Where did *that* come from?" Larry's a very confused guy—an unemployed mechanic who has been spending too much time rattling around in his own head. He's big and young, and he hasn't the faintest idea what to do with his energy. Robbins expresses the character's frustrations physically: he's constantly bobbing from one foot to the other, moving from chair to chair, leaping up, slapping his forehead to

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clear his brain, firing random shots, and jiggling his leg with the blurred speed of a piston. (It's as if no one had told him that he should go to the bathroom before committing a major crime.) His lunacy is sweet-natured; he's like a crazed puppy, biting because he can't help himself. Wherever this performance comes from, it's sensational.

"Cadillac Man" is shaggy and more than a little jittery itself, but it's full of small, accidental-seeming pleasures—the joys of resourcefulness. After that initial overhead view of Queens, it stays down at street level, with its characters, until the last shot, when the camera sails upward again. The movie doesn't look down on its hero; it identifies with him. By the end, when Joey uses his low skills to resolve the hostage crisis, his go-for-it salesmanship seems indistinguishable from the filmmakers' reckless energy and the actors' ebullience. Everyone, including the audience, winds up happy. The biggest surprise of "Cadillac Man" is that it turns out to be about the redemptive power of sleaze. —TERRENCE RAFFERTY

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FROM THE PRESIDENT

As it is with most things, time takes it toll and everything is effected by it. Some things appreciate over time . . . fine art, diamonds and gold, truth in expression. This is due in part to honest acceptance, love and appreciation of their mere existence. I believe this unadulterated attitude towards these material things can be transcended into honorable organizations that colleagues are fundamentally attached to such as religious, political, fraternal and/or alumni.

The major adhesive factor is in the appreciation of; that which you are fundamentally attached to and appreciate is what stands the test of time; that which you covenant amongst peers conjures lasting power and value; that which is viewed as significant to personal and fraternal identification is generally protected from blatant disfigurement derived from negligence or irresponsible complacency. And in being a major or minor adhered component the rewards therefrom are inevitably equal.

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JOE QUARTERMAN
Alumni Chapter President

—Maryland Architecture, the newsletter of the University of Maryland Architecture Alumni Chapter.

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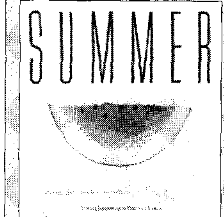

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 24

THE consequences of a reckless if effective campaign pledge are now coming home to President Bush, the Republican Party, and the country. Bush's pledge not to raise taxes went from a salvation device in New Hampshire to the most memorable line in his acceptance speech at the Republican Convention—perhaps in his entire campaign—and became the Republican Party's totem. Though, starting shortly after the President took office, the Bush White House was careful to avoid saying that the pledge would hold for four years, much of the public came to think that it would, and Republican political professionals embraced the no-new-taxes pledge as a valuable weapon for this year's congressional elections. Meanwhile, though numerous Republicans have believed for some time that taxes have to be increased to meet the nation's needs, and though Ronald Reagan signed numerous tax increases during his Presidency, the Democrats have for more than a decade been beaten about the head as taxers. So now, as the President prepares to wriggle out of his pledge, he faces rebellious Republicans and angry, suspicious Democrats. At the outset of the long-expected budget "summit" of the President and bipartisan congressional leaders, the atmosphere is poisonous.

The President is having some difficulty explaining why, earlier this month, he called the budget summit. He wants the country to understand that the situation is serious and may require serious action, but, he says, he doesn't want the country—in particular, the financial markets—to think that the economy is in any great danger. (The financial markets have been aware of the dimensions of the problem.) He also doesn't want to admit, of course, that the budget he sent to Congress in January was as fraudulent as most people said it was at the time, or to offer any more leadership now than he did then on what hard things the nation should do to get the deficit under control. So he continually refuses to say what he would do about the ever-increasing deficit, saying that that is a matter for negotiations. At his press conference this morning, he blamed the Congress for the deficit—even though both branches are complicit. This didn't help the atmosphere at today's meeting of the budget summit.

There was no sudden crisis that made the summit necessary—just a long-postponed need to face up to reality. In July, Richard Darman, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, must report revised deficit estimates, and because of various developments he would no longer be able to draw as large a mask over the truth, and he risked looking ridiculous if more serious efforts to cut the deficit weren't under way. In January, it may be remembered, Darman told us that we could completely eliminate the deficit, without much difficulty, by 1993. Each month, the Congressional Budget Office revises the estimate of the deficit for the current fiscal year; the figure is circulated within a small group, and is supposed to be a secret. Under the Gramm-Rudman law, the deficit for the current fiscal year—fiscal 1990—which ends September 30th, is supposed to be a hundred billion dollars; the most recent C.B.O. estimate had put it at from a hundred and eighty billion dollars to two hundred billion dollars. Under the law, the fiscal-1991 deficit is supposed to be sixty-four billion dollars. Such figures make the truth about the magnitude of the chore of meeting the Gramm-Rudman deficit target for fiscal 1991—the budget that is now being worked on—harder to continue to evade.

Since the Administration submitted its budget, interest rates had not dropped, as Darman had forecast (and almost nobody expected), but had risen; inflation, in fact, rose faster than most people had expected; economic growth is slower than Darman had forecast, reducing government receipts. All along, private forecasters and the Congressional Budget Office had been saying that Darman's assumptions were unrealistic. Moreover, the Administration had become concerned that, because of various international and domestic developments, interest rates may continue to rise, putting the economy in real jeopardy. The enormity of the savings and loan calamity, the dimensions of which are still unfolding but which it is now estimated might cost five hundred billion dollars—or more—has had what might be charitably termed an adverse effect on the budget deficit. In the budget he submitted to Congress earlier this year, Darman said that the S. & L. problem would cost a mere seven billion dollars in fiscal 1991. Now the cost in fiscal 1991 is estimated at from forty-one to sixty-eight billion. The knowledge that the S. & L. numbers had exploded (this wasn't a surprise to many people) helped force the Administration's hand. An official says, "There was no way to hide that pea under a walnut shell in the midsession review." The

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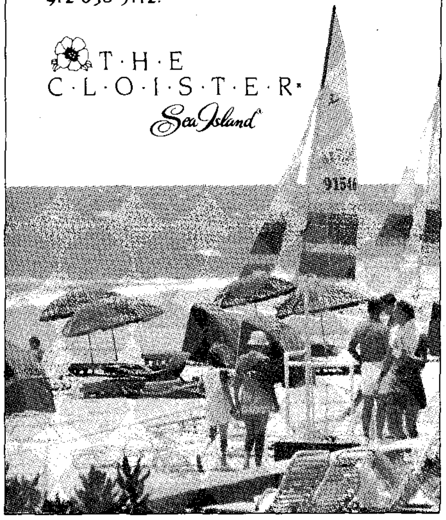

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varying numbers we've been getting on the size of the deficit, and the S. & L. costs, show that the Administration actually has great leeway in saying what the numbers are. Congress and the Administration may well collude to take the S. & L. costs out of the counting under Gramm-Rudman, thus making their task easier.

No one should be surprised that a budget summit is under way. That there would be one was inevitable; only the timing was in question. Darman has been desiring such a summit for a long time; he would like a serious, multi-year fix to the chronic deficit problem. (This would not only help the country but also be a milestone in his own career.) Darman no sooner submitted this year's budget, solemnly attesting to its verity, than he invited congressional leaders to meet with the Administration to revise it. The Democratic leaders demurred, in part because they wanted to get on with writing their own budget, so as to have something to negotiate from, and in part because they didn't trust Darman. They still don't, but once the President invited them to discuss the budget, they couldn't refuse. Once the House passed its own, Democratic-written, budget, on May 1st, and, the next day, the Senate Budget Committee adopted a budget, the Administration moved. Darman and White House Chief of Staff John Sununu have recently taken to saying that one reason the summit is necessary is that Congress has "failed" to adopt its own budget, but this is untrue. Sununu also pointed out that the House adopted its budget by a narrow vote—but it almost always has. By this time, the Administration saw that the amount by which the deficit would have to be cut was no longer thirty-six billion dollars, as it had said earlier this year, but about fifty-six billion dollars. An Administration official says, "That alarmed us but didn't panic us. It's a lot more difficult to come up with fifty-six billion than thirty-six billion; it isn't a linear progression when you're talking budget." This week, Darman told the congressional negotiators that the deficit has grown from the supposed hundred billion dollars in January to a hundred and thirty-eight billion (thus requiring cuts of about seventy billion dollars)—or to two hundred and six billion when the high range of the S. & L. costs is counted.

In the weeks leading up to his invitation to the congressional leaders to sit down and talk about the budget, the President had been getting a lot of advice that the time had come to try to make a comprehensive budget deal—one that would, of necessity, include tax increases. The only questions were what sorts of tax increases, how big they should be, and what else should be included in the deficit-reduction package. None of it would be politically easy. Even conservative Republicans understand that domestic programs have been cut many times over the past decade and there isn't a great deal of room for cutting them further. Cuts in entitlement programs, such as Social Security and other pension programs, are politically explosive. Yet, as the Administration officials understood, if the President and Congress failed to achieve the required reduction, the size of the automatic sequester under the Gramm-Rudman law—the automatic, across-the-board cuts—would be ruinous. Both popular and essential programs—providing funds for education and air-traffic controllers and F.B.I. agents—would be hit with drastic reductions. Cuts in the Defense Department would be made without any regard to change in the international situation. In his budget submitted earlier this year, the President had already called for about fourteen billion dollars in new taxes, which were described as "user fees" that the Administration hoped the public wouldn't much notice. Even then some Administration officials were privately saying they thought that at the proper time the President would be willing to accept higher taxes. Even then they quietly began to propagate the notion that by "no new taxes" the President had meant only *income* taxes.

By the time the President called for the summit, there had been a series of meetings of the President's top economic and political advisers—Sununu, Darman, Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady, and Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Michael Boskin, and sometimes others—and all agreed that the time had come to try, or appear to try, to get a comprehensive deal, which all concerned knew had to include more taxes. Darman, Brady, and Boskin were particularly concerned about the effects of the growing S. & L. costs, and other financial liabilities, as a result of other federal insurance programs, the government might encounter as a result of the weak economy and high interest rates. (So concerned were some top officials about the tightening of credit as a result of the S. & L. disaster and high interest rates that recently Federal Reserve Board Chairman Alan Greenspan and other federal regulators met with banking-industry leaders to encourage them to do more lending.) An official says, "We didn't know what would come up and bite us next; all the surprises will be negative." All the advisers now agreed with Darman that if the Administration was going to try for a bipartisan deal it should try for a big, multi-year one, to release the Administration from the arduous, year-after-year budget struggles with Congress. Besides, the President has other things he wants to do—such as spend a bit more on "kinder and gentler" programs by 1992, and land us on Mars by 2019.

THERE were, in fact, numerous political calculations behind the President's call for a budget summit. Important as his no-new-taxes pledge may have been, his reëlection is more important, and key advisers, including his pollster Robert Teeter and James Baker, Secretary of State and Presidential adviser plenipotentiary, were telling him that the most serious obstacle to his reëlection would be a recession shortly before the 1992 election. Some of his political advisers thought that the hit Bush would take for abandoning his no-new-taxes pledge would be offset by credit he would receive for bringing good management to the government. At least they hoped so. Teeter had thought the President should go slow in moving away from his pledge, but he felt Bush should do whatever he needs to do to prevent a recession. And, the way things were going, a serious economic downturn couldn't be ruled out. Because of inflation and the size of the budget deficit, the Federal Reserve System has been unwilling to reduce interest rates, and those rates have been having a deleterious effect on the economy. But as a result of their ongoing conversations with Greenspan, Administration officials were confident that if they got the deficit down he would take steps to reduce interest rates. An Administration official says that a "major factor" in calling for the talks was that if

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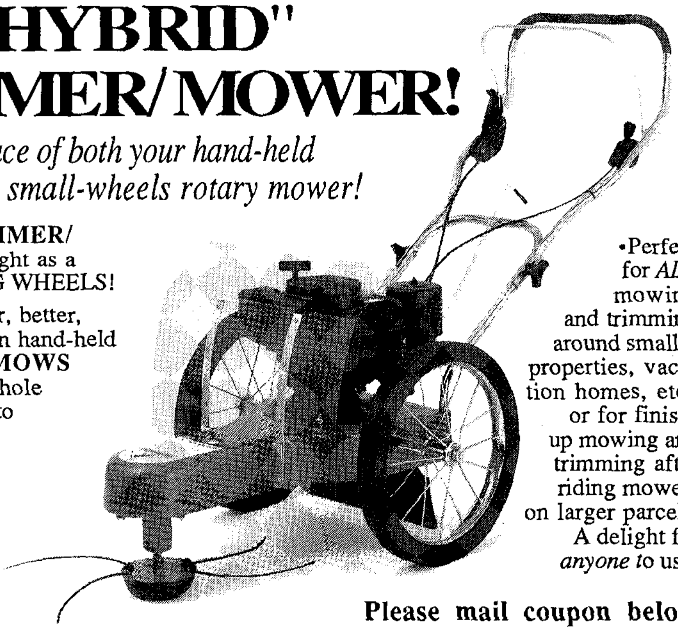

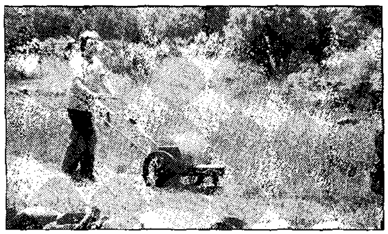

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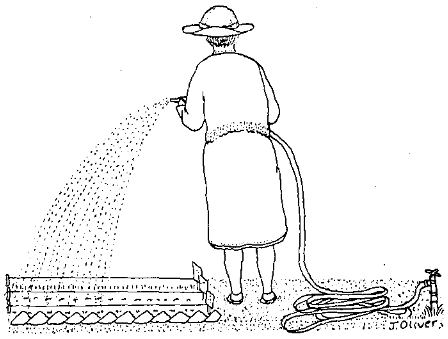
the process was perceived to be serious, interest rates would come down. Moreover, the thinking went, since a budget-reduction summit was likely to take a long time, it was better to start it sooner than later—before numerous scheduled congressional recesses and the midterm elections. And there was another, rather cynical calculation in calling the budget summit: Since polls show that the public wants the President and Congress to get along, an Administration official says, "If you're us, you want the record to show that since January the Administration has always been extending a hand, because if we fail and have a sequester the public will have to judge who's been coöperative and who's the bum. So it's smart politics for us." Also, the President's political advisers, including Baker, believed that the Democrats wouldn't want to go home saying they couldn't do anything about the deficit.

The Administration also made another cynical calculation—which has backfired. The idea was to place the onus on the Democrats for any tax increase, but the execution of the idea was particularly ham-handed. The Administration had carefully worked out with the congressional leaders that the summit would be characterized as having "no preconditions"—a way of suggesting that everyone had an open mind, and no one was insisting on anything. An Administration official said to me, "The language is oh, so important, but also oh, so deceptive. The Democrats say 'no preconditions' means that everything, including taxes, is on the table; the Republicans say it means nothing is on the table—'We won't put taxes on the table, will you?' This ritual dance will go on for a while, until we figure out something we can table jointly." On Thursday morning, May 10th, Washington awoke to a front-page story in the Washington *Post* quoting a certain "senior White House official" saying that if the Democrats want to put tax increases on the table "it is their prerogative to put them on the table, and it's our prerogative to say no. And I emphasize the no." With the help of a few hints from the *Post*, everyone concluded, accurately, that the official was Sununu. Sununu is, as he is well aware, a very smart man, but his aggressiveness, which the President appears to find useful, sometimes tips over into oafishness, needlessly offending members of Congress—in both parties—whom the President needs as allies. Toward the end of the last session of Congress, in the course of a tough battle over the Administration's request for a cut in the capital gains tax, Sununu asked a highly respected senator, "How much do you want your pay raise?" In the first meeting between the Administration and congressional negotiators, Sununu chastised the members of Congress for using the Administration's questionable earlier economic projections; Pete Domenici, Republican of New Mexico and a former chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, firmly told Sununu to come off it—that Congress always uses the Administration's assumptions. Sununu's comments in the *Post* were just what the Democrats needed to enhance their already substantial paranoia. Many of them had already concluded that the summit exercise was a trap and Sununu's comments told them that their fears were well founded. Newt Gingrich, the House Republican Whip, said, "I don't think there's any question in this country which party is addicted to taxes and which party is reluctantly willing to negotiate." Darman, for his part, was saying publicly in effect that the Administration would demand various specific things in exchange for tax increases—which also didn't help. Shortly after Sununu's comments were published, an Administration official said to me, "What Sununu did was be too explicit about how we're going to negotiate." To try to mitigate the damage, the President sent his press secretary, Marlin Fitzwater, out to tell the press that "the President's position is the correct one and the only one that matters in this case," and Sununu subsequently watered down his comments, but this was mainly a matter of semantics. Democrats weren't reassured. Following this chain of events, White House aides decided, with good reason, that they should stop talking to the press about taxes for a while.



These ploys by the Administration had the effect of making the negotiations more difficult. The Democrats may not have been exceedingly adroit of late, but they're not complete fools, and so they drew the obvious conclusion that their negotiators shouldn't breathe a word about tax increases. Some of them are more explicit about this than others—Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell, for example, is being careful not to suggest that the Democrats have such a precondition—but it is, at least for now, the strategy. A large group of House Democratic liberals goes further and is insisting that before it agrees to any other tax increases more equity must be restored to the income-tax code. They want at least to make the case that in the last decade income has been redistributed toward the wealthy, and the tax system has become more regressive; there should be amends made, this group argues, before any additional taxes are imposed on the middle class. These Democrats argue that it won't even be enough to raise the top marginal rate on the highest-income group from twenty-eight to thirty-three per cent, removing the so-called bubble, whereby the top rate on the highest income is twenty-eight per cent and income just below that is taxed at thirty-three per cent. Elimination of the bubble is expected to be the Democrats' price for any cut in the capital gains tax, but Administration officials have insisted that the President won't agree to any increase in income taxes, even removal of the bubble. This may have been a pose, but within recent days the President and other officials have been hearing from what one official terms the taxation-over-my-dead-body crowd—Republican members of Congress, representatives of right-wing and fundamentalist groups—which has been particularly insistent that there be no change in the income-tax rates, including the bubble. These officials also say that since most of the American public doesn't understand about the bubble the Administration will be able to, as it did last year, characterize a Democratic move to remove it as some sort of general raise in income taxes.

Some Democrats say that they simply shouldn't agree to any tax increases at all. Why, they ask, given the recent history of the tax issue, should they help the President out of his problem? They also believe that no matter how much "cover" the President, and a bipartisan deal, may offer, they will still be pilloried for voting for any tax increases. A House member said to me last week, "In the gym, some Democrats are saying that if we agree to taxes we're political idiots of the first order." As a result, some effort went into making sure that House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, of Illinois, who is on the congressional negotiating team, doesn't propose tax increases. In March, Rostenkowski, chiding his colleagues as well as the President for lack of courage, proposed his own deficit-reduction plan, which included tax increases. Rostenkowski had intended to be the "standup guy" in the negotiations, saying that he would propose tax increases, but after some meetings with his worried Democratic colleagues he had a change of heart. In a recent speech at the National Press Club, Rostenkowski said, "I have no intention of moving on taxes until the President does."

THE President also has problems within his own party. The Republicans are putting a lot of effort into picking up seats in the House, which they haven't ruled since 1954, and to the extent that the Party has a national strategy for winning these seats it has been focussed on the tax issue. The campaign literature, the tactics, are based on the argument that the Republicans won't raise taxes and the Democrats will. Increasingly, Republican candidates are "taking the pledge" not to raise taxes—just as Bush did in New Hampshire—and challenging their Democratic opponents to do the same. So congressional Republicans are fit to be tied that the White House is moving toward removing the tax issue. Several pointed out that the Party's two issues had been defense and taxes, and now the defense issue was gone. With an ideologically fuzzy President, Republicans have few pillars to cling to. Edward Rollins, the co-chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, said that the President's move to open talks was "a disaster" that could cost the Republicans ten House seats.

At a meeting with Republican congressional leaders shortly after he announced the talks, the President tried to assure them that "no preconditions" meant he didn't have to accept a Democratic condition that taxes be in the deficit-reduction package, but a large number of those present complained that he was removing the tax issue, which the Party needed. The President replied dryly that he knew as much as anyone about the value of taxes as a campaign issue. He told the assembled Republican leaders, "Keep your snorkel above the water"—a curious metaphor he has taken to using lately. (He says his mother once gave him this advice.) Some House Republicans who are running for the Senate, and who also are using the tax-pledge issue, wrote to the President urging him not to accept any budget agreement that includes new taxes (undefined). A group of nineteen Senate Republicans wrote to the President to restate their opposition to new taxes. Republicans in Congress understand that the President has made the cold-blooded decision that his reëlection is more important than theirs. Yet if the President is to get a deal he will have to deliver at least half the Republicans in the House and the Senate in order to get enough Democrats to go along with whatever painful steps are agreed to by the negotiators.

THERE is no painless deal—or the Administration and the Congress wouldn't be in this mess. If there is a deal—and no one in the Administration or in Congress is very sure now that there will be one—it will have to involve cuts in popular programs as well as tax increases. The Administration also insists that any agreement must include what it calls "process reforms"—among them plugging a big loophole in the Gramm-Rudman law; giving the President the line-item veto (this is most unlikely); and approving a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget. Most of these would have very little to do with getting the deficit down, and the Administration appears to be preparing to blame the Democrats for a breakdown of the talks if they don't agree to most of these changes. In fact, it is planning to blame the Democrats for any breakdown.

Suddenly, last week, the Administration and some of the Democratic negotiators began to cite as gospel the hitherto unmentioned theory that cutting the deficit by more than fifty or sixty billion dollars, or one per cent of the gross national product, could put the

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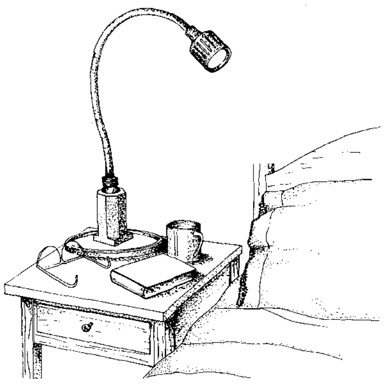

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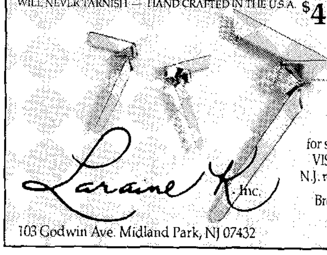

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economy in a recession. This new theory is convenient; outside economists dismiss it, and Stephen Bell, former staff director of the Senate Budget Committee and now a managing director of Salomon Brothers, says, "I think they made it up." But it puts limits on the negotiators' chore and gives them the excuse to loosen the Gramm-Rudman targets if necessary. Privately, Administration officials talk of a deficit cut of fifty billion dollars, divided about evenly between cuts in programs and tax increases. They say that the additional taxes could be increases on cigarettes and alcohol, but these and "user fees" already under consideration won't raise large amounts of money. Within the Administration some consideration is being given to an "environmental tax" that would tax various pollutants, and to some sort of broad-based energy tax. While an increase in the tax on gasoline would raise big money—a billion dollars for every penny increase—Western states oppose any such increase, and Administration officials feel that such an increase isn't very likely. Within the Administration, the most popular idea at the moment, and one that could raise big money, is to tax all forms of energy at the source—oil (at the wellhead or the point of import), coal (at the minehead), water (at hydroelectric plants), wind (at windmills). This so-called B.T.U. tax (for British thermal unit) would be relatively easy to impose. Some officials figure that a coalition with environmentalists could be formed behind an energy tax, plus some taxes on pollutants (which would raise less money), since the energy tax could also cut energy consumption and reduce pollution. Officials also say that, despite the fact that no one seems ready to propose tax increases, taxes will be got on the table—there are ways—when the negotiations settle down and a smaller working group is established. (There are now twenty-one congressional negotiators with varying agendas, even among members of the same party.)

A number of politicians here say that the negotiators' reaching an agreement would be the easy part. Members of Congress appear to be more fearful than ever of their constituents, who have by now been given a steady dose of anti-tax rhetoric—by their President and others—and are registering with pollsters a potentially lethal anti-incumbency feeling. All the stories about scandals, campaign contributions, pay raises, honoraria have taken their toll. A lot of people here took notice last week when an incumbent, a powerful House subcommittee chairman to boot, won his primary contest with only fifty-one per cent. (In 1988, he wasn't contested in the primary or the general election.) The Democrats are calling on the President to state what he wants to do about the deficit, to act as a leader, partly as a ploy—to try to smoke him out and also to point up the fact that he isn't leading. Another reason is more genuine: they don't feel they can persuade enough of their colleagues to vote for a painful deal if the President hasn't drummed up public support for taking difficult action. The largest deficit cut that has ever been agreed to was twenty-five billion dollars, in 1987, after the stock-market crash. That's at least half the amount said to be necessary now, after no such galvanizing event. Right now, the stock market is running at all-time highs. The 1987 fix, like all the others under Gramm-Rudman, was part real and part gimmickry, so even if a deal is struck this time there will be reason to question how much of it is real and long-term. One official thinks that a deficit cut of only forty billion dollars is all that is politically viable now, especially if a deal is to be made by July, as Darman ardently wishes. (After that, there is little time left in the congressional session, and the end of a session is a bad time for striking serious deals. Also, the sooner the new plan is in place, the sooner the Administration can start collecting the new taxes.) In today's meeting, the negotiators generally agreed to try for a five-year plan that would begin with cuts of from forty-five to sixty billion. But the real work hasn't begun. None of the bipartisan negotiations of the last decade began in such a rancorous atmosphere as this one, with so much bitterness and mutual mistrust. Some Democratic negotiators say they won't even agree to a deal if the President hasn't mustered public support for one, and numerous Republicans, like their Democratic counterparts, say they won't vote for tax increases, no matter what. So the President's exploitation of the tax issue has come full circle.

—ELIZABETH DREW

BOOKS

Something Substantial and Useful About It

THE history of the pencil has rather few highlights. The first picture of one appears in a book on collecting fossils, written in Latin by the German-Swiss physician and naturalist Konrad von Gesner, and printed in Zurich in 1565; a woodcut depicts a rather ornately turned tube of wood holding a tapered piece of a substance Gesner terms "a sort of lead (which I have heard some call English antimony)." For some time previous, English shepherds in Cumberland had been marking their sheep with chunks of a black substance discovered, legend has it, in the roots of a large tree that a storm had felled. This substance, locally called "wadd," was also called "black lead" and "plumbago" (the Latin for "lead") after the metal that for millennia had been used, for want of a better, to make marks on pale surfaces. Wadd—given in 1789 its current name of graphite, from the Greek *graphein*, "to write"—was found in exceptionally pure form at Borrowdale, near Keswick. Until the deposit's final exhaustion, in the nineteenth century, "Borrowdale lead" was the byword for quality in this line of linemaking; the mine, operated as a Crown monopoly, was closed for years at a time to conserve the precious mineral, and security precautions were taken worthy of diamonds, a more compact form of carbon. A mouthful of smuggled wadd, according to a miners' saying, was as good as a day's wage.

By the end of the seventeenth century, the substance was known all over Europe and was used by artists and others. For manual cleanliness' sake, black lead could be wrapped in string or vines or held in elongate holders called *porte-crayons*. The idea of permanently encasing a rod of wadd in wood, like so much else about the pencil industry, is obscure in origin; some credit a joiner in Keswick, and others claim priority for the carpenters of Nuremberg. In the German city, one Friedrich Staedtler is identified as early as 1662 as a pencil-maker. The first pencil leads were square, cut from a slice of raw graphite to fit a grooved strip of wood; the lead, commonly in a number of pieces laid end to end, was sealed in place by a glued strip of wood. The resulting implement, square in cross-section, could then be planed at the corners into an octagon, or fully rounded.

The pulverization, melting, and reconstitution, with sulfur added, of fragments of graphite is described as early as 1726, in Berlin; but the major breakthrough in pencil-lead technology occurred in France, where Nicolas Jacques Conté (whose name is remembered by the Conté crayon), under pressure of the severe graphite shortage occasioned by the Napoleonic Wars, quickly developed, and in 1795 patented, a process for mixing powdered graphite and clay, shaping the paste in long molds, and firing it at a high temperature, producing ceramic leads. Borrowdale wadd had been taken as it came, but now the hardness of pencil lead could be graded by the proportions of the clay-graphite mixture; the basic chemistry of pencil lead was established. Mechanical pencils, which needed extruded leads of very precise diameter, were first patented in 1822 but have never supplanted the wood-encased, repeatedly sharpened, disposable pencil. Red cedar was early recognized as the ideally strong, straight-grained, easily shaved pencil wood; no substitute quite matches slow-growing red cedar's pleasant tint and odor. As the cedar forests, mostly American, ran out, pencil manufacturers sent agents all through the South buying up fences, railroad ties, and log cabins made of the once abundant wood. Rubber got its name (supposedly from the English chemist Joseph Priestley, in 1770) for its ability to rub out pencil marks. The first patent for an attached rubber eraser was issued in 1858 to Hyman Lipman, of Philadelphia. The pencil sharpener as we know it—consisting of

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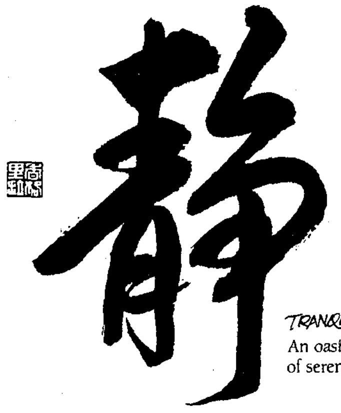

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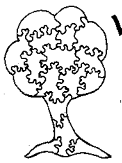

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two revolving bevelled cutters—dates from the early twentieth century, thanks to the Automatic Pencil Sharpener Company (Apsco) of Chicago. Yellow became the favored color of paint for pencils with the Austrian firm of L. & C. Hardtmuth's introduction, in 1890, of the Koh-I-Noor model, exhibited at the Columbian Exposition in 1893. The rest is chemistry (most recently, polymerization) and forestry —what can pencil-makers cut down when all the red cedar is gone?—and corporate rivalry. Industrial competition pitted Faber against Faber—Johann against Lothar, the firm of Anton Wilhelm against that of Eberhard—and saw early English supremacy give way to French inventiveness and German organization and American mass production, all now threatened by the pencil-fabricating hordes of Japan. Present global production amounts to fourteen billion pencils a year.

Well, if the tale can be told, with but a few trifling omissions, so concisely, why has Henry Petroski, in "The Pencil" (Knopf; $25), given us a chubby book of well over four hundred pages, including a twenty-two-page bibliography, an eighteen-page index, and five tightly printed pages of grateful acknowledgments? The answer, I think, belongs, like certain aspects of the standard pencil's scale and texture, to the subjective realm of marketability. A book of a mere two hundred pages entitled "The Pencil" might appear to be merely informative. A book twice that size, though not twice as informative, is a feat, a prank; it has a certain mysterious majesty, a material mysticism, like that fondly remembered best-seller of yesteryear "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance." Such a swelling, looming, teasingly excessive book promises to lift us high from its quaintly specific base. With its striking blue jacket, which successfully imitates pencil sheen, and its unusual shape—tall, thick, but not wide—the artifact beckons. We want to seize it, to hold it. Mr. Petroski has an engineer's light touch upon his own pencil. He writes a relaxed, translucent, spun-glass kind of prose, with a not inconsiderable percentage of pure air betwixt its twirled filaments. A good deal of flourish accompanies his deliveries. Here is a fair specimen of a paragraph revving up:

> How does a lump of lead that draws a creditable line evolve into a modern pencil? How does a rounded rock turn into a wheel? How does a dream become a flying machine? The process by which ideas and artifacts come into being and mature is essentially what is now known as the engineering method, and the method, like engineering itself, is really as old as *Homo sapiens*—or at least *Homo faber*—and the process is about as hard to pin down and as idiosyncratic in each of its peculiar applications as is the individual of the species. But while each invention and artifact has its unique aspects, there is also a certain sameness about the evolutionary way in which a stylus develops into a pencil, a sketch into a palace, or an arrow into a rocket. And this observation itself is as old as Ecclesiastes, who may have been the first to record, but probably was not the first to observe, that "what has been is what will be, and has been done is what will be done; and there is nothing new under the sun."

Beneath this long "Ahem" may be heard the hum of a theme—the nature of engineering, with the pencil as a paradigm of the process whereby men invent, manufacture, and improve things. Pencils, so lowly and common that antique dealers chuck them out with the shavings when they acquire a box of old tools, are yet put together with a hard-won precision. The two halves of the pencil case must fit tightly enough against each other and around the centered lead to form a bond that withstands warpage and the spasmodic pressure of writing; the woodworking machinery of pencil-making operates "to perhaps the highest tolerance of any woodworking equipment"—a tolerance as small as 0.0005 inches. The leads, extruded through sapphire or diamond dies to similarly strict tolerances, are composed of graphite and clay particles of a marvellous fineness; a sifting process through a series of tubs, usually six in number, is followed by a grinding together that, in the case of Koh-I-Noor leads, lasts for an average of two weeks. The proportions of clay and graphite and lesser, waxy constituents derive from formulas as jealously guarded as the secrets of alchemy. A pencil lead that writes smoothly, with a consistent darkness, soft enough to leave a mark yet tough enough not to break, is a mundane miracle that readers of "The Pencil" will never again take casually for granted.

Mr. Petroski's attempted dramatization of engineers as cultural heroes suffers from their professional habit of taciturnity; they figure and sketch with their pencils but rarely confide autobiography to paper. Like the heroes of old-fashioned Westerns, they solve the problem and ride on. Conté is the central figure in Mr. Petroski's posse of engineers, yet he scarcely leaps off the page. A portrait painter driven by the Revolution into science, he was said to have "every science in his head and every art in his hands." This paragon "promoted the military use of balloons, and he was apparently working on some experiments with hydrogen when an explosion injured his left eye." He was familiar with the use of graphite to make crucibles in which to melt metals, and from this experience, presumably, he reasoned and experimented his way to the baked, part-clay pencil lead that was his great innovation. Yet, oddly, his breakthrough was not soon disseminated through the pencil industry:

> While it has been said that German pencils made by the Faber family were the models that Thoreau was trying to emulate in the mid-1830s, there is some question whether many German pencils themselves were then being manufactured by the Conté process. . . . German pencils were not at all common in America when young Thoreau first sought to improve his father's product, and any German pencils that did exist may not even have been made by the superior Conté process. What Henry Thoreau may have been hoping to do was emulate a French pencil.

The designation of Henry David Thoreau (who was, we are told in one of Mr. Petroski's flourishes of fact, named David Henry up through his Harvard degree) as a significant pencil engineer will surprise those who know him only as a monument of American literature and libertarian thought. His father, John Thoreau, had been invited by his brother-in-law, Charles Dunbar, to join in the exploitation of a lode of graphite Dunbar had stumbled upon (he was the family black sheep, given to stumbling) in Bristol, New Hampshire, in 1821. The senior Thoreau may have learned the rudiments of pencil manufacture from one of the first Americans in the business, Joseph Dixon, of Marblehead. Ceylonese graphite was brought back as ballast in New England sailing vessels and dumped; Dixon, the son of a shipowner, learned to utilize the graphite in crucibles, shoe polish, and pencils—the last so gritty and brittle that merchants told him "he would have to put foreign labels on them if he expected to make sales." Long after Conté, American pencil-makers "continued to mix their inadequately purified and ground graphite with such substances as glue, adding a little bayberry wax or spermaceti." Nevertheless, John Thoreau's pencils were superior to those of rival companies, and were sold under his own label—a photograph of a wrapped bundle of them appears in "The Pencil." When David Henry graduated from Harvard, in 1837, he began to teach at the Center School, in Concord, but his resistance to applying corporal punishment produced his rapid resignation, which, "coupled with his insistence on reversing his names," earned him a local reputation for eccentricity. Like many another young individualist, he found refuge in the family business; at the Harvard library, he set about a course of research to improve the product.

Mr. Petroski delves deeply into what was then available about pencil-making in existing reference works, and concludes that the Encyclopaedia Perthensis, published in Edinburgh, may have furnished the crucial hint at ceramic lead. According to Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thoreau was enough of a pencil man to be able to pick up twelve at a grab (a trick common in the trade, since they were sold in packages of a dozen), and, according to Emerson's son, Edward, it was Thoreau who invented and worked out the details of a machine for producing finer graphite, by means of encasing the grinder in a seven-foot-high box and trapping the finest dust at the top, to which only it would rise. Certainly Thoreau was capable of what we now call mechanical drawing, and the sensibility behind "Walden" relishes construction and quantification. Yet in the two million words of the journal he began at the same time as entering his father's business Thoreau almost never mentions pencil-making. There is no mention of it in "Walden," and pencils were so little on his mind that he left them off a list he prepared of everything needed for an excursion in the Maine woods. The humanistic poetry of invention and technology, though apparent to Benjamin Franklin and the French Encyclopedists, has waited until our century for its full due; the century of Romanticism may have sketched and made notes with pencils (and, in Thoreau's case, tried to finance the publication of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" with pencil sales), but it reserved its odes for nightingales and untransmuted nature. However, a fresh point-

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edness and a cedarish pungency characterize "Walden," and by the time Thoreau retired to his cabin (where he purportedly invented raisin bread) his father's company was making the best pencils in America. Emerson sent some to a friend in Boston, and she replied, "The pencils are excellent,—worthy of Concord art & artists and indeed one of the best productions I ever saw from there—something substantial & useful about it." As opposed to, the implication is, most Transcendentalist productions.

The failure or refusal of a passionate self-describer like Thoreau to commit to paper anything about his own genuine engineering achievements is symptomatic of the elusive transparency of engineering in general. We see around us, as modest as pencils and as grand as bridges, the work of engineers, but their language is largely beyond us; it is like those sacred languages addressed to gods who respond only in the thumping vocabulary of earthquakes and thunderstorms. A popularization like Mr. Petroski's, taking as its field of interest the furtive advances of applied chemistry and the tidal shifts of competitive capitalism (one of his most charming episodes describes the American Armand Hammer's successful importation of an entire German pencil factory into Soviet Russia), is more of a tour de force than, say, a popularization of contemporary cosmology. Investigations of nature fascinate us with their possibility of displaying, at the last peel of the onion, the Creator. "To see a World in a Grain of Sand, / And a Heaven in a Wild Flower" remains our romantic, quasi-theological ambition. An annual fourteen billion is the closest the pencil will bring us to infinity, and instead of Heaven we see, peering closely in, the rackety gray hell of the assembly line. *Homo faber* knows himself too well. Microcosms of which man is the creator rather repel our gaze, even as we hold them in our fingers. The green plastic garbage bag, for instance, is nothing but deplored these days, though hardly a household can do without it. "The Pencil," with its airy prose contortions—

> After the leaded slat of the modern process is covered with a mating slat of wood, the assembly is not ready for use until some of the wooden centering is cut away, to be discarded and forgotten, leaving the short pencil point to make a daring bridge between pencil and paper—a metaphorical bridge that can carry from mind to paper the lines of a daring real bridge, which can cause jaws to drop, or the words of a daring new philosophy, which can cause eyebrows to arch

—asks us to face ourselves.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE THINGS THEY CARRIED, by Tim O'Brien (Houghton Mifflin; $19.95). Halfway through this collection of interlocking stories, which has the integrity of a novel and the immediacy of an autobiography, Norman Bowker, recently returned from the war in Vietnam, spends an afternoon driving his father's Chevy around and around the lake in his Iowa home town. It is the Fourth of July, and we ride with Norman, seeing the things he sees over and over as the day wanes and night approaches: two boys out on a hike, his ex-girlfriend's front lawn, a man fixing a boat, the A & W drive-in. O'Brien's absorbing narrative moves in circles, like Norman in his dad's Chevy; events are recalled and retold again and again, giving us a deep sense of the fluidity of truth and the dance of memory. This book is a war story about war stories, and, as O'Brien, who is Bowker's comrade in Alpha Company and also our narrator, points out, "a true war story is never about war." Like the daily lives of foot soldiers, the stories the men of Alpha Company tell "swirl back and forth across the border between trivia and bedlam, the mad and the mundane." Stories maintain these men; they are among the cumbersome life-support system of things they carry, even more important than their canteens, their rifles, their grenades, their tranquillizers, their M&M's, or their girlfriends' nylons.

TITMUSS REGAINED, by John Mortimer (Viking; $19.95). Mr. Mortimer here continues and, it would seem, concludes his examination of the career of Leslie Titmuss—the village boy whose humiliation by a group of upper-class contemporaries goaded him into politics and to his present eminence as Secretary of State for Housing, Ecological Affairs, and Planning—by confronting him with the would-be despoliation of his native countryside for the profit of a few landowners and developers. Titmuss's own political creed requires his support of the project, but he has more compelling reasons to oppose it—if he can do so on the sly. Mr. Mortimer is even more generous with plots and subplots than usual; though the humor tends a bit too often toward the broad, his fine sense of social comedy keeps everything in hand.

To the Birdhouse, by Cathleen Schine (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.95). This book's characters are recognizable New Yorkers so specialized at being themselves that they become stylish caricatures. Alice, from whose perspective we experience them, is by profession a birdwatcher, who takes photographs, mostly in Central Park, for a magazine small enough to have only one other employee. The story opens with her marriage to a professional ballgame watcher, who compiles baseball statistics on his computer and publishes them as a minimal-circulation periodical. Mostly, this is a detailed representation of their low-key lives. When they join Alice's mother, grandmother, and brother, Willie, in a converted barn in Westport, we even get instant replay as Willie videotapes them. His purpose is to capture Louie Scifo, the mother's highly inappropriate boyfriend—whom she and all the rest of them are trying to get rid of—in his various acts of threat and harassment. Except for Louie, they live their lives of safe inconsequence with an air of charmed, benign acceptance that makes Jewish bourgeois family life a visionary ideal.

Wild at Heart, by Barry Gifford (Grove Weidenfeld; $15.95). This willfully miniature road novel, which has been made into a David Lynch movie, tells the story of a newly released ex-con, Sailor Ripley, and his girlfriend, Lula Pace Fortune, and their flight from North Carolina and the private detective that Lula's outraged mother has set on their trail. The route that the young lovers' 1975 Bonneville convertible describes is a crescent from Cape Fear to New Orleans to "deep in the Big Nowhere" of south Texas, where things end badly. Most of what happens is dialogue between quirky noir characters who are preternaturally adept at down-home epigrams and figures of speech. ("Dreams ain't no odder than real life." "She looked like somethin' you drink through a straw.") The dialogue occurs in places like the Nighty-Night Motel and Ronnie's Nothin' Fancy Cafe, and the obvious literary road signs along the way are Thomas McGuane, Robert Stone, Barry Hannah, and the late crime novelist Charles Willeford, to whom the novel is dedicated. Although it seems to be a pastiche of these earlier chroniclers of the low-rent spree, this is a well-made and often funny entertainment that never oversteps the limits of its mannered homage.

Note: "Squabble," a collection of stories by John Holman, has been published by Ticknor & Fields ($18.95). Some of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

Tokyo Rising: The City Since the Great Earthquake, by Edward Seidensticker (Knopf; $24.95). A sequel to the author's "Low City, High City," which ended with the disastrous earthquake of 1923. The present book tells how Tokyo was rebuilt in the seven years that followed, and goes on to deal with the more terrible calamity of the 1944-45 bombing raids and subsequent firestorms. Mr. Seidensticker is a noted scholar and translator from the Japanese, and is on intimate terms with Tokyo. He has written a kind of cultural anatomy of the metropolis, embracing its folkways, its architecture, its street speech, its crime lore, its entertainment, its art. He describes the frenzied ebb and flow of the commuting population, the complex of bureaucracies that govern the city, the fads that occasionally seize it, from the Hula-Hoop to suicide, and the municipal erogenous zones, like the Kabukichō district, with its "love hotels," "pantyless tearooms," and "soaplands," or massage parlors. As a lover of the Tokyo that was, he somewhat regrets the monstrous prosperity that has made Tokyo the "most moneyed city of our day" but has stolen its splendor. This is a popularizing book of a very superior order. Maps, and many photographs.

How I Became Hettie Jones, by Hettie Jones (Dutton; $18.95). Mrs. Jones, née Cohen, the former wife of

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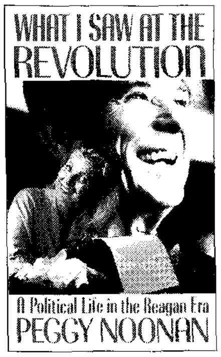
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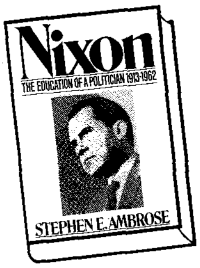
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the writer and political activist Amiri Baraka, a.k.a. LeRoi Jones, provides in this memoir a remarkable portrait of herself in Manhattan's burgeoning bohemia of the late fifties and early sixties. "Meet Hettie Cohen," she writes. "I'm sitting at an ancient rolltop desk that's stuffed [with] all the related litter of magazine production, and I have no idea that this will be with me for years after I've become Hettie Jones." The desk and its paraphernalia were hers when she was subscription manager of the magazine *Record Changer*, where, in a sense, she "met" her future self: wife of LeRoi Jones; hostess to Kerouac and Ginsberg; general manager of *Partisan Review*. The author became Hettie Jones through discovering the cost of each choice she made. She was virtually disowned by her parents for marrying a black man, and eventually sublimated her desire to write to the greater desire to please, as daughter, wife, mother, friend. As this book attests, Mrs. Jones attempted to fill each role valiantly, and without bitterness or remorse.

A FINE DISREGARD: WHAT MAKES MODERN ART MODERN, by Kirk Varnedoe (Abrams; $39.95). As a metaphor for the radically innovative spirit in modern art the author chooses a story about a Rugby schoolboy playing in a soccer match in the eighteen-twenties, who, in the words of a plaque commemorating the event, showed "a fine disregard" for the rules of soccer by picking up the ball and running with it, thereby creating the game of Rugby. Extending this conceit, Mr. Varnedoe discusses certain painters and sculptors of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Manet, Degas, Gauguin, Rodin, among others—who, although trained in the conventions of their art, were struck by the idea that there could be other ways of seeing and doing, and who, acting accordingly and defying the rules, became pathfinders of the modern movement. This line of argument leads him to an interpretative history of the visual arts in the last hundred years or so that eschews determinist theories such as that modern art resulted from the dislocations of the Industrial Revolution, or from the advent of the camera or the impact of the artifacts of primitive tribal artists. The discussion is far-reaching, enlightened by a fine-tuned scholarship, and profusely illustrated.

TO HERLAND AND BEYOND: THE LIFE AND WORK OF CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN, by Ann J. Lane (Pantheon; $29.95). Gilman (1860-1935), an American social thinker, has been periodically rediscovered. This study is the best so far, primarily because Ms. Lane is critical as well as sympathetic. She recognizes that Gilman's career was an achievement—a struggle against a grim childhood, poverty, and a tendency, possibly hereditary, to depression. Yet she never pretends that Gilman was a faultless heroine, and notes her errors and asperities. Ms. Lane is equally discriminating about Gilman's writing; for example, she doesn't ask us to accept ideas that today seem outdated. The result clarifies Gilman's contributions, particularly her originality in seeing, and exploring, the extent to which our concepts of gender and gender roles derive from our cultural rather than our biological inheritance.

THE DOCTOR WITH TWO HEADS, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Gerald Weissmann (Knopf; $19.95). Praising a volume of essays by another literary physician, Dr. Weissmann has described his own: "As in any successful collection, the real subject of each essay is the mind of the author." The ostensible subjects range from Daumier to Gulliver, and Dr. Weissmann's congenial mind is wide-ranging and allusive, seeing all sorts of surprising links—between, for instance, Gertrude Stein's scientific and medical training and her innovative prose. Dr. Weissmann's style is lucid, elegant, and subtly droll as he gently makes his points about the nature of science and its place in human cultures. He is not above telling funny stories; however, his hilarious account of how he lost an entire MASH during his Army service goes beyond familiar G.I. humor to suggest the educational value of forgiveness.

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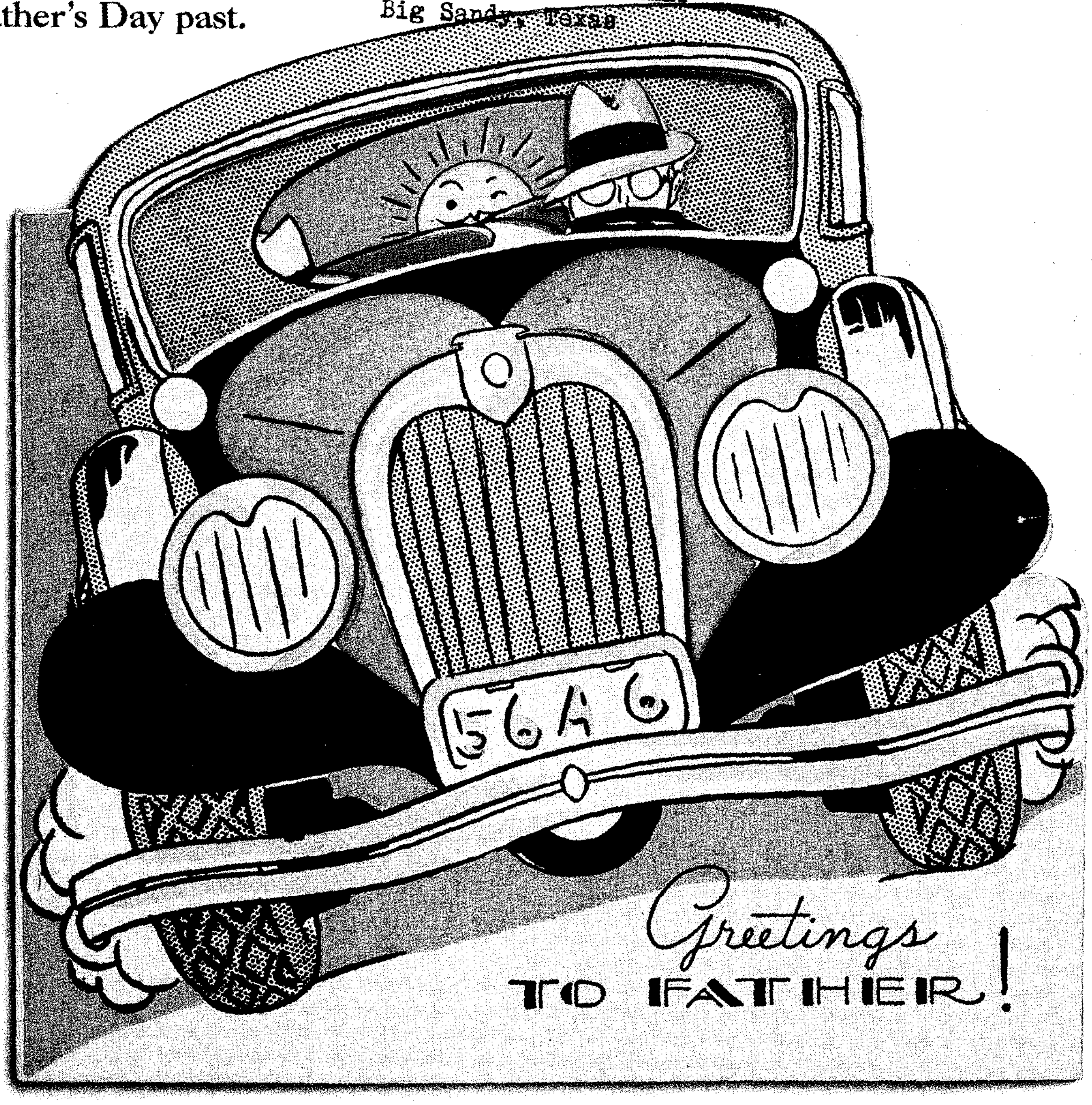
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